THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

NOVEMBER 13, 1948

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Starting

THROUGH HELL and HIGH BRASS

The Amazing Story Of
JIMMY DOOLITTLE

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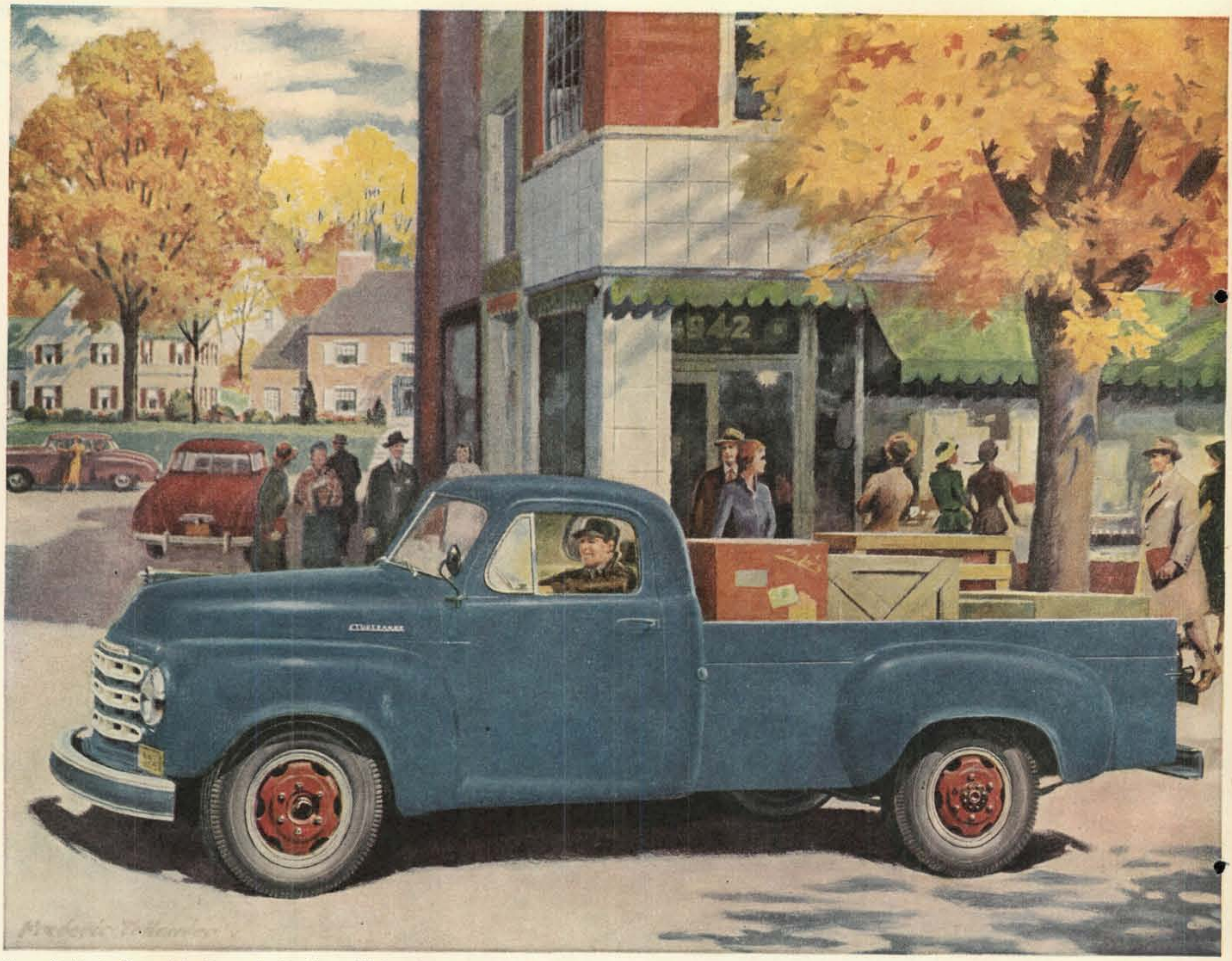
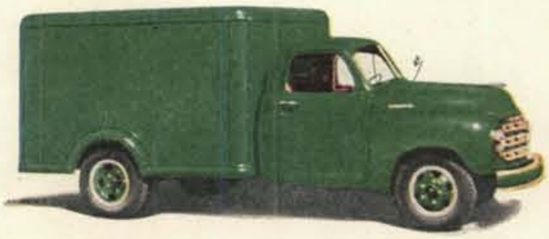


Above: Studebaker ¾-ton, 8-ft. pick-up—there's a ½-ton, 6½-ft. pick-up, too.



One-ton Studebaker shown with 9-ft. van—also available as an 8-ft. pick-up.

Most revolutionary new trucks that ever wheeled a load!

New styling! New comfort! New ruggedness! Cost-cutting new performance!

HERE'S the most sweeping change for the better in truck design since gasoline replaced horses!

The trucks are sensationally advanced new Studebakers! They're America's first 1949 truck models!

They're revolutionary trucks to drive as well as to look at. They introduce more time-saving, spine-saving, cost-saving improvements than anyone expected to see for years!

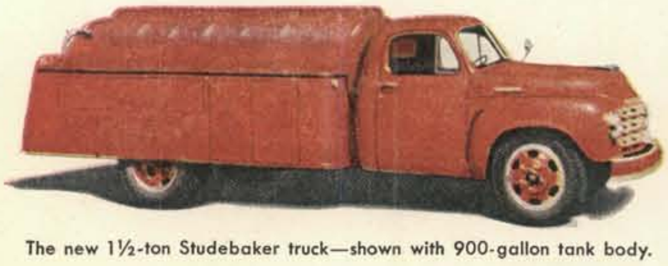
No more slippery running boards! The steps are snugly enclosed inside the doors of the driver's cab!

No more standing on a box or fumbling under the dash panel for servicing! A new kind of "lift-the-hood" accessibility makes adjustments easy even for short men!

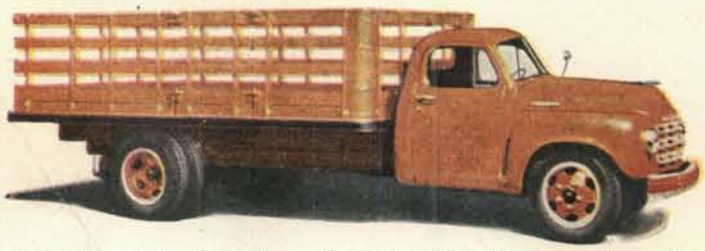
Huge cabs with nearly 23% increased windshield and window vision! Foot-operated "air scoop" ventilators! Three-passenger seat adjusts to three positions! New headroom! New leg room! New conveniences everywhere you look!

Stop in at a Studebaker showroom and check up on these '49ers at first hand.

They're America's newest and finest trucks. Size for size and wheelbase for wheelbase, they're tops in dollar value!



The new 1½-ton Studebaker truck—shown with 900-gallon tank body.



Studebaker 2-ton truck—shown with 14-ft., 171-inch-wheelbase stake body.

NEW 1949
STUDEBAKER
TRUCKS

© The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

LOOK OUT
FOR COLDS
AND
SORE THROATS!

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!—when you reach home

Prompt germ killing action can head off trouble or lessen its severity.

When you sit through one of those cold, late-season football games, you may be letting yourself in for a nasty sore throat, a troublesome cold—or worse.

You see, excitement, fatigue, icy temperatures and cold feet may often lower body resistance so that threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" can stage a mass invasion of the tissue. They can set up an infection, or aggravate one that is already started.

Nature Can Use Help

Then, if ever, Nature can use a helping hand to go after such threatening germs . . . to help prevent such a "mass invasion" . . . to head off a cold before it gets started. That is why, when you get home, it is wise to gargle with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic repeatedly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" that many doctors hold responsible for so much of a cold's misery.

Actual tests have shown that the Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling, and up to 80% one hour after.

Always at the First Sniffle

Whenever you have sniffles, your throat is raw, or you feel chilly or under par, start the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may thus spare yourself a nasty siege of a cold or sore throat due to a cold.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

P.S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

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Feel Better with a
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First in popularity!
. . . with men everywhere. Because "Bracer" gently pulls your stomach in so you stand straighter, feel better, your clothes fit better!

Just look at all the new and exclusive comfort features that only "Bracer" offers: • Full 2-way stretch all-elastic seamless belt! • Special design of waistband assures snug fit, minimum roll! • Soft, roomy, no-gape fly-front pouch is *self-adjusting* to any position! • Exclusive tubular long-stretch elastic leg bands—no crease, no curl, no roll!

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Week's Mail

DIXIEKRATS

DEAR SIRS: Can only say that Lester Velie's article on the K.K.K.'s activities (The Klan Rides the South Again, Oct. 9th) is entirely consistent with our program of provoking meddling in the South since the Civil War. . . .
WARREN A. HARRY, Champaign, Ill.

. . . Why pick on the Klan, an organization of less than 10,000, when it is but one of a hundred objectionable organizations, according to the recent listing of the Truman Administration?
GUY G. MOORE, Arlington, Va.

. . . We who like to think of ourselves as on an educational par with Americans residing in other localities are giving our support to Thurmond, not necessarily because of the civil rights as it pertains to Negroes, or any other group of persons, but because we see in the civil rights program an attempt to create a strong centralized government in Washington. . . .
LOUIS C. HARRIS, The Augusta Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.

. . . Doubtless you will receive many subscription cancellations from irate Southerners and bigoted Northerners for printing your courageous Klan article. . . . But you have done the American a great service. . . .
MRS. PAUL ZUREICK, Cincinnati, Ohio

. . . The Klan Rides the South Again was one of the most stirring articles I have ever read.

What I want to know is how Southerners fought on our side in the war against Fascism when they preach it, practice it, and promote it? If they are

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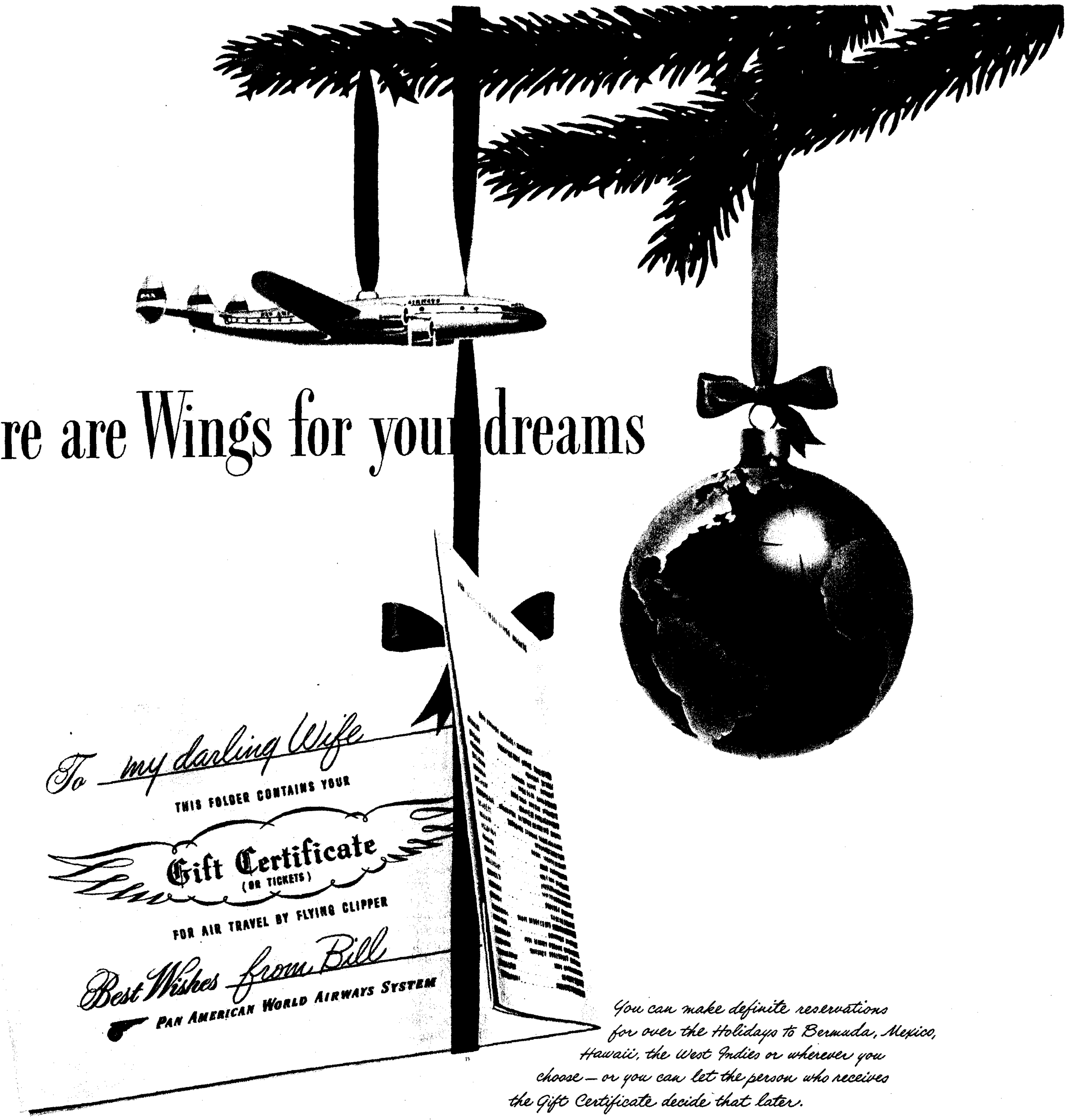
Here are Wings for your dreams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who can't stay
AWAKE
in the evening

One thing wives find hard to understand is how tired a man can get in an office.

They don't know, for example, about office NOISE...how the constant clatter acts like a poison, draining away your energy.

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allowed to continue, then we have lost the war. L. A. GREMAN, Danvers, Mont.

A SOLDIER IS NO GENTLEMAN

SIRS: Re the statement of Mr. John L. Hooper in The Week's Mail (Oct. 2d) that upon his enlistment a few years ago he was told that "there are no gentlemen in the Army, only officers and enlisted men," the following assertion to the same effect was made by a famous general in the American Army:

"Whenever necessity obliges the citizen to assume the character of a soldier, the former is entirely lost in the latter, and the respect due to a citizen is by no means to be paid to the soldier, any farther than his rank entitles him to it."

Although it was General Benedict Arnold who made that assertion, he was at that time in good standing and had not yet engaged in his treasonable practices.

JOHN B. NICHOLS, Washington, D. C.

. . . Elliott McCleary in The Week's Mail rebels against authoritarianism! He is going to run an army by popular vote! Ha! and again, ha! All I can say to that bozo is, "Look, recruit—get the moth-ball odor out of your uniform before you go sounding off!" Anyone with the slightest modicum of common sense knows you cannot run a military machine on the program you adopt for a sorority! As the old first sergeant said to his captain: "The only trouble, sir, with the Army is that we have to enlist too damn' many civilians into it!"

Every military leader from Washington to Eisenhower were "authoritarians!" You don't win battles by putting policies to a vote of the "democratic" unwashed!

PAUL W. HOLMES, San Francisco, Cal.

WHO WON THE WAR?

DEAR EDITOR: I wish to express my appreciation of Quentin Reynolds' article Rainbow Route to Berlin (Sept. 25th). Our son, who has been stationed in Tokyo for almost two years, is now one of the pilots of a C-54 on this route, so you can understand with what interest we follow anything pertaining to this work. Collier's has been in our family for over twenty-five years and is still our favorite weekly magazine.

ROSE S. HAMLIN, Great Bend, Pa.

. . . I have read Mr. Quentin Reynolds' article, first with considerable amusement, then with indignation. Lucius Clay had nothing whatever to do with the air lift to Berlin, neither was the idea conceived by U.S. personnel. You may have heard of the R.A.F. which inflicted, alone and unaided, defeat to the Hun, while you folks, and most of the world, including the Russians, were hiding under the bed between 1939-1942?

The first flights to Berlin were conceived, operated and arranged by the R.A.F. and have been consistently maintained by the British.

I am sick and tired of reading how MacArthur alone defeated the Japs, etc., etc. We of the British Commonwealth should at least have a slight mention: We gave you radar, jet propulsion, atomic research and all our lands and facilities, our technical skills, taught you how to build planes, ships and guns, trained your top generals, admirals how to organize and fight. We took all the tough spots ourselves. Wake up—we're the best and only friends you have—cut out the "Hot Air."

J. B. P. JOHNSTONE, Toronto, Ont.

DON'T VETO THE PEACE

DEAR SIR: In part XVI of the Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins mention is made of the Yalta group's failure to arrive at a satisfactory voting formula for the United Nations Council.

Far more than is suspected the majority-rule principle of making decisions is responsible for the U.N. failure to arrive at a satisfactory voting formula. The failure to settle the Palestine question is due to the fear the Arab has of being outvoted by the Jew; Russia's insistence on the veto is caused by her fear of being outvoted. The United States didn't join the League of Nations for fear of being outvoted. The Moslems refused to join an all-Indian government for fear of being outvoted. The South seceded from the Union for fear of being outvoted. The South doesn't want to give the Negro the vote for fear of being outvoted. Our whole system of checks is built on the fear of the majority.

Apparently no one thinks any man can be trusted with majority power without abusing it. The checks are of doubtful value. They have created a system where deadlock is the normal character of our government.

Not until we remove the fear of being outvoted can we expect to settle world problems. WM. CROCKER, Prescott, Ariz.

COVER BOYS & GIRLS

DEAR SIR: Many of my friends saw the boy's picture on your September 4th cover and called to ask if it was my kid brother Don. I wonder if the model had as hard a time preserving the ice cream on a hot day as Don did while I took the picture of him.

BILL SHERRELL, Wilmette, Ill.

. . . The new cover for Collier's is a wonderful idea. It gives small communities like ours opportunity to express our talents and beauty.

Don't you think little Sarah Bradford would be the ideal cover girl during National Baby Week? She is three years old, blond hair and big brown eyes.

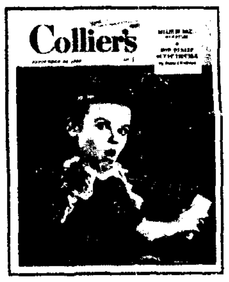
MRS. JOE M. SUDDUTH, Paris, Ark.

. . . I prefer your monkeys and other dumb animals. H. M. MOORE, Thomasville, Ga.

. . . Since I am a teacher, the Sept. 25th cover was of interest to me.

I can't help but wonder how many young boys and girls will be enticed into the teaching profession by the inspiration such pictures must offer to them. The bouquets are few enough for the teacher without putting her on parade as a caricature.

FLORENCE FOSTER, Moville, Iowa



. . . It was as real as childhood. How about one showing me dunking little Maggie McGlynn's pigtails into my inkwell back in PS 10, The Bronx of '08?

BILLY GINSBURGH, New York, N. Y.

FUNNY FEMALES

SIRS: Why don't you get some good woman cartoonists? All these slams against ladies make me tired. If I was paying for the subscription to your darn' old magazine myself, I'd cancel it. So there.

MARGARET KENNEDY, Detroit, Mich.

Mary Gibson, Roberta Macdonald and Mrs. Stanley Berenstain are regular women contributors; many cartoonists' wives supply the ideas that their husbands draw. Do you know any female Ruges, Ketchams or Partches?

Famous for Fine Watches
Since 1866

Authorized Agency
LONGINES
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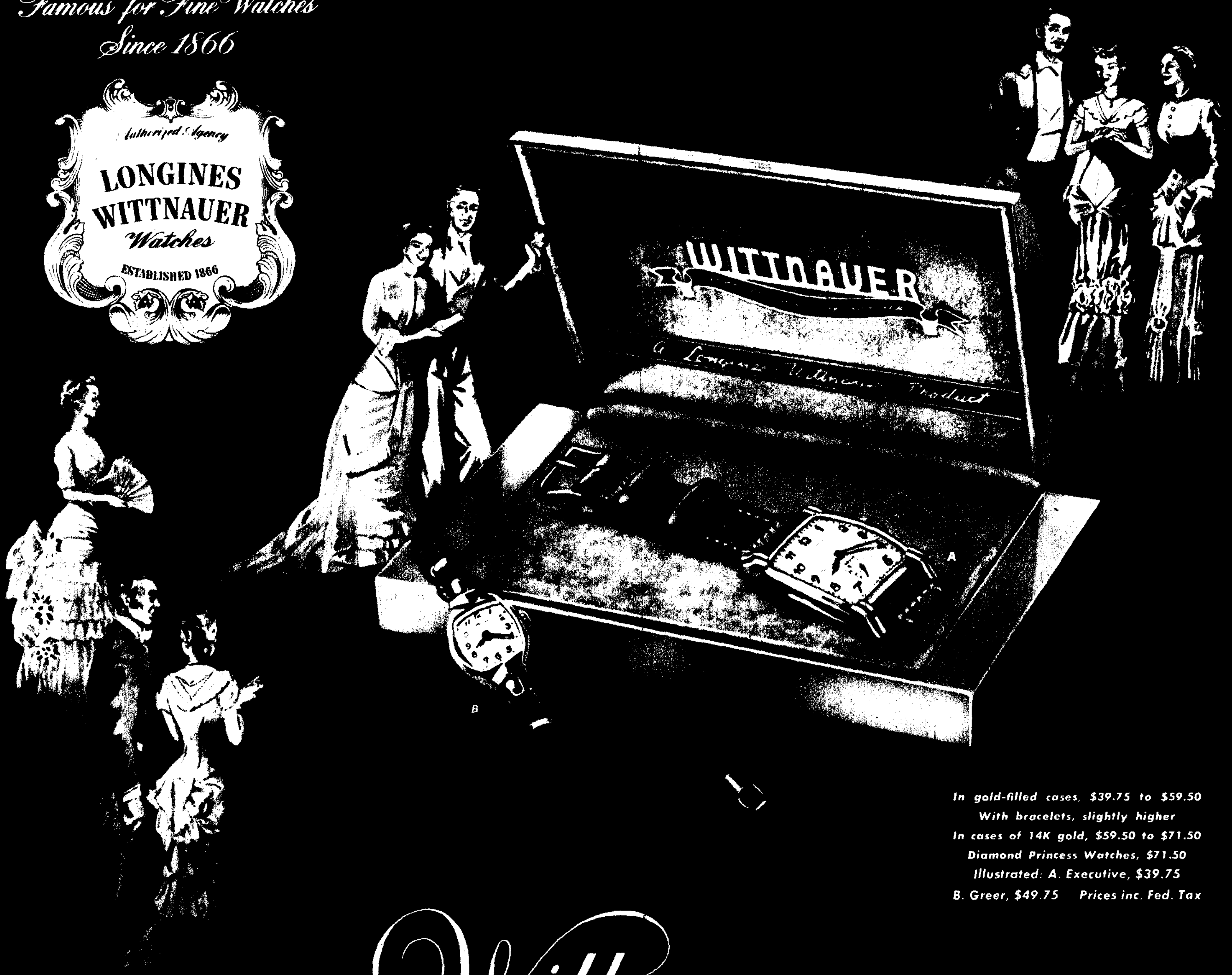
Watches
ESTABLISHED 1866



In gold-filled cases, $39.75 to $59.50
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Illustrated: A. Executive, $39.75
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A hundred and one superiorities of construction and finish are inbuilt into Wittnauer watches by Longines-Wittnauer, famous for fine watchmaking since 1866. The Wittnauer watches now at your jeweler's are outstanding for beauty, accuracy, long life and exceptional value.

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Florsheim Shoes

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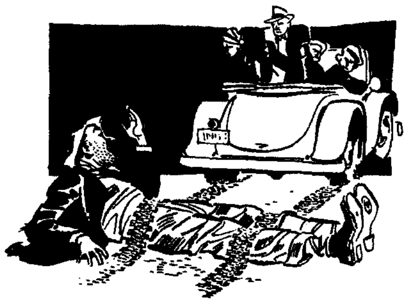
The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

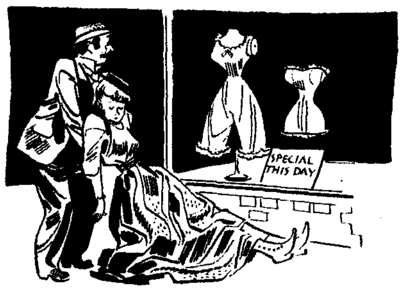
★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

IN NEW YORK in December, 1932, a speak-easy owner and three friends decided to start a second business—that of murdering homeless bums on whose lives they would first obtain insurance and afterward collect the money through a crooked and complex method. The first victim was Mike Malloy, a hanger-on at their bar, whom they kept dead drunk for a month in the hope that he would be killed in an accident and bring them double indemnity. As nothing happened, they adopted such drastic measures as serving him antifreeze and poisonous sardines, running over him with a car and leaving him naked in a park overnight in below-zero weather. But Mike remained uninjured and unaware that these "jokes" were really attempts to kill him. After two months of this, the gang in desperation took him home early one night, tucked him in bed, turned on the gas and finally cooked the goose of "Iron Man" Malloy. A year later, the four men were captured, convicted and executed after the discovery of the murder more or less by chance. Following a tip, a detective examined thousands of death certificates to find Malloy's. It aroused his suspicions at once, because Irishmen are not buried as Malloy had been, within six hours after their death.



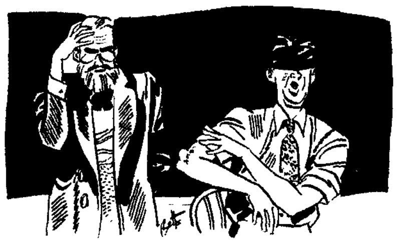
THE MOST POWERFUL radio station ever constructed is the "Stalin Transmitter" which Russia built behind the Ural Mountains about 1942. Its maximum power, used during the war, is 2,500 kilowatts or 50 times that employed by the strongest long-wave stations. The world's second most powerful broadcasting setup, built at the same time and operated by WLW in Cincinnati, consists of six short-wave transmitters which, when hooked together, use a maximum of 375 kilowatts or only 15 per cent as much as the Russian station. *By George Kafantaris, New York City.*



A NEW YORK dry goods store shocked America in 1876 with the announcement that it would thereafter carry a full line of ladies' underwear. Until that time, all such garments were made in the home, being considered too intimate to be purchased in public. Besides, these unmentionables, when hung to dry on an outdoor clothesline, were always covered by a sheet to protect them from the vulgar gaze of passing males.

A BITTER FEUD between two families of bootleggers in Williamson County, Illinois, was climaxed on November 12, 1926, when the farmhouse of one was subjected to an aerial bombing. As all of the three projectiles failed to explode and no damage was done, no complaints nor arrests followed. The crime, however, made history because these were the first and only real bombs ever dropped from a plane in the United States in an attempt to destroy human life.

BEFORE A GROUP of European physicians in Paris in 1932, a French neurologist gave an incredible demonstration of the potential power of suggestion. After the man who was the subject had been blindfolded and informed that his right arm had just been burned above the elbow, there soon developed, on the specified place on his arm, a large red spot surmounted by a water blister. Yet the man *had not been touched* at all by any object.



DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

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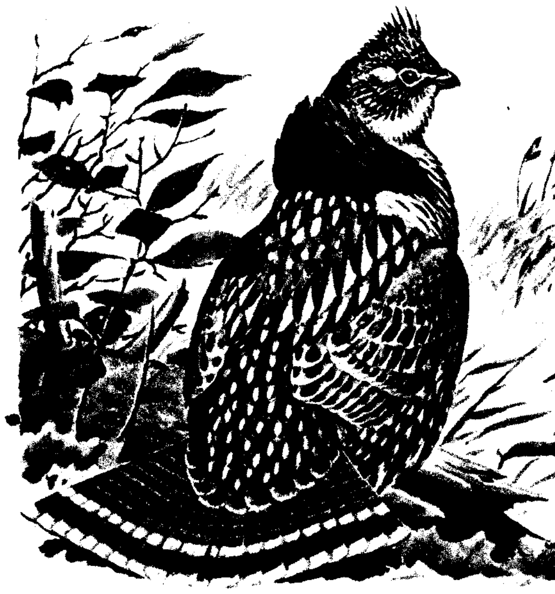
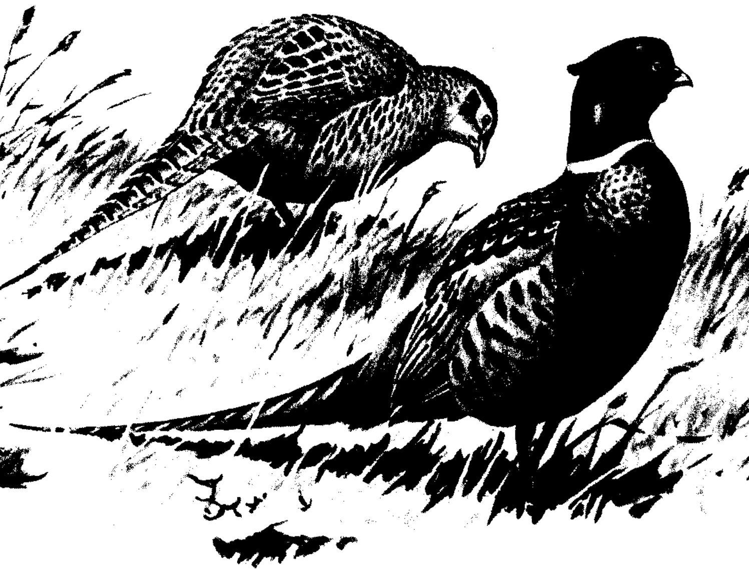
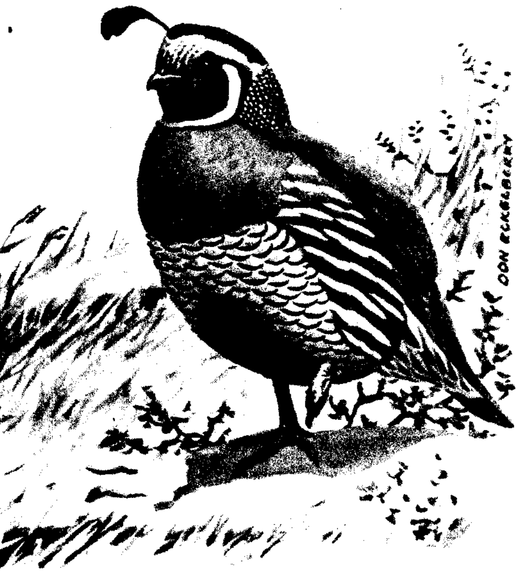


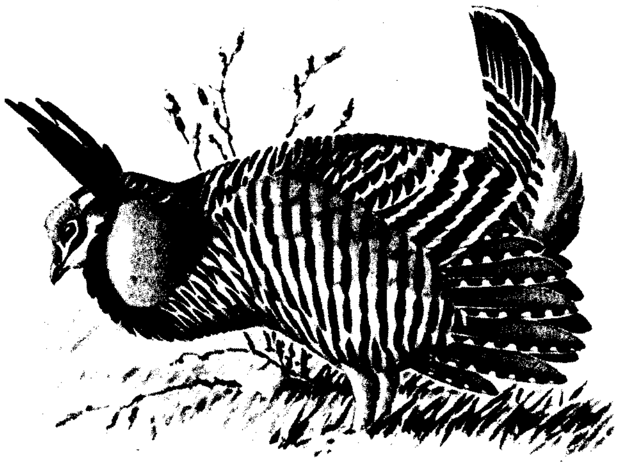
A dark, feathered ruff on the neck identifies the **RUFFED GROUSE.**



A white collar identifies the male **RING-NECKED PHEASANT.** (*Female in background*)



The **VALLEY QUAIL,** *or California Quail, is identified by this combination: a curved plume on his head and a scale-like pattern of feathers on his underbody.*

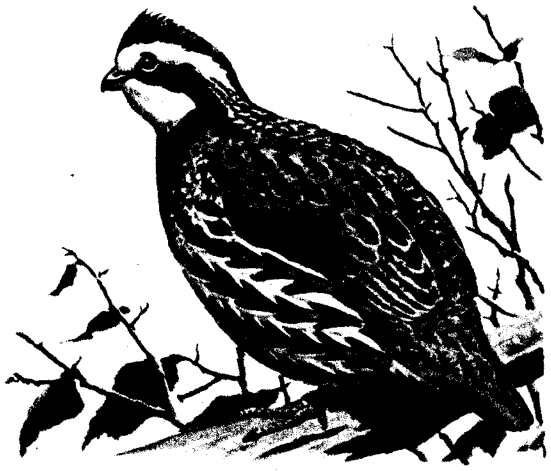


The **PRAIRIE CHICKEN** *is characterized by a pair of inflatable orange air sacs and tufts of stiff feathers on the neck, which he displays during courtship.*

When you go afield . . .

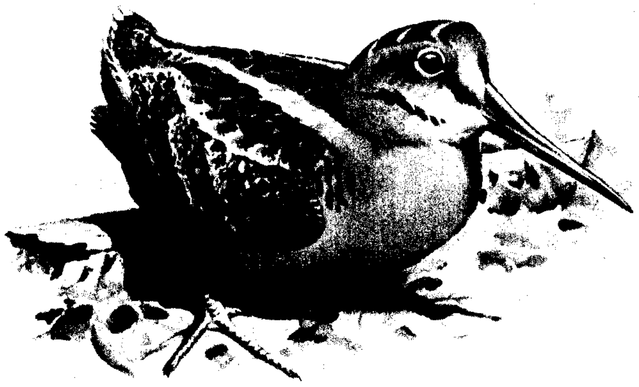
THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify these upland game birds



A white chin, a throat marked with a dark band, and a white line over the eyes distinguish the **BOB WHITE** *quail.*

**Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History. Birds described are males, and illustrations do not indicate relative size of birds.*

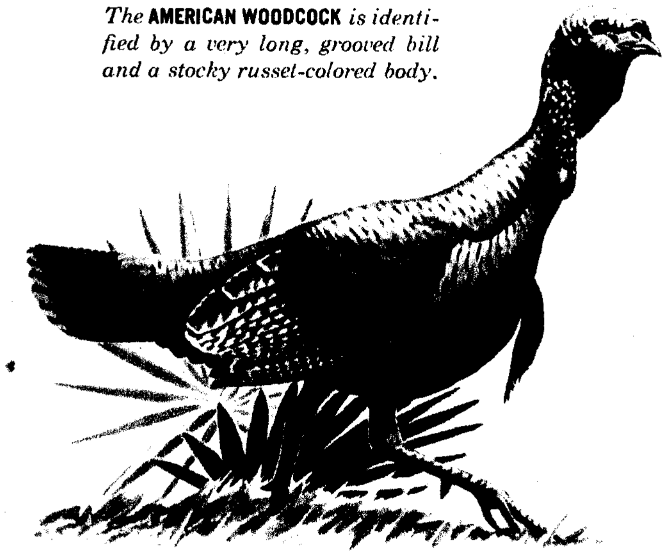


The **AMERICAN WOODCOCK** *is identified by a very long, grooved bill and a stocky russet-colored body.*

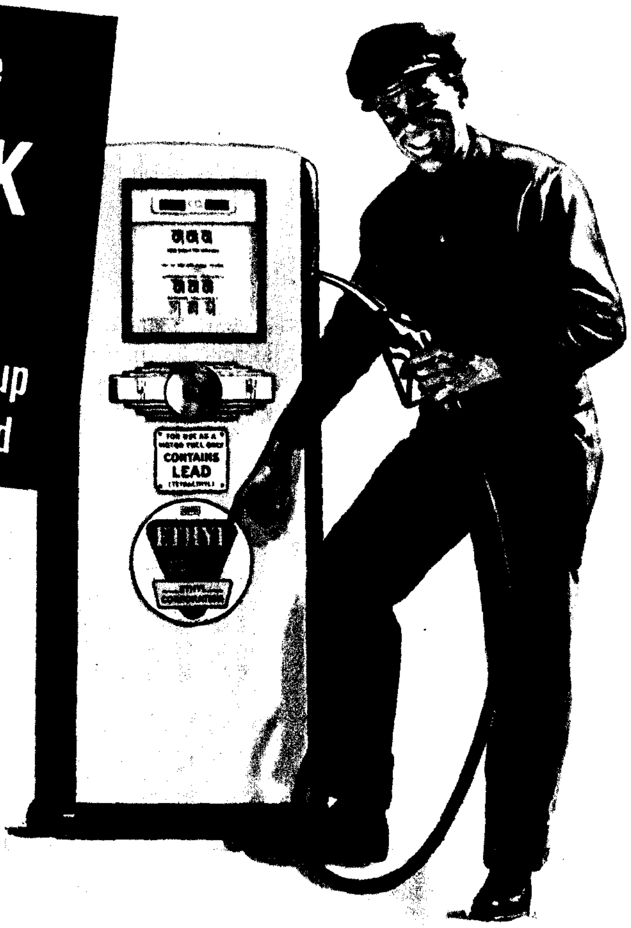
When you buy gasoline

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid



You can tell a **WILD TURKEY** *by the chestnut-colored tips of his tail feathers. A domestic gobbler has white-tipped tail feathers.*



To get the best performance from your car, use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

To show you their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" antiknock compound, oil companies display "Ethyl" trade-marks on their gasoline pumps. "Ethyl" fluid is made by *Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.*

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Use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" for handsomer, healthier-looking hair

P. S. Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair handsome, stimulate your scalp. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application. *Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks*

The Week's Work

***This week's cover:** Lassie with a Lassie. Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., son of the actor, photographed Debbie Reynolds of Burbank, Cal., after she had won a talent contest. Debbie was born April Fools' Day, '32, is athletic, 5' 1½", 102 lbs., blond and hazel-eyed.*

RITING from his home on Toulouse Street in N'Orleans, Mr. Roark Bradford informs us that everybody in his Rich Man, Rich Man (p. 24), with the exception of the heroine, is from Little Bee Bend plantation. Virginee actually is a very pretty friend of Mr. Bradford's, whose name was altered from Virginia by a clerk of birth recordings.

"She graciously let me use her in a story," says Mr. Bradford, "provided I made her the heroine. However, I was forced to change her character and race for story purposes."

Of his present activities, Mr. Bradford says he's reading, writing and battling an amoeba he brought out of the Navy with him after the war. "That sounds dull," Mr. B. admits, "but I always do things the hard way. In spite of medicine and diet, the Little Man with the Barbed Wire will walk through my innards—and I can't concentrate, no matter how thrilling the whodunit I'm reading.

"Recently I decided to try the other extreme in escapism: I deliberately began reading eighteenth-century German philosophers from Kant to Herbart. So far as taking my mind off amoebae, it works. Concentrating on ego and nonego with Von Schelling, antinomies with Kant or even Schopenhauer's witticisms about how nice it would be if everybody would go off and die, is guaranteed to kill any physical, mental or moral ache.

"But I'm not discouraged," says Mr. B., "for, as the Widow Duck says, God will change conditions."

AROUND 1926 the business of writing had been bedeviling Hyatt Downing quite a lot. He says he'd been lucky or unlucky enough to sell some short stories, while at the same time peddling insurance. When a manager offered him a good job in the home office, provided "he'd quit writing them damned pieces," he accepted.

After a year in New York, Downing got restless, wrote another story and sold it to Kyle Crichton, then an associate editor on Scribner's. A couple of weeks later, Mr. Downing sold Crichton some insurance. Mr. Downing reports Mr. Crichton's explosive comment at the time. "Look," cried Mr. Crichton, "I wish you'd make up your mind. What are you, a premium peddler or a writer?"

Mr. Downing couldn't decide till 1936. He was toting a ratebook around the Middle West mooning for the literary life, when his wife announced, "For Heaven's sake quit—and start writing."

"So I wrote a novel, A Prayer for Tomorrow, and had it published," says Mr. Downing. "It wasn't any great shakes of a book—but it did the job. I threw my ratebook away."

Thereafter Mr. D. was in—writing novels and stories and which what, mostly within check-throwing distance of the Hollywood studios.

As for The Great MacLeod (p. 16), Mr. Downing says it came to him at 20th Century-Fox. He was watching a trucker unload outside a window—and he wondered what would happen if the guy found himself suddenly in the movies playing a Tarzan.

Mr. Downing went home and wrote his speculations. "Now I can pay that insurance premium," he says, "the one I wrote on my own life."

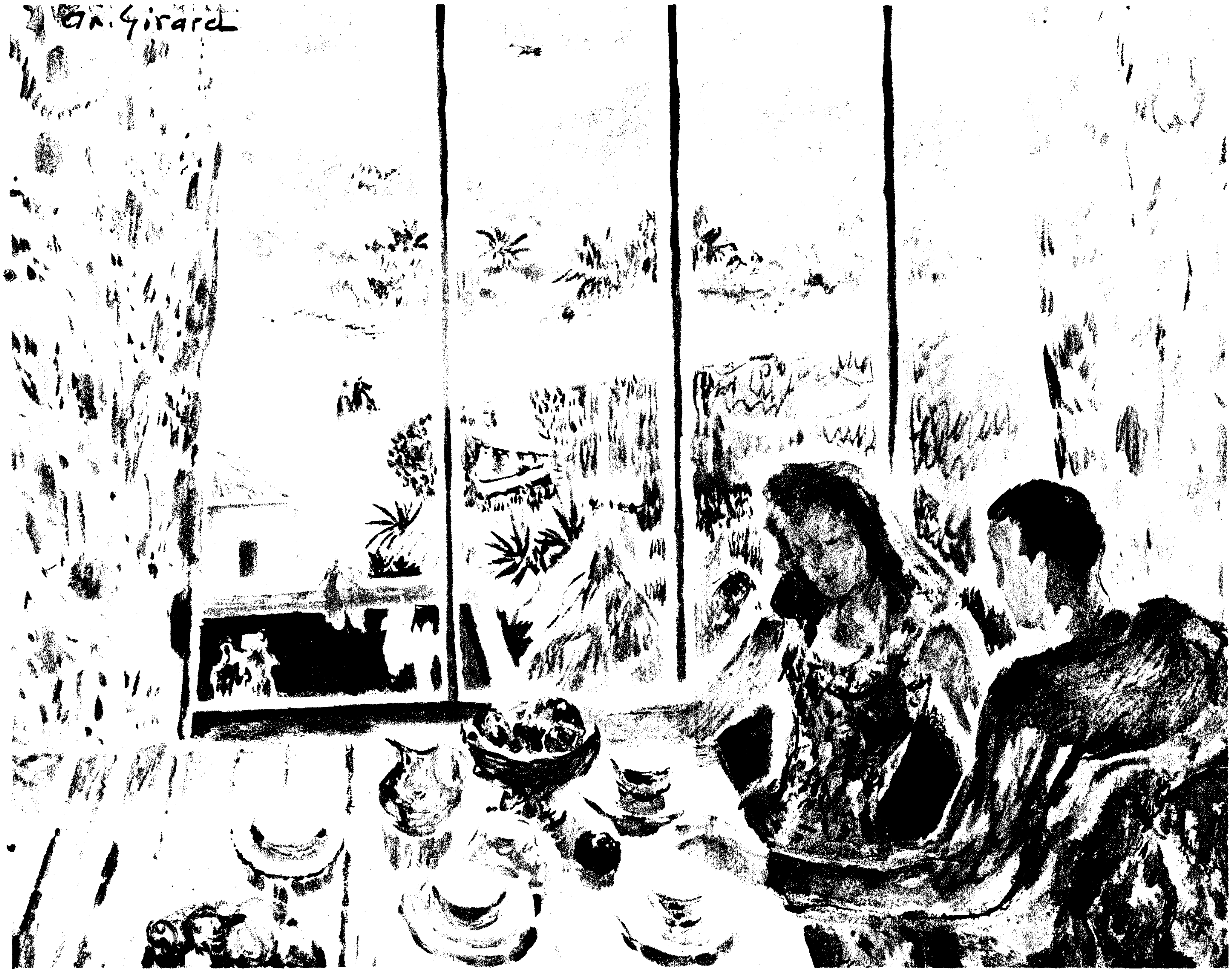
HALE HADERMAN

James Atlee Phillips grabs brass ring for Final Bell, Star Award

THE absolute low-down on Favors from the Lyons Den (p. 45) comes from Mr. Leonard Lyons, something of a low-downist himself—as those who follow his column, The Lyons Den, know. "The piece was born one afternoon when I found on my typewriter the customary list of phone callers awaiting my return call.

"In the customary hope that some of them might produce a column item, I began making the calls. The first was an actress: She wanted me to telephone to Mayor O'Dwyer and have him appoint a friend of hers as chief of New York City's policewomen. The second was a foreign correspondent—who wanted tickets for Mister Roberts and a table for two at the Stork. The third was a classmate who wanted an appointment to the federal bench. The fourth was a relative whose daughter was flying from Cleveland to board the Queen Elizabeth—the plane was late and would I get them to hold the Queen. . . ."

As for his less harassed side: A young lady to whom he had said on first meeting, "I'm going to marry you!" and with whom he'd been corresponding, "decided that others must share my writings heretofore intended for her eyes alone," says Mr. Lyons. "So I became a columnist, we were married and have four sons and the necessary readers.". . . TED SHANE



HONEYMOON AT SEA ISLAND, GA. Sand, sea, and southern clime, and the lush beauty of semitropical flowers make this a fascinating spot. Painted by Andre Girard for the De Beers collection.

How fair has been each precious moment of their plans come true . . . their silent meeting at the altar steps, their first waltz at the gay reception, and now, these wondrous days together in a world that seems their very own. Each memory in turn is treasured in the lovely, lighted depths of her engagement diamond, to be an endless source of happy inspiration. For such a radiant role, her diamond need not be costly or of many carats, but it must be chosen with care. Color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

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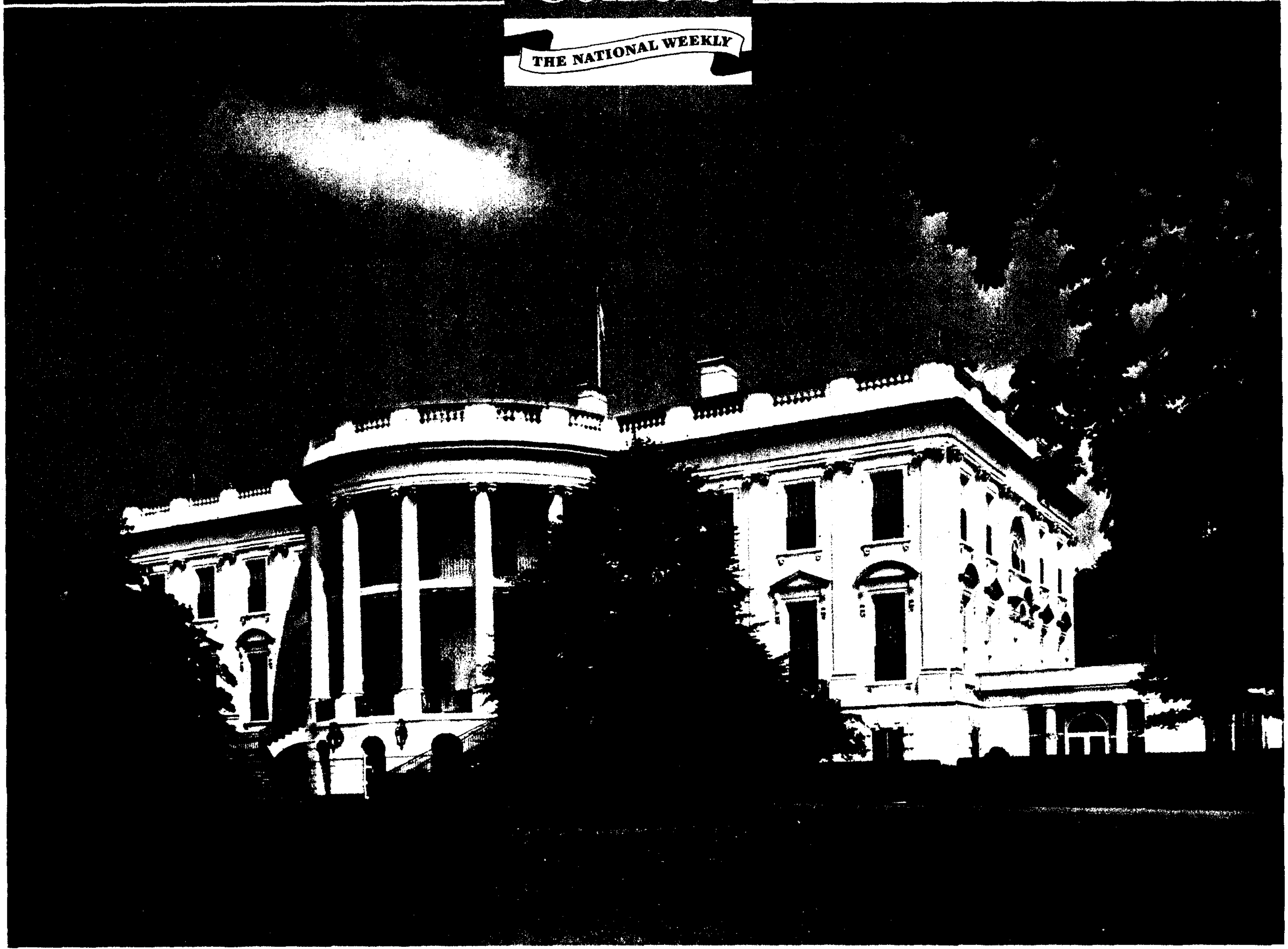


HARRIS & EWING

The beauty of the White House is only paint deep. Rotting timbers and acute discomfort are concealed under surface splendor

The White House Shudders

By MILTON LEHMAN

They may dream they dwell in marble halls. But our Presidents live in peril. Age and the tramplings of countless feet have weakened a noble mansion

THE architects say the White House is the most beautiful building in Washington. The voters, preserving it for their elected leader, call it the first home in the land. The tourists see it as a monumental shrine with the ghosts of history in its rooms. But for the men who have lived there, the White House has been more of a nightmare than a dream mansion.

The White House is an old building with the ravages of age in its beams and joists. The home of Presidents for almost 150 years, it is now crowded, uncomfortable and unsafe.

"The White House wouldn't pass the safety standards of any city in the country," declares W. E. Reynolds, the commissioner of public buildings in Washington. "If it weren't the President's house, we'd have it condemned."

While no President has yet refused to live in the White House, each has found it tough going. Although the mansion is rent-free, the cost of living devours his salary. When major repairs are needed, he must go to his landlord, Congress, which usually replies with oratory. Despite his power, the Chief Executive discovers his offices are too small for his staff; that the state parlors are cheerful as a mausoleum, and that his only escape is to his private quarters on the second floor—which the President has just learned is about due to fall in!

Mr. Truman discovered this several months ago. He observed that his private study on the second floor "vibrated," especially on state occasions, when his Cabinet and a squad of Marines marched upstairs to escort him down. When the floor shook, he reported the great crystal chandelier would tinkle in the Blue Room below. Not an easy man to scare, Mr. Truman complained that the tinkling and vibrating made him nervous.

He asked Commissioner Reynolds and his engineers to see what was wrong. They thumped the walls; they examined the doors. When they sawed through the floor board they found the trouble—great splits in the supporting beams.

Through successive administrations, plumbers had cut into the beams to make room for their pipes; the electricians, ignoring what the plumbers had done, had notched the beams for wires. The process of bringing the White House up to date had actually undermined it. Someone, enlarging a downstairs room, had even removed one of the second-floor bearing walls.

With limited funds, the commissioner did what he could. He propped up the Truman bedrooms, parlors and baths with steel pillars and advised him to dismiss his Marines. He explained that the work was just temporary. "Mr. President," said the commissioner, "one thing we don't want is marching feet."

Next year Commissioner Reynolds plans to ask Congress for $1,000,000 to cover the largest repair bill in White House history.

Mr. Truman's Best-Laid Plans

But even with a friendly Congress—anxious to keep its President from falling through the second floor—there's bound to be plenty of oratory. Mr. Truman heard it in 1946. He wanted to enlarge the executive wing to make room for his assistants. He called on the National Fine Arts Commission—eminent architects, sculptors and painters appointed as watchdogs over Washington's public shrines—to approve his plan.

Okayed, it was gingerly presented to Congress. The funds were almost granted when the press discovered the plan. The Washington Star's political cartoonist drew a funny picture showing the old homestead dwarfed by the new addition. In the House of Representatives, Congressman Howard W. Smith of Virginia leaped to his feet. "This is the most valuable historic spot in the country," he declared. "Let us not destroy it without knowing what we are doing." That killed it.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, the tenant with the longest lease in White House history, was known as the "great innovator." This applied to his affairs of state. There was little he could do in his own home. He found the lavish state parlors on the White House first floor, the East Room and the Green, Blue and Red rooms, too cold for comfort and too historic for change.

The ancient White House kitchen, with its cavernous closets and fixtures dating back to Grover Cleveland, was better suited to a Bowery hotel than to the first house in the land. When the old cabinets were removed, a dozen mummified turkey legs were discovered, dating at least three administrations back. The kitchen was finally restored with modern equipment, the sort that any moderately successful chairman of the board would have installed years before.

Roosevelt, however, would never make a change without first announcing it to the press, as if to defend himself against a charge of loose living. During the war he announced that the White House needed new plumbing—$25,000 worth. The old pipes, he declared, were springing leaks. They'd been brought in originally by economical Calvin Coolidge, who had acquired them secondhand from the Army base at Fort Meade, Maryland.

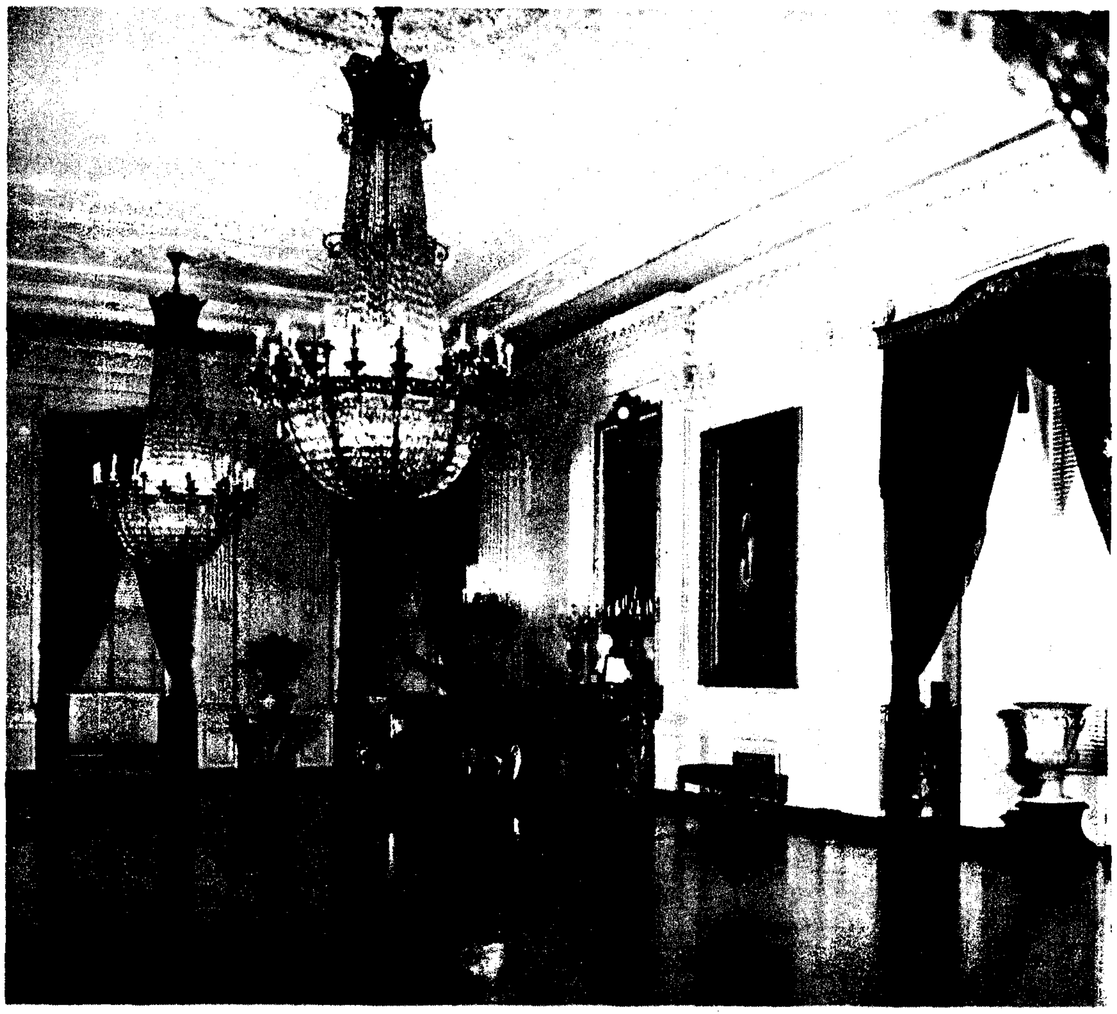
"Either we get new pipes," Roosevelt said, "or we freeze this winter."

As the New Deal President, F.D.R. found some changes unavoidable in the old-deal mansion. Because his executive department was constantly expanding, he added a second floor to his offices in the west wing and built a temporary structure on the east wing as space for his aides. Even with these additions, there wasn't enough room.

Roosevelt's six bedrooms on the second floor were constantly filled with his large family and his guests. Occasionally cots were installed in the hallways to handle the overflow. When the King and Queen of England came to visit, the President's children and grandchildren moved out to make room. The late Alexander Woollcott caused a crisis when he was invited for one week and stayed, in character, for two.

Both the Hoovers and Roosevelts were lavish entertainers. Though cramped for space, they were obliged to be hosts to thousands. No one knew the problem involved *(Continued on page 64)*

WIDE WORLD

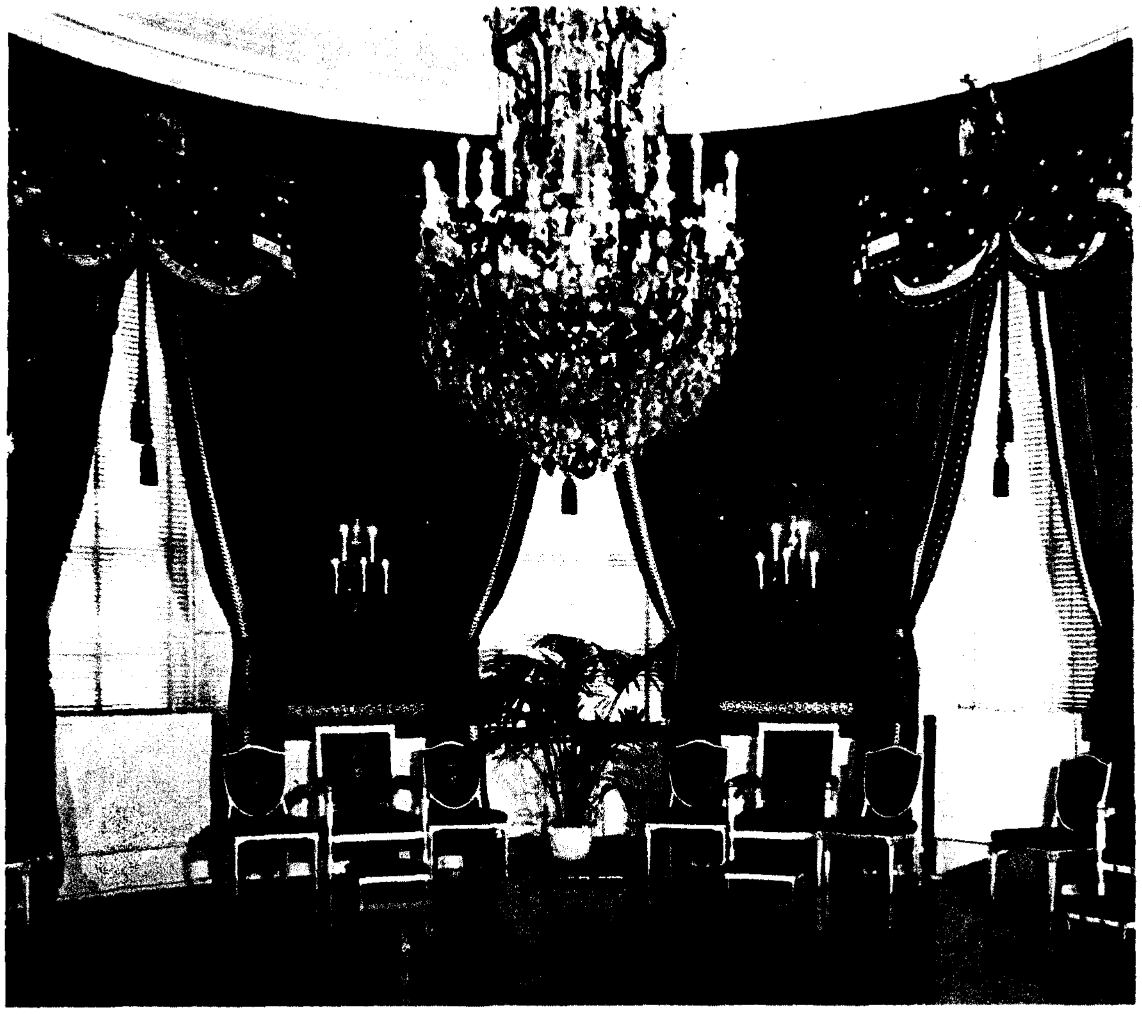


The luxurious East Room, used for state functions, didn't appeal to the pioneer taste of Mrs. Zachary Taylor, who, after having given it the once-over, retired to her parlor to smoke her pipe. President Taylor died after 16 months in office

WIDE WORLD

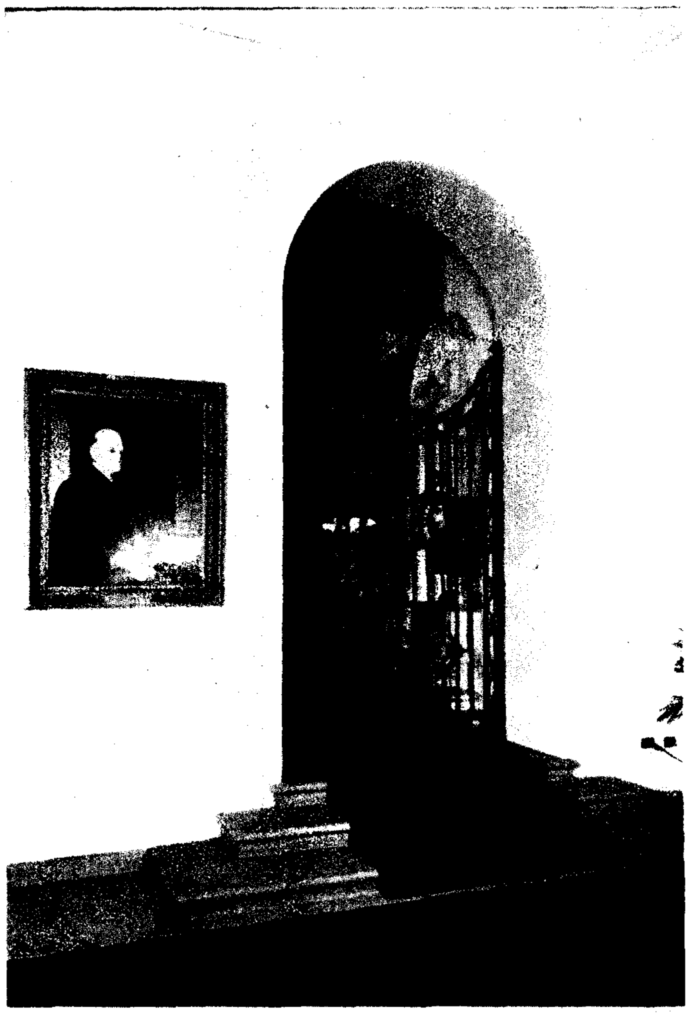
James Monroe liked the elegant Green Room. He imported its furniture and style from Europe. Soon after Andrew Jackson moved in, he invited the people to a party. They toasted their hero and broke Monroe's French Imperial sofa

WIDE WORLD



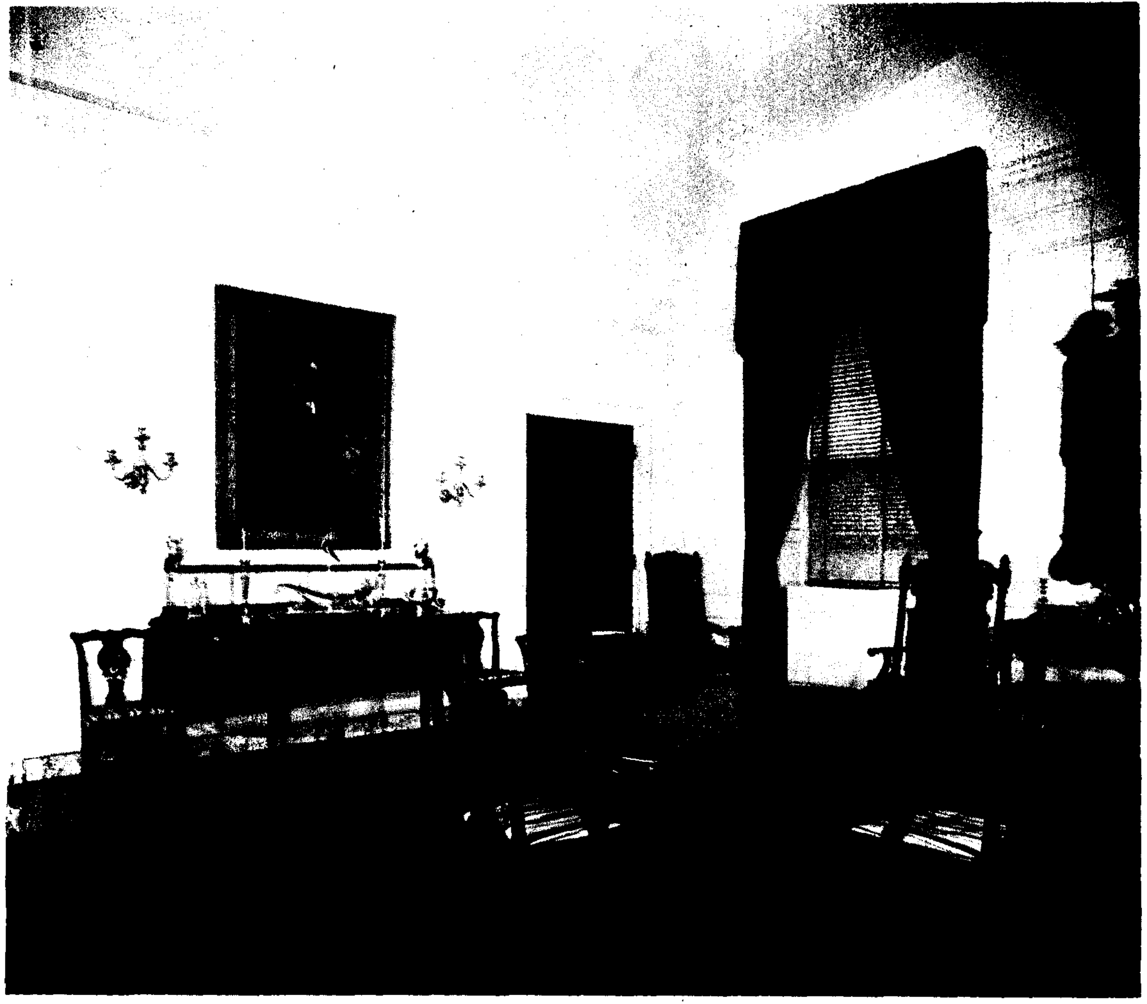
The Blue Room is considered the most beautiful in the White House—but, Mr. President, watch out for that chandelier! Truman discovered that too many guests moving around in the room above make it tinkle and swing precariously

ACME



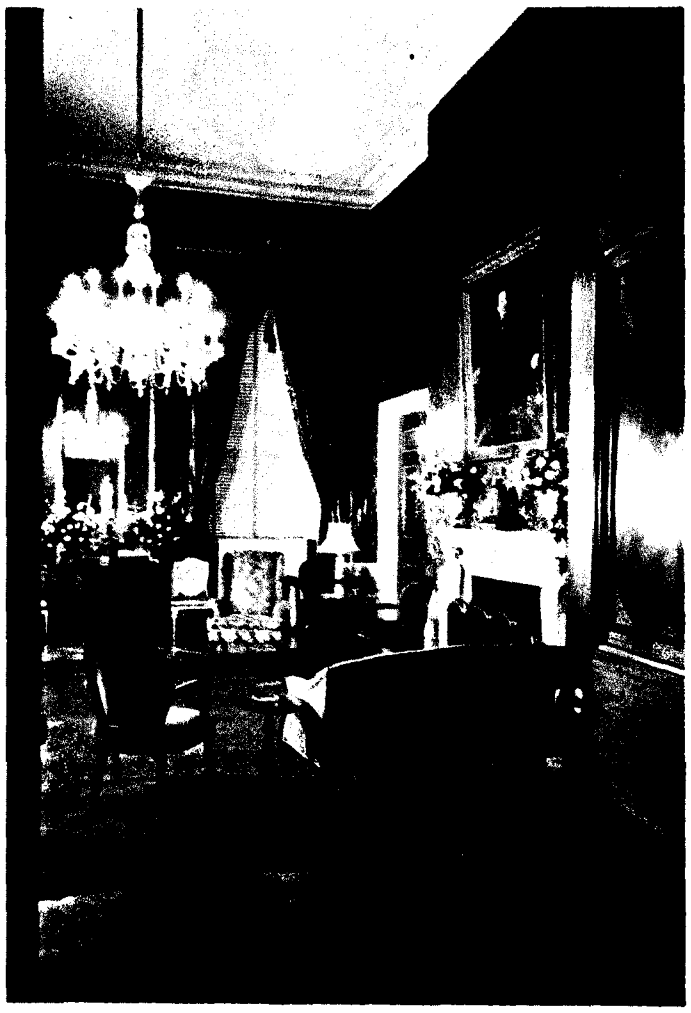
Office seekers, generals, tourists and other visitors roamed up this historic arched stairway when Lincoln was President. He kept open house

WIDE WORLD



Harry Truman found no privacy in the White House dining room. On one occasion, two overcurious sightseers from Kansas were stopped by a guard as they were about to open the door to gaze in on the President while he was at lunch

ACME



Grover Cleveland, whose portrait hangs in the Red Room, wanted to tear down the antiquated White House and start building from scratch

EP OFF
Hollywood

The Great MacLeod

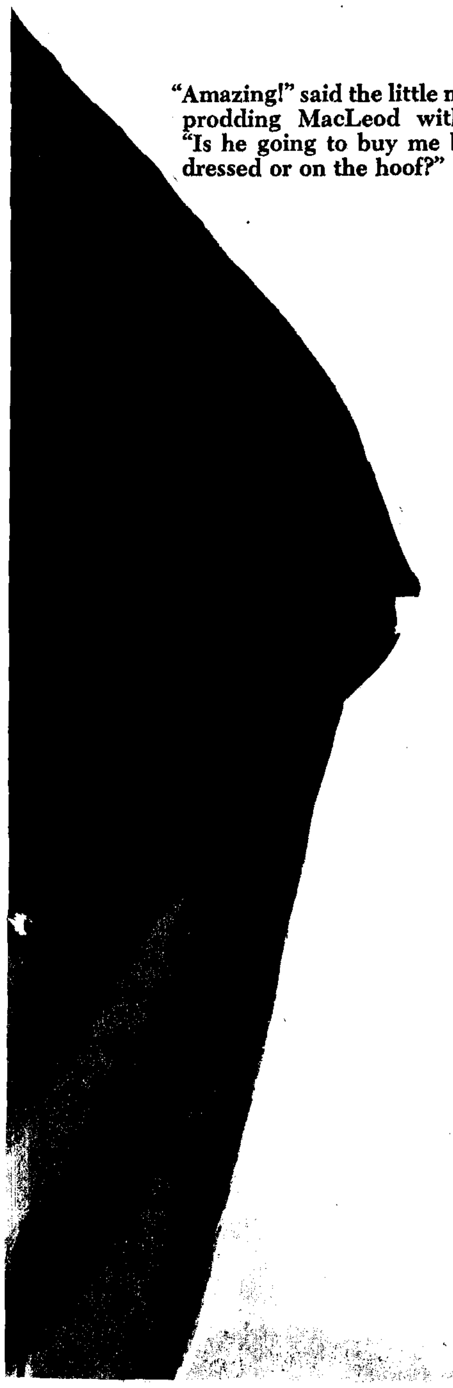
By HYATT DOWNING

He was a beautiful hunk of man. He owed himself to the world—and he paid

THE air, that morning on the Santa Monica beach, seemed to have drifted straight down from the pastures of heaven, and the sunlight was so thick you could almost scrape it off your body like butter. John Hopewell MacLeod, lifeguard, threw out his magnificent chest and burbled with pure content. The ground swell was coming in—long, smooth combers that creamed softly on the sand.

It was still too early in the morning for the Saturday mob. Time enough for a dive through the surf and a quick crawl out into the smooth water. He was thinking about this when a girl walked past him. She wore a yellow bathing suit which fitted her slight figure like wet paper, and beneath her white helmet was a small, heart-shaped face. He glanced at her and said, "There's a strong current running just back of where they're starting to break. Watch yourself."

She looked at him and her cute mouth curled into a faint smile. "Okay, Apollo." She waded out into the water, waited for a breaker and dived into it, then began to swim in the long trough. She ain't very good and she's not sure of herself, he thought, watching her. She came up beyond the next wave, lifting her arms too high and fighting the water.



"Amazing!" said the little man and began prodding MacLeod with his fingers. "Is he going to buy me by the pound, dressed or on the hoof?" MacLeod said

MacLeod slipped into the surf and felt the sting of its coldness rippling along his skin. The first wave, when he met it, lifted him before he cut into it and he looked about for the white cap. He found it, after a moment, too far out. The white arms were still going up and down but she was moving faster than they could propel her.

When he had half closed the gap between them he saw that she was trying to return. And then he caught it—that look of blind, reasonless terror which comes over the faces of people who know they are helpless against the sea. A long swell hid her for a moment and when he saw her again only the top of her cap showed above the surface.

He reached her just as the cap was disappearing and got a hand under her armpit. As she came up her arms reached out convulsively and wrapped themselves about his neck. He wrenched them free. "Look, baby," he said, "do that again and I'll have to bust you on your cute little chin. Put your hand on my shoulder and take it easy."

The terror died slowly out of her face. He felt her fingers grip his shoulder and he started back, quartering to take advantage of the current. The girl lay in the water beside him, no longer struggling or even making any effort to swim.

Beyond the point where the last ripples dampened the sand, he dropped her not too gently. "You ain't very smart," he said, staring down at her. "I just got through tellin' you."

She nodded, still unable to speak. MacLeod sat down beside her. She seemed unbelievably small, curled up there beside him.

Five minutes passed. MacLeod sat staring at her resentfully. Then the girl spoke: "You don't have to stay here if you don't want to. I'm all right now."

"Sure," MacLeod said bitterly. "And next Saturday, on your day off, you'll prob'ly come down to this same beach and do it all over again."

The girl did not reply. More minutes passed. At last she murmured, "You're a wonderful swimmer. I felt safe just as soon as I touched you. I'm very grateful to you."

"You ought to be," MacLeod said roughly. "I just saved your life."

A little color came into her face. "You don't have to brag about it."

"No, I don't," MacLeod said. "It's just a fact."

She waited a moment and then said: "I suppose you get pretty accustomed to saving people's lives."

"Well, I don't get all lathered up about it. It's just a job."

"Don't you have any interest in the people you pull out of the ocean?"

"Why should I? They don't seem to have much interest in themselves—the screwy things they do."

She stared at him curiously but without resentment. He was so symmetrically perfect that it was almost unbelievable. She stood up suddenly, still conscious of an uncertain feeling in her legs. "I think I'd better go," she said.

This statement brought no response. He didn't even make a movement to rise. She said, a note of exasperation coming into her voice, "Wouldn't you care to know who I am?"

He glanced up at her and grinned and suddenly her legs felt more trembly. "Look, baby, what's the percentage? There's thousands of bodies on this beach every day. And to me that's all they are—just bodies to be lugged out of the water every once in a while. Yours is cuter than most, that's all."

She dropped down on her knees, facing him. "Don't you even want to know the name of the person whose life you just saved?"

"All right. What is it?"

"Eve Langley. I work for Superior Studios. I'm a script girl. I watch lines."

He grinned again. "You watch lines and I watch curves."

She flushed again. "I don't think that's very bright."

"Listen, baby. If I was bright would I be a life guard?"

She said with the faintest edge of scorn, "No, probably not." Then she paused and let her glance move appraisingly over the roped muscles of his big shoulders, the ribbed flatness of his stomach. "You could do something with it, you know."

"Do something with what?"

"That marvelous physique."

He said, "I just did something with it. I saved your life."

"Yes, and what does it get you? Peanuts."

"Maybe that's all your life's worth."

For the first time she seemed angry. Her face, no longer pale, was drawn into a frown. "Don't you want to go someplace—be somebody?"

He said dreamily, "There's a little town in Minnesota where I'd just as soon go. It's called Minnehaska and I grew up there. And I know of a good garage I could buy for five thousand bucks. If I had the dough I'd be on my way right now."

She laughed scornfully. "A little old dinky garage." She stood up suddenly. "Will you be here next Saturday, Apollo?"

"Sure, if I don't get the old heave-ho."

"All right. Maybe I'll see you again. And thanks for saving my life, even if you don't think it's worth much." She smiled at him, her eyes crinkling. Then she jerked off the white rubber cap and walked away.

DURING the following week, John Hopewell MacLeod thought about Eve Langley two or three times. Which was unusual. He seldom thought about anything more than once, except how good it was to be alive and to feel the warmth of the California sun on his back when he sat relaxed in his tower.

He happened, oddly enough, to be thinking about Eve at the very instant he heard her voice and glancing down over the edge of the platform he saw her staring up at him. "Hi, Apollo," she called. "Uncoil yourself and come down. There's a Greek here bearing gifts."

MacLeod glanced at the small, potbellied figure standing beside her. There'd been a Greek signalman on the Boxer but this guy certainly didn't look like him. He threw a leg over the rail of the tower and dropped, straight as a plummet, at their feet. The little man backed away with a startled exclamation, "Do you always do it that way?" he asked. "Don't you ever use the steps?"

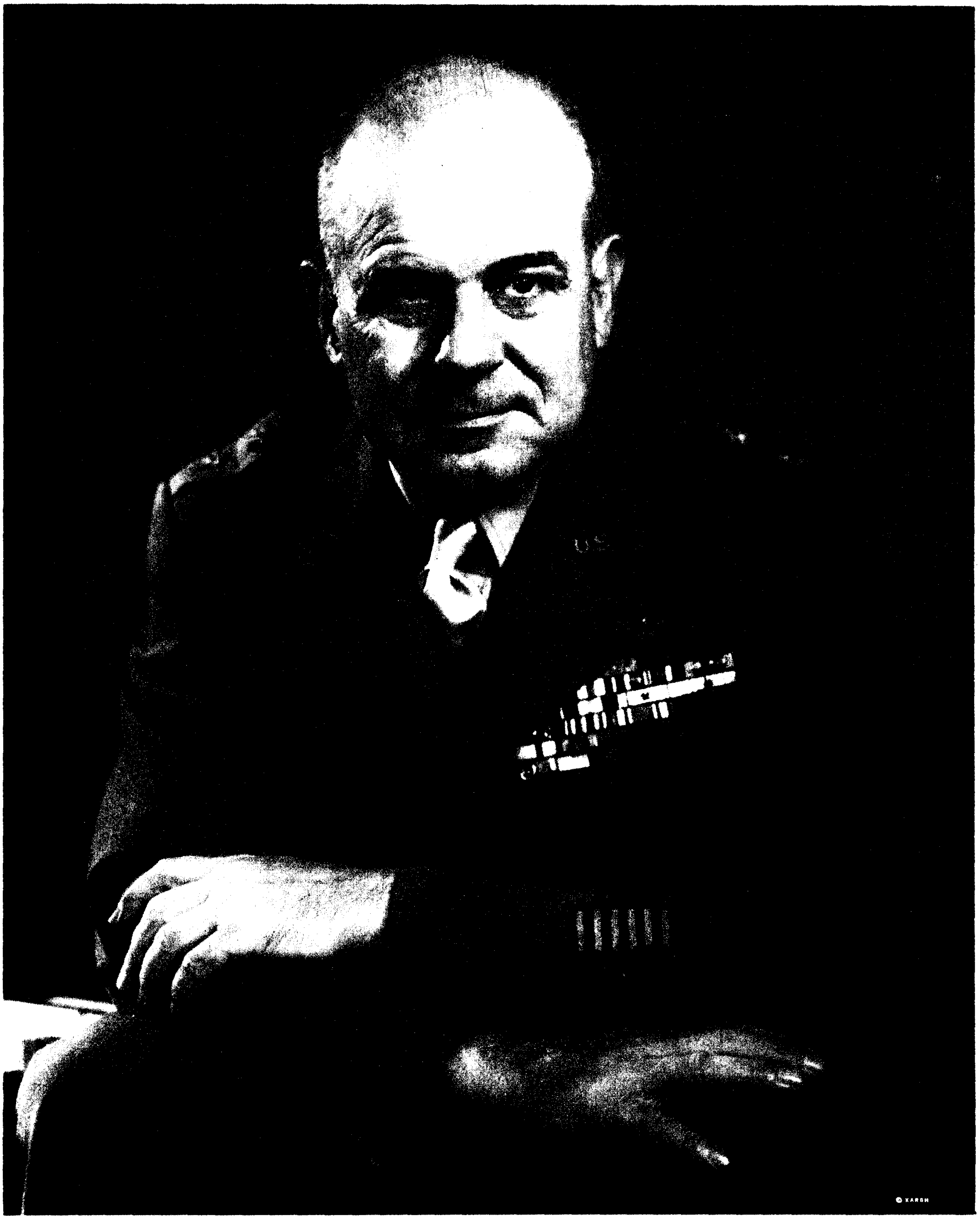
"Hardly ever."

"Amazing," the little man said. He started walking in a circle about MacLeod, prodding him with his finger tips and making little whispered sounds of astonishment. "Is he going to buy me by the pound, dressed or on the hoof?" MacLeod said to Eve.

She giggled. "Hold everything, Apollo. You'll know in a minute."

At last the little man *(Continued on page 32)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EUCLID SHOOK



LIEUTENANT GENERAL JAMES H. DOOLITTLE, USAFR

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH

Through Hell and High Brass

The Story of Jimmy Doolittle

James H. Doolittle's many-sided genius has produced one of the most extraordinary careers in modern records: crowding a dozen full lifetimes into one dazzling saga. Legendary hero to American youth—greatest of air daredevils—leader in war, business and science—renowned wit—true "Man-About-the-World"—in this first installment, Doolittle encounters Marshall, Arnold, Eisenhower and Patton

By W. B. COURTNEY

PART 1 OF A FIVE-PART ARTICLE

WHEN Jim Doolittle returned to the United States after knocking the first tooth out of the Japanese grin with his famous Tokyo raid of April 18, 1942, he was a brand-new brigadier general and a brand-new national hero.

He soon learned from General "Hap" Arnold, the boss airman, that two key field-command air jobs were open: one with MacArthur, the other with Eisenhower.

Arnold felt that Jim could handle either. Doolittle, who is not modest to a fault, was avidly sure that he could.

So Arnold recommended Doolittle for each job, in turn.

And, in turn, MacArthur and Eisenhower promptly turned him down.

A heck of a fine way to treat a brand-new and glamorous national hero!—one who got six-inch headlines, and had the Congressional Medal of Honor tied around his neck by President Roosevelt himself, in the White House.

Part of the reason for it was—James Harold Doolittle!

Pioneer's kid in Alaska, seagoing steward, miner, boxer, aviator, flying salesman, engineer, scientist, member of Presidential boards, lecturer, vice-president of a great international corporation; air daredevil who did the first outside loop, and made the first flight completely "blind" from take-off to landing; Army test pilot who won more races, set more records, left his exhaust trails in the skies over more continents and countries than any other flying man of his time—and is esteemed by world airmen the greatest *all-round* flier of *all* time.

But Jim's reputation for speed is not confined to his air rompings. Speed in all things is one of his basic traits. It flashes incessantly in the lightning of his wit and tongue. These are never slowed down by considerations of protocol or diplomacy —or the size or importance of the other fellow. It is not that Jim ever talks "out of turn." It is simply that he never passes up his turn!

After the Shangri-La Mission

The net result has become aviation legend, comprised of the gaudiest anecdotes in the annals of American flight, and some of its gayest rumpuses. The two important "Doolittleisms" he produced as a brand-new national hero, and stumbled over as a brand-new brigadier general, have never before been told. At stake were his chances to lend his air genius to America's winged victory.

Doolittle reached Washington exactly one month to the day after he and the 79 Yank fliers he led had paid Tokyo and four other Jap cities the first blazing installment on the Pearl Harbor account. Some of the clothes he wore over Tokyo had been lost, and the rest worn to rags by his parachute jump into China and during the arduous trek therefrom. All he could wangle, to restore decency, upon reaching Calcutta were a pair of British shorts that were too small for him, and a bush jacket that was too large. In that outfit, landing in Cairo, he was immediately whisked to a formal dinner party attended by the impeccably uniformed elite of Britain's Middle East brass and diplomacy. Jim felt wholly naked.

The next morning he found a native tailor whose name was January Jones; and who, although he had never seen an American uniform, proceeded to make one for Jim in eight hours. It was unquestionably the oddest American uniform ever assembled or worn outside the lodge meetings of the Catfish. It was of mouseskin tint and texture, with dollar-size plain brown buttons; the ensemble decorated here and there with January's purely imaginary conception of American insignia, which he designed from snips of colored tin and cloth.

Thus attired, Doolittle flew to Bolling Field and was put into hiding (for he was still a "top military secret" with respect to command of the Tokyo mission) in the home of General Arnold. And still thus attired, he was spirited next day to the office of General Marshall.

This was the first meeting between Doolittle and the great wartime Chief of Staff. Outwardly, no two men could be in greater contrast: Doolittle short and chunky, bubbling, impetuous, restless; Marshall tall and immensely dignified, patient, measured, sublimely calm.

Doolittle could but reflect that to Marshall—as to most elder line officers of the Regular military establishment—his name had meant heretofore, if anything, just "stunt flier." So, more for psychological than for sartorial reasons, Jim would have given anything for a proper blouse and a pair of regulation breeches!

Those were still bleak and discouraging hours. Corregidor had lately gone, and we had lost the naval action of the Java Sea; the turning-point battles of Midway and Guadalcanal were in the future. The Doolittle raiders from "Shangri-La" had lighted the first enduring beacon in the gloom. And the grave and care-seamed Chief of Staff listened with close and pleased attention while Jim dutifully—and picturesquely, being Doolittle!—rendered his verbal report of it.

Jim's own attentiveness, however, began to wander as he gradually became aware of an atmosphere of covert excitement in the chief's office; aides coming and going, with smiling glances in his direction, and much whispering. It was, finally, too much for him:

"General," he remarked, "there seems to be something going on here in which I am involved. If it isn't a secret, I'd like to know what's up!"

General Marshall studied him kindly and evenly. "Yes, there is something going on," he answered presently, "and you are involved. You are to be presented today with the Congressional Medal of Honor by the President of the United States!"

Doolittle's facial expressions are as sudden and frank as his words.

General Marshall, therefore, surprised by what he saw come over the weathered Doolittle countenance, asked sharply, "Aren't you pleased?"

Candor Reaches Its Zenith

"No!" said Jim, bluntly, "I'm not. From what I know about it the Medal of Honor was founded by Congress to award outstanding *military* valor—like jeopardizing one's life in actual combat, above and beyond the call of duty, to save one's comrades, or for some other heroic battle action so extremely dangerous that you haven't a whisker's chance for survival. For me, the greatest thing that can happen to an American is to be given America's greatest tribute, the Medal of Honor, *on that basis!* I don't think that idea of the medal fits what I've done. Moreover, I think the medal has been allowed to drift away from its whole original ideal —heroism in *combat.* I think it has been prostituted. I think it was prostituted, for example, when it was given to Admiral Byrd just for expeditions; and, of course, when it was given to Byrd it had to be given to Lindbergh—"

Doolittle got no further. He recalls that his mouth probably stayed open and moving with no words coming out—for this was the only time he was ever to see the truly awesome sight of the Army's number one "Old Man" really mad. General Marshall towered over Doolittle and for a purgatorial minute it seemed as if the impending news release of Jim's Tokyo adventure might be crowded out by a more startling headline— "Chief of Staff Bites Nose Off Hero!"

Then Marshall snapped:

"I have recommended you for the Congressional Medal of Honor in order to raise it back to the level it should be on!"

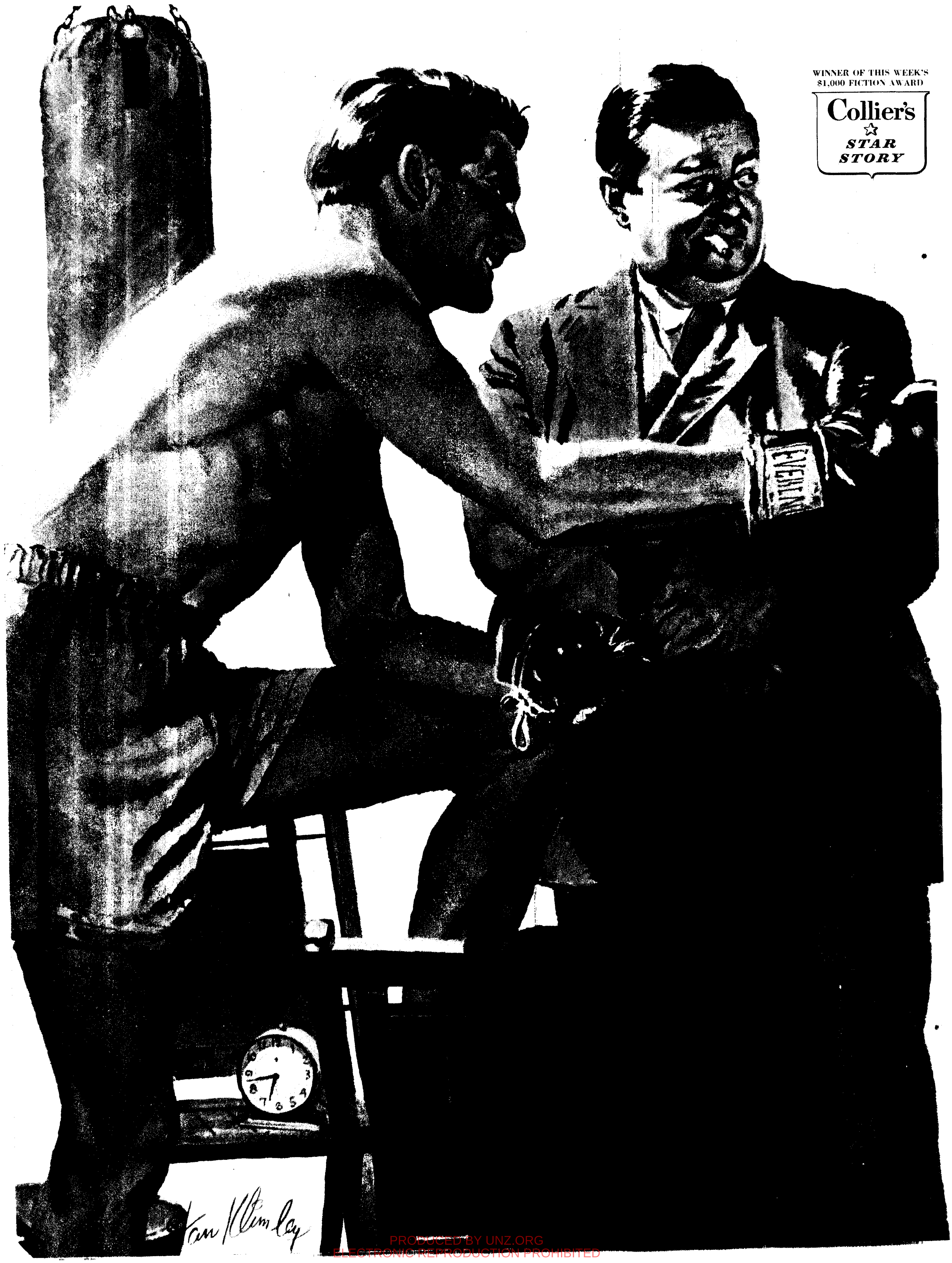
With that, General Marshall turned and strode away.

Twice deftly tailored now—physically by January Jones, spiritually by George Catlett Marshall —Doolittle found himself just another brigadier general itching for something more than the odds and ends usually flung to a one-star man who happens to be unattached, and handy.

He was tremendously pepped up when General Arnold called him in to ask, "How would you like to go out with MacArthur?" *(Continued on page 70)*

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's
★
STAR
STORY



FINAL BELL

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

There was something strange about Malloy. He was an excellent prize fighter, and he was broke. But when they offered him a fight he didn't want it

THE Mexican middleweight was laughing. Lithe and brown, he came weaving across the ring, toed into his sparring partner, and ducked in a fluid arc. The other boy tried two punches, missed with both and had just hooked another hole in the sunny afternoon air when Montero smashed him with a flush right hand. The sparring partner's head snapped back and his hair flew up. He reeled backward, followed by the merciless brown boy.

"Oke, oke, oke," sighed Hansen, who was leaning against a ring post. He was a pudgy man in a wrinkled seersucker suit, and he gazed on the mayhem dispiritedly. A moist cigar was rolling across his mouth. The Mexican boxer dropped his hands and stepped backward.

"Good, eh? *Bien,* eh?" Montero was filmed with sweat, and it made his dark skin glisten like satin. Shrugging into a gaudy robe, he began a jogging dance in place.

"Sure," Hansen said around the cigar. "Only Webb'll be a little harder to hit than this plow hand."

"You worry too much, Steve," Montero admonished. Gathering the robe tight, he moved away. Hansen turned toward the front entrance of the gymnasium, and glanced at the lobby lithographs announcing next Saturday night's ten-round love affair. Between Juan Montero, Mexican middleweight champion, and one Spider Webb, a local crowd pleaser.

Since he had spent most of his life looking at fighters and posters, Steve Hansen was not greatly impressed. In the first place, his boy Montero was not the Mexican champion. He had been, for nearly a year, but Raoul Delar had turned the lights out on him last March.

Also, Spider Webb was not a local boy, and he was not named Webb. He was Al Morsano, temporarily barred from Eastern rings for a bout which had Limburgered up that whole area. When he was trying, this Morsano was several cuts above the average club fighter, and he punched very hard. Hansen figured it a six-round knockout if Morsano-Webb was trying, and a very smelly decision for Montero if he was not.

The fight manager went outside the gymnasium. Relighting the stub of his cigar, he watched the traffic pass by. When a kid standing across the sidewalk murmured, "Evenin'," Hansen grunted a reply and went on staring at the stream of cars.

"—figured you might help me out," the boy continued, moving in closer. He was tall, with good shoulders, and there was a furrowed scar across the bridge of his nose.

"Yeah," said Hansen, annoyed. He took out a quarter and flipped it. The boy caught the coin neatly. In the fading light, he stared down at it and then he handed it back.

"I need a buck," he said quietly.

"Do, eh?" Hansen took the quarter and dropped it back into his pocket. Carefully he spat out a shred of tobacco. "And how did I get to be your social security bureau?"

The boy's hair was cropped short; it was the color of ripe wheat. "I need it pretty bad," he said.

"Lotsa people work," said Hansen. "Why don't you try it?"

"Just got in town." The boy's head was down. "I could pay you back tomorrow."

"Sure you could," Hansen agreed, shaking his head sadly.

"If I wasn't in trouble—"

"Get out of my way," Hansen said mildly. The boy hesitated, stepped back, and the stocky man went strolling toward the center of town.

Walking along, Hansen tried to concentrate on the scenery, but all he could see was the misery flooding the panhandler's eyes. The fight manager could see it coming. The panhandling kid was going to ruin his dinner. Turning around with an oath, he went padding back to the gymnasium entrance and flipped a crumpled bill.

The boy was ready; he stooped swiftly and began to murmur thanks. Enraged, Hansen waved a cab down. Now the punk had cost him two dollars, what with the cab fare, so his dinner was ruined anyway.

STEVE HANSEN was up early the next morning, before ten. This was an almost unprecedented thing. As he was zipping the pants over his paunch, there was a knock on the door. The visitor was a languid young man with pimples and horn-rimmed glasses, a sports reporter for the local Call-Times. His name, he admitted without enthusiasm, was Tommy Richards and he had said he had to do a feature story on Hansen. The fat man smiled; it was more like old times, and already he felt better. Sitting down, he rubbed his sagging shoulders and recalled famous ring names, boys he had managed.

"You had a champ, didn't you?" asked the tired reporter.

"Two of 'em." Hansen popped his knuckles. "You mean Flower Nolan, but I also had Packy Short. He was bantam champ nearly three years."

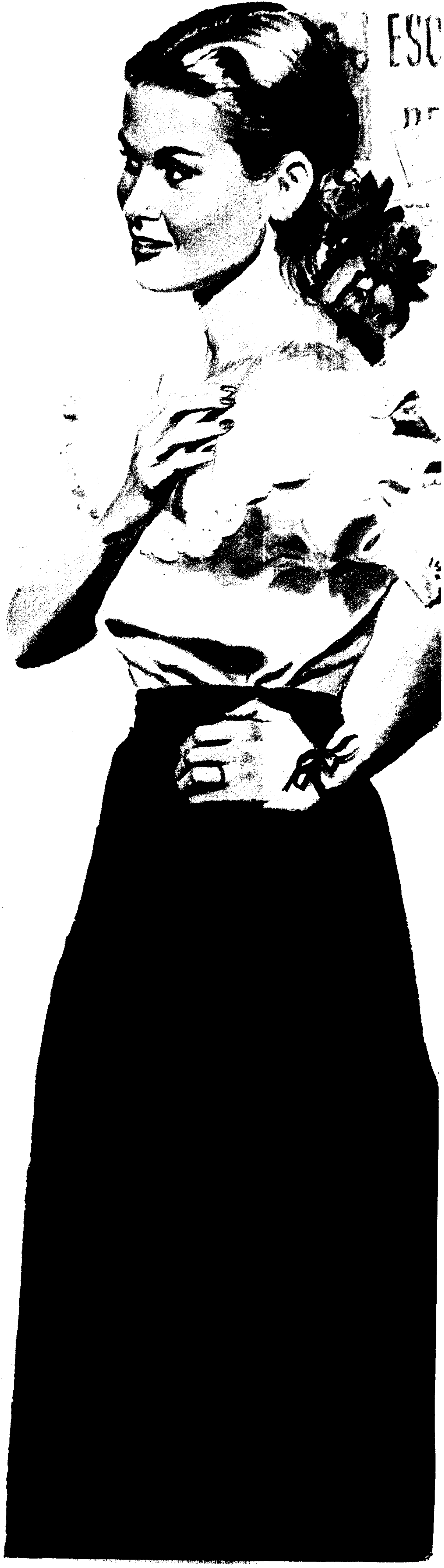
"Nolan was the one I remembered." The reporter scrawled hieroglyphics on his fold of copy paper. "How about this Montero?"

"Coming along," said Hansen. "He win his first seventeen here in the States, and he won't grow out of the weight. Very fast with both hands."

"How does he like it in the belly?" The reporter was holding the copy paper up in the air, scribbling at it.

Hansen laughed, but it sounded too hearty, so he stopped. "Won't nobody but the champ ever hit Juan hard enough to find out," he announced pontifically.

(Continued on page 48)

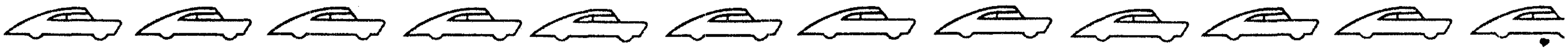


"Like you to meet my wife, Mr. Hansen," Malloy said. As Hansen squinted at her he knew he had already met her. A tramp, he thought, right off the standard pattern. I've seen her kind around a thousand rings

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

The Shape of Cars To Come

By HOWARD WHITMAN



THE man in the pearl-gray shirt, standing by a window that framed a thousand rooftops of Detroit, was one of that little-known but vastly misunderstood clique of men called car designers. "You think I decided what cars are going to look like?" he asked. "Don't you believe it. The people of America, God bless them, design the cars. I just dance to their music."

By music he meant the jingling dollars which have spurred the production of automobiles in the United States—eminently good automobiles. True, they still aren't jet-propelled, they don't have three wheels and wings, and they aren't Plexiglas teardrops out of Buck Rogers. But they are carrying Mr. and Mrs. America and all their little Amerikids 400 billion miles a year—in just the way they want to be carried.

"We'd build cars with pin wheels on them," the man in the pearl-gray shirt went on. "We'd make them go sideways. We'd even make a car that would sit up and beg—if the public wanted it that way. But in this business you've got to know your Americans. Every one of them is a car designer at heart . . ."

"That's why cars have windshields. In 1904 some bright motorist put a windshield on his chariot to avoid what was then known as "automobile wrinkles"—caused by squinting into the dusty road, and curable, said the beauty experts, by binding slices of cucumber on the cheeks. The windshield was taken up by carpenters and sold as an automobile accessory. By 1914 the car manufacturers adopted it as standard equipment.

The story of bumpers, stop lights, curtains and windshield wipers is pretty much the same. Mr. and Mrs. America first hung them on their cars, then the accessory boys manufactured them, and finally Detroit made them standard equipment. Even the first automobile tops were the people's invention. Somebody didn't want to get a soaking in his Merry Oldsmobile, so he put up an oversized umbrella. Umbrella makers promptly went into the top business and stayed in it until covered cars came out of Detroit.

Suit Yourself About Gadgets

Howard V. Lindbergh, manager of styling for Kaiser-Frazer, remarks, "Some buyers like to take a car home and strip all the gadgets off it. Some like to put more gadgets on. I suppose someday we ought to produce a plain, stripped-down car. Take it home and decorate it yourself!"

A threadbare remark of car designers as each new model comes out is, "Boys, we've got 'em licked. This car has everything." They said that all over Detroit with the '48s and '49s. But no. Now the customers are adorning the cars with sun visors. This especially irks the designers, since sun visors used to be standard equipment—until the customers started taking them off!

Instead of leading the public around by the nose, car designers are really Robinson Crusoes following footprints in the sand trying to find out which way the public has gone.

General Motors' redoubtable Henry (Buck) Weaver makes 20 to 30 customer surveys a year, asking some 3,000,000 motorists just what they want in an automobile. He has been conducting surveys for a quarter of a century, and don't think a lot of your own tastes haven't turned up in G. M.'s string of Cadillacs, Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Pontiacs and Chevrolets.

Detroit auto designers have a million ideas but it is the American public who decides what will be used and when

Ford has a new Marketing Research department, with 19 projects aimed at finding out how you and I would build a car. As a result Mr. and Mrs. America are going to see more and more of their own reflection in the Lincolns, the Mercurys and the Fords.

Even the paint jobs Joe Public goes for are of the utmost concern to the designers. Pointing to his secret color chart which has some of the qualities of a ouija board, John Oswald, Ford executive engineer, whispered, "We're watching that dark gray." Why? Because it shows a conservative trend. Tight money. People want cars to last longer. Less cash, less dash.

When the postwar automobiles came out we got a fairly conventional car, albeit with more streamlining, but nothing too, too radical.

What is radical in the automobile business? A car with three wheels? The old Duryea built in 1898 had three wheels. A car with the engine in the rear? The 1888 Benz had a rear-end engine. How about an aluminum car? Stevens-Duryea built aluminum cars in 1902.

When you browse around the Ford Foundation's Automobile Museum and the other auto archives of Detroit, you soon get a new, down-to-earth sense of what is "radical" in the making of cars. Remember when the gearshift lever switched from the old "wobble stick" to a mount on the steering column? Most of us thought that was pretty new, pretty slick. That's probably what Grandpa thought, too, when the same thing came out on that dashing contraption, the Covert Chainless, in 1904!

Most of the sound ideas in automobile design are old, not new. It is just a question of when top management thinks Joe Public wants it that way; then out comes Idea X, which probably was thought up ten years ago and by now is the common property of all the big car makers.

Harley J. Earl, General Motors' six-foot-four vice-president in charge of styling, drives a Buick which is so streamlined it stops traffic all over town and will collect 50 people at the curb quicker than you can say, "Buy me one, Daddy."

"Oh, boy, is that the 1950 Buick?" the gapers ask, and Earl must patiently explain that it's just a little something he and General Motors whipped up in 1938!

So Detroit had most of this stuff in the bag all along—ever since the streamlining trend came in during the early thirties. The manufacturers simply try to ration out streamlining as fast as you and I, Mr. and Mrs. Public, want it: no faster, no slower.

They have made a few wrong guesses. General Motors got ahead of our tastes in 1929 and gave us a rounded, bulging body which we kiddingly dubbed the "pregnant Buick." It flopped.

Today, of course, all cars are "pregnant" but we, the public, have had a chance to catch up to the trend. We like them now.

In 1933 and '34 Chrysler offered us a spectacular advance in the Airflow. But we didn't go for that either. We were old fuddy-duddies about making too much progress too fast, so Detroit pulled in its feelers and kept letting us have it slow and easy. Today all cars have features the Airflow had 15 years ago. And we love 'em.

To keep tabs on the future, every car maker keeps a stable of "dream boys" to whip up endless drawings of a whole Buck Rogers menagerie of cars we never will see.

The dream boys have their place in the industry, but it is not designing cars. It is simply concocting fantasies that down-to-earth designers can look over and pick out a curve here, a line there, the germ of an idea—anything at all that might be adapted for use on an honest-to-goodness automobile.

No Room for Legs in This One

In 1946 some General Motors officials became enamored of one of the "hot jobs" turned out by their Design Experimentation section, otherwise known as the "Screwball Studio." G.M. Vice-President Earl, who has seen too much dream stuff in his day to be taken in, decided the only way to unsell them was to build a model. It then became clear that, while it was a very fine motorcar, its front-seat accommodations were suitable only for people without legs. Or, if one insisted on people with legs, this could be arranged provided one didn't turn the front wheels.

"Automobiles are looked at and admired," says President K. T. Keller, of the Chrysler Corporation. "The buyer is proud of his car's symphony of line; its coloring and trim express his taste; he welcomes the applause of his friends and neighbors. But he bought the car to ride in, and his satisfaction in the product depends on whether or not it is pleasant to sit in while it is moving."

This philosophy has a strong, persistent influence upon the Chryslers, De Sotos, Dodges and Plymouths which come off the assembly lines.

Probably anything you've ever thought of to improve the automobile, Detroit has thought of, too. Why don't they put in heaters as standard equipment, for example? That would be fine for Joe Motorist if he lived in Maine, but what about Joe who lives in tropical Miami? Are you going to make him pay the freight, too?

Talking with Earle S. MacPherson, executive engineer at Ford, I mentioned one of my own pet gimmicks: "Why not a built-in jacking system, so that you could just press a button and raise your wheel? It sure would take the sweat out of tire changing."

"Certainly," said MacPherson. "We could build it. It would add $25 to $30 to the cost of your car. It would add fifty pounds of weight. Now what about the fellow who drives 30,000 miles, then sells his car, and has never had a flat tire in all that time?"

Since a car is primarily a mobile room built around people, its design is determined by the head room, foot room, shoulder and hip room these people need.

General Motors has a plywood man known as "Oscar," combining the average dimensions of the American homo sapiens. If Oscar can't fit comfortably into a car, out it goes.

Ford has its "Squirming Irma," a gadget that squirms eleven times a *(Continued on page 58)*

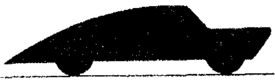
COLLIER'S AUTO DESIGN QUIZ

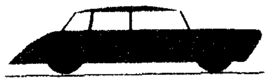
Car designers try to give you exactly what you want. Vote for your preferences on the ballot at the bottom of this page by circling the numbers corresponding to the drawings in the illustrated panels. Then mail the ballot to Collier's

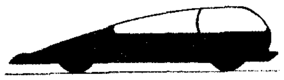
GRAPHIC INSTITUTE

Which Style of Body Design Do You Prefer?

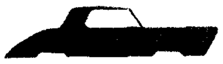
HIGH AND SQUARE 1

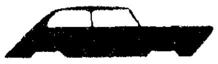

STREAMLINED FRONT AND REAR 2

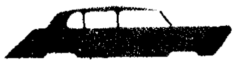

WIDE VIEW 3

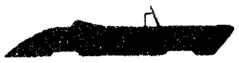

FUTURISTIC 4

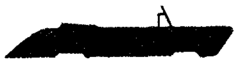
Which Model Do You Prefer?

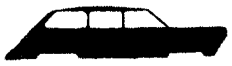

COUPE 1


2-DOOR SEDAN 2

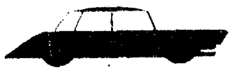

4-DOOR SEDAN 3

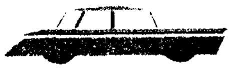

CONVERTIBLE COUPE 4

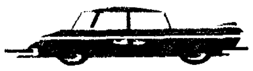

CONVERTIBLE SEDAN 5


STATION WAGON 6

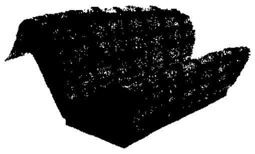
How Much Trim Do You Prefer?


JUST A LITTLE 1


MODERATE AMOUNT 2


QUITE A BIT 3

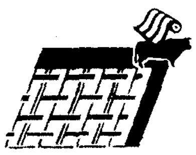
Choose Your Own Upholstery

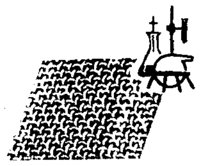


BROADCLOTH 1

MOHAIR 2

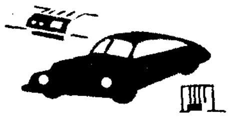
LEATHER 3


FABRIC AND LEATHER 4


PLASTIC 5

DON'T CARE 6

Which Accessories Do You Think Are Essential? *(Check More Than One if You Desire)*


RADIO 1 HEATER 2

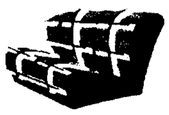
TURN INDICATOR 3

FOG LIGHTS 4

BACK-UP LIGHT 5

OUTSIDE SUN VISOR 6

REAR WINDOW WIPER 7


SLIP COVERS 8

Special Features

Would You Pay More for These?

OVERDRIVE	Less engine work at high speed	1
AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION	No gearshift needed	2
AIR-CONDITIONING	Keeps the car interior at the temperature you want	3
HIGH-COMPRESSION ENGINE	Smaller but more powerful—uses less gas	4

CUT ON DOTTED LINE AND MAIL TO COLLIER'S

Circle the numbers of your preferences

BODY DESIGN	1 2 3 4
MODEL	1 2 3 4 5 6
TRIM	1 2 3
UPHOLSTERY	1 2 3 4 5 6
ACCESSORIES	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
SPECIAL FEATURES	1 2 3 4

Mail This Ballot

To: Auto Design Quiz, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, New York. Results will be compiled for reference by all manufacturers

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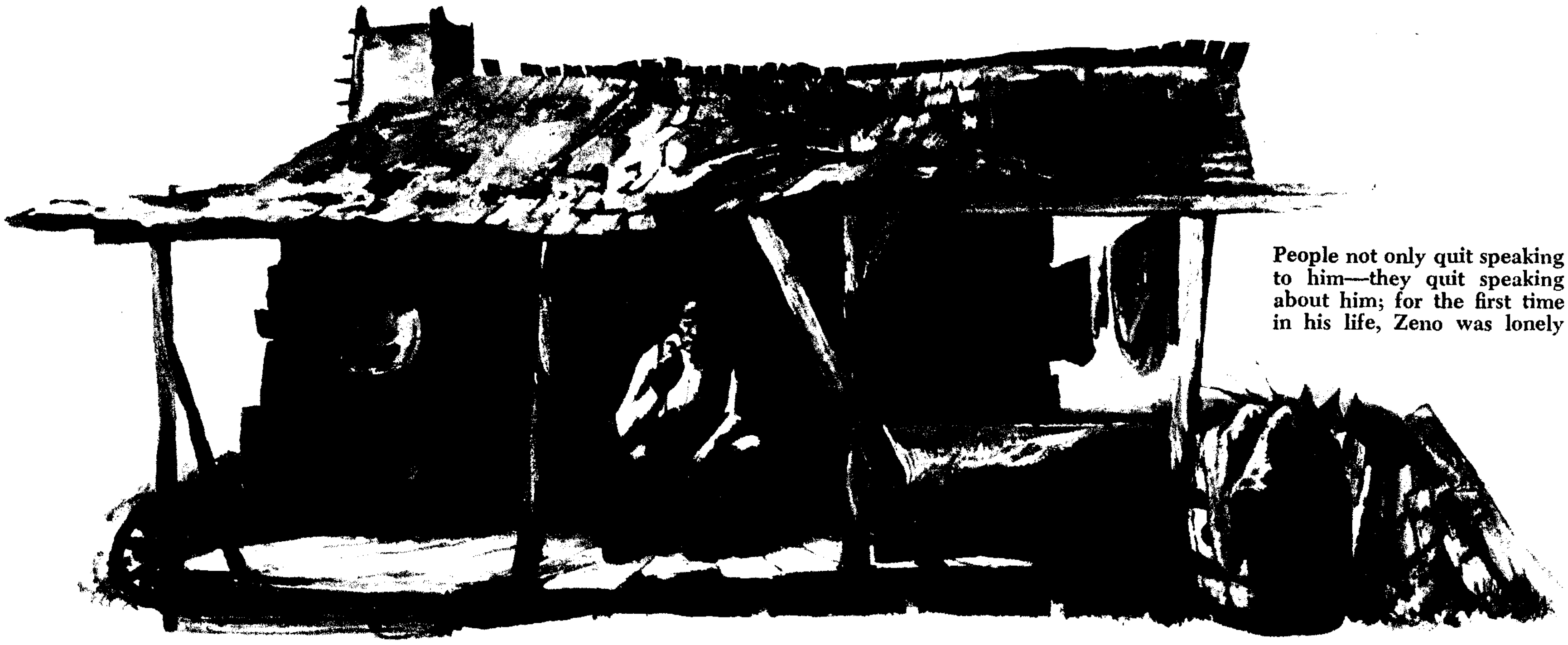
Collier's will send you free a summary of the results of this nationwide poll if you fill in your name and address in the box at the right. Compare your choice with the nation's

Please send me
the free summary

My Name ____________________
Street Address ____________________
Town ________________ *Zone* ______
State ____________________



People not only quit speaking to him—they quit speaking about him; for the first time in his life, Zeno was lonely

Rich Man, Rich Man

By ROARK BRADFORD

There were two cures for Zeno's loneliness—he could join the church or he could get married. But both cost money, and Zeno was a very slow man with a dollar

ZENO YATES was a well-off man. He had meat in the meat box, meal in the meal barrel and money buried in the ground. Even during the depression when cotton sold for less than five cents a pound and people had to eat so much okra they nearly slid out of bed, Zeno was a man of wealth and substance.

"I works hard and I saves my money," he explained. "And what I mean, I don't give hit to de womens and I don't give hit to de preacher or to de hoodoo woman."

It would be an exaggeration to say that such a policy made Zeno a popular man on Little Bee Bend plantation. But it was a fact that, in spite of his miserliness, the people did point him out and say, "There goes Zeno Yates. He's a well-off man."

Now that there wasn't any more depression and everybody had plenty of everything, they didn't point him out any more. They not only quit speaking to him—they quit speaking about him. And for the first time in his life, Zeno Yates was stricken with a sense of insufficiency. He was, as a matter of fact, lonely.

Being a bachelor for nearly forty years, he held council with himself in his own kitchen one evening after a hard day's plowing in the field.

"I might git me a woman and git married up," Zeno speculated. "Only a woman costs so much to keep. I ain't never yet seed no woman worth de patience.

"Or I might jine de church," he thought. "Dat'd cost me about a dime a week. And hit's a rule all de members got to be friendly wid all de yuther members."

AT THE mule lot next morning, Zeno broached Uncle Henry on the subject. Besides having charge of all the livestock and being a personal friend of every mule on the place, Uncle Henry was also head deacon at Old Ship of Zion church.

"I'm thinkin' 'bout jinin' up in de church," Zeno said casually while harnessing his team.

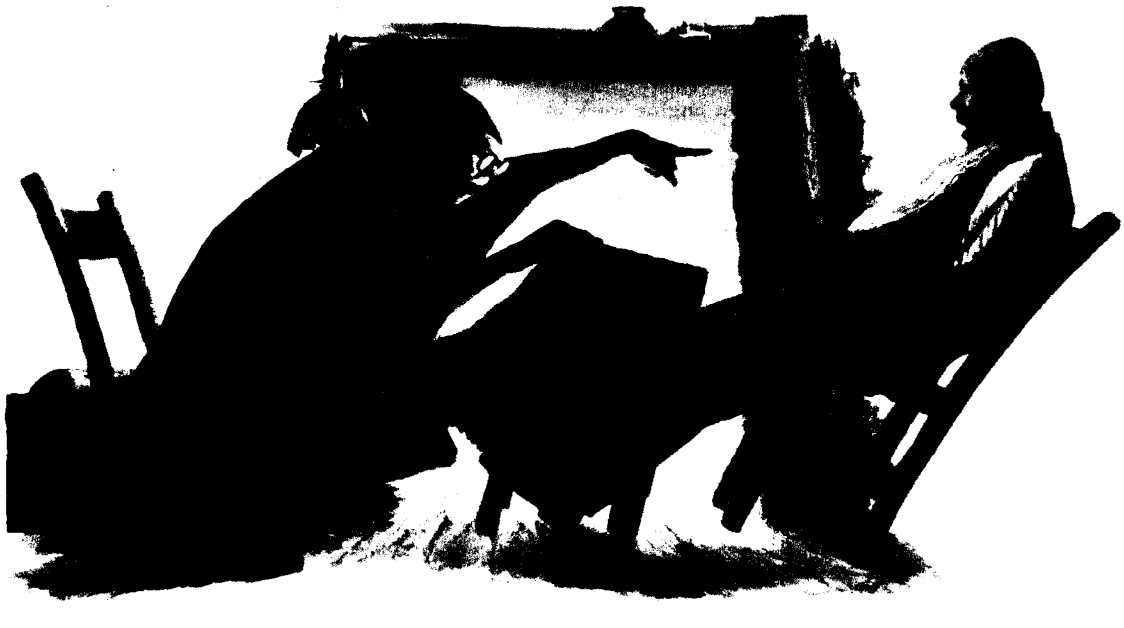
Uncle Henry looked Zeno over carefully. It wasn't complimentary. "Zeno," said Uncle Henry, "de Bible speaks about a well-off man named Old Rich Man Dives tryin' to jine de church. So de Lawd told Dives to go crawl in a camel's eye. I disremembers whether Dives made hit or not but next fall when de circus git to Shrevepo't, you might see kin you crawl in a camel's eye, but I don't b'lieve you got hit in you."

On his way to the field, Zeno stopped by the blacksmith shop to pick up some sharpened plow points. B'r Charlie, the plantation's one-legged blacksmith when he wasn't preaching, gave Zeno scant consolation.

"No man don't jest haul off and jine de church," B'r Charlie explained patiently. "You got to repent, believe and be baptized. You got to git hit wid de Holy Sperrit. God's got to strike you dead and bring you back to life. And when you gits all er dat done, you got to pass de membership committee and git de right hand er fellowship. Onderstand?"

"Aw," Zeno said sadly. "Hit's like dat, hunh?"

"De Widow Duck is de membership committee," B'r Charlie said lightly, "and she's hard to please



"I put de curse on you!" she snapped. "Moles gonna on-bury yo' money and tote it off!"

when a no-good nickel-squeezer like you come before de board."

All day Zeno studied in his mind as he plowed his field. There was no reason to expect the Widow Duck to show him any favor. Yet, there were two things about her which might help: She had the reputation for being kind and friendly to the downtrodden—and Zeno was certain he qualified in that category—and she was forever begging a little money from people to buy things for the church. He would, then, appeal to her. First, as a downtrodden man and, that failing, he would, as a last desperate resort, offer money.

THAT evening, Zeno dropped by the Widow Duck's front porch. The old woman sat on the steps, her bare feet resting on the cool ground. Her lap was filled with freshly picked snap beans which she was stringing and breaking for cooking.

Zeno sidled up. "Mis' Duck," he began, "a heap er folks calls me a well-off man and I reckon I'm is, f'm de way some folks looks at hit. But on de yuther hand, I reckon I ain't nothin' but a sin-sick sinner."

The Widow Duck kept right on snapping beans. "Sinners," she stated, "punch chunks down in hell when dey die off, and I reckon you's jest about right for chunk punchin'."

"Aw, Mis' Duck," protested Zeno, "you talks so hard."

"On de yuther hand," the old woman continued, "I disremembers what de Bible say on de subject, but hit seem to me like if Old Satan kin run hell good enough to suit de Lawd, he must have somethin' to his mustache. So hit seem like a big imp like Old Satan ought to be big enough man to pick and choose his own chunk punchers."

Zeno was not certain what the Widow Duck was driving it. "You mean—?"

"I mean," interrupted the Widow Duck, "efn I was Old Satan and you come bangin' on my door, I'd tell you to git on back to yo' penny-squinchin'."

The first approach had lost. Zeno tried the other approach.

"I might be a money squincher," he admitted, "but I got money."

"Sho, you got money," the Widow Duck said, "hid away in a bushel basket and ye shall abide tharin. 'Wharfore, when de times was tight and didn't nobody else had no money, dey th'owed dey bread on de waters and hit come back, seven times seven.' So say de Sperrit. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

"I ain't fixin' to th'ow nothin' on de water," Zeno said. "I has money and I'm willin' to pay what's right to git to be a member in de church."

The Widow Duck all but exploded. "Zeno," she snorted, "efn dis bowl er snap beans was a rock, I'd knock yo' haid off. You ain't got money enough to buy in de church. Now, you drag yo'se'f on away f'm hyar before I gits mad and takes yo' name in vain."

Zeno had not succeeded in solving his problem at bargain rates. Church fellowship with two hundred people at a dime a week would have resolved his loneliness at very low cost. But he had learned that a dime a week wasn't the price. He walked home, and without taking the trouble—or going to the expense—of lighting the kerosene lamp, he undressed and went to bed.

"I b'lieve I'll marry me a wife," he decided as he fell asleep. . . .

Picking out a bride was a matter of some worry. Zeno spent a whole day going over prospects. Women were plentiful and what woman wouldn't be happy to come and live with a well-off man like himself.

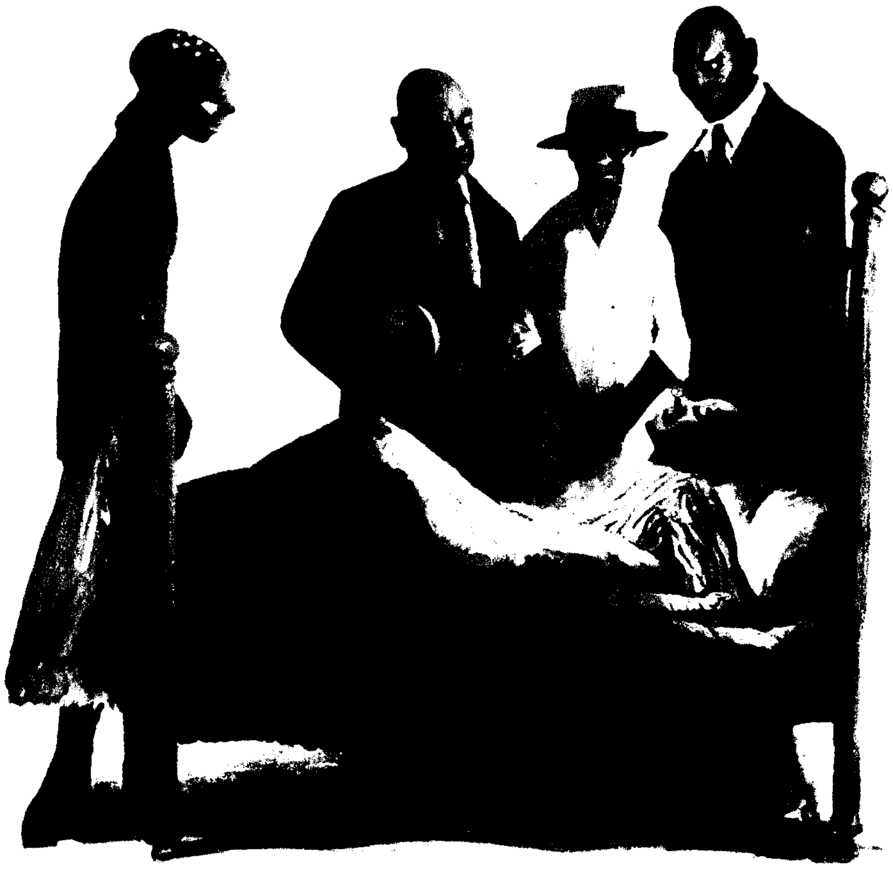
By sundown, Zeno's mind had settled on a woman named Virginee. He knew little about her, except what was common knowledge on the plantation. She was a widow from over around Plain Dealing. Her husband had been a sawmill man. Some said he had been killed in an accident; others said he had left out and gone to Texas. All anybody actually knew was that Virginee had come to Little Bee Bend to live with Dave and Cora Gaillard, because Cora was her step-aunt. Virginee helped Cora chop cotton and assisted with the housework. She was a colorless soul with few friends and an inclination to whine about her bad luck. Zeno reckoned she would cost little to keep, be a help about the house and in his field, and keep him from being so all-fired lonely.

Before going over to Dave and Cora's, Zeno bathed and put on his Sunday-best suit, and an age-yellowed stiff-brimmed straw hat with a small feather in the hatband.

He bumbled awkwardly when he reached Dave's house. "I comed over," he explained, "to speak wid Virginee about me and her gittin' married up."

Dave shrugged. "Hit's yo' rat-killin'. So long as you ain't marryin' me or I her, hit ain't no skin offn my back." Raising his voice, he called into the house: "Cora, tell Virginee hit's a well-off man out hyar wantin' to marry her. Tell her to come out and git him, quick."

"She's washin' dishes right now," Cora answered. "Tell de well-off man he got to wait."



Zeno groaned. "Modom Aw-bear put dat thaing on me and I'm dying off"

Zeno sat and waited. The lack of hospitality didn't surprise him. He was used to such treatment. As to Virginee, that was working out about as he had figured. Dave and Cora would be glad to be rid of her.

After a while, Virginee came out. She was tall and gaunt, but big boned and strong.

"Aw," said Virginee peering into the darkness. "Hit's Zeno." Her voice held a whine of disappointment.

"Yeah," Zeno said. "I been studdin' my mind about gittin' married up wid somebody. I figgered you'd be about de best I c'd do, lookin' at de matter f'm bofe ends."

From within Virginee's sorrow-filled soul a bubble of coyness floated to the surface. "What make you think I want to marry up wid you?" she asked.

"Don't you?" demanded Zeno. "I got money."

"Ev'ybody got money," Virginee pointed out. "What else you got?"

For a moment, Zeno was stopped cold. What else was there besides money?

"Ev'ybody else don't want to marry you," he reminded her.

"Ain't hit de trufe," Virginee agreed sadly. "And likewise, I don't want to marry ev'ybody else."

"Den," concluded Zeno, "le's stop argyin' and git married."

Virginee shook her head. "I been married one time," she said, "and I had true love for my husband. I wouldn't marry no man, onless I had true love for him."

"Den stand dar and git love," Zeno suggested.

Virginee shook her head. "Hit don't be's like dat, fool," she explained. "Love ain't somethin' you jest stand and git. Love is somethin' dat creep up on you when you ain't lookin'. Hit be's like magic."

"Aw, like dat, hunh?" Zeno was disappointed. "Well, so long, all," he added, sliding off the porch and wandering down the path. . . .

He had trouble getting to sleep. It seemed the owls hooted louder than usual and he had never heard so many bullfrogs croaking. The wider awake he became the more baffling his problem grew.

The answer came, simple and clear. Virginee herself had told him, when she'd said love was like magic.

"Modom Aw-bear!" Zeno exclaimed. "I'll git me a lady-com-to-taw toby f'm dat hoodoo woman which'll make Virginee love me."

Almost at once, he remembered hearing the young folks say Modom Aw-bear charged a natural four bits for a love toby which was actually nothing more than a Run-Johnny tobacco sack filled with soot, sand and salt. Four bits was a terrific price to pay for such a trifle. Another thought came to him. It was such a wonderful idea that he jumped out of bed and lit the lamp.

He found an empty Run-Johnny sack and he carefully filled it with equal parts of soot from his chimney, sand from his front yard and salt from his meat box. "Jest like findin' four bits in de big road," he grinned happily. "Virginee won't know de diff'unce and I saves me four bits in cash money."

Zeno had never worn a toby but he had a general idea of how it worked. He attached a long string to the sack and tied the amulet around his neck. Secrecy was the vital part of it. If a man so much as breathed a word about wearing one, the sought-after girl not only would hate him forever, but the wearer would break out with a spell of bad luck. On the other hand if, in spite of careful concealment, the word mysteriously got around, and if the woman reacted unfavorably, bad luck would overtake *her*.

AFTER a whole week of wooing Virginee by silent magic, nothing whatever happened.

During a lonely supper, one evening, he decided he would have to consult the hoodoo woman herself. "Hit's gonter cost me," he thought, "but maybe not too much."

Modom Aw-bear lived in a cabin on the edge of the swamp, far back of the plantation. It was a pleasant evening for the walk of nearly a mile from Zeno's cabin, but his miserly mind was not on moonlight and soft breezes. He was going to seek advice from a professional and he was fearful of the money it would cost him. He had two plans—one might get him off free; the other was a bid for reduced rates.

As he approached the woods, an owl hooted and snapped its beak. It startled him. He was accustomed to owls but he was surprised how much louder they sounded when close to them. Tree frogs broke out in a chorus and Zeno jumped. "Dey screeches more louder down hyar," he observed. "Hit make my flesh crawl." All the familiar night sounds now seemed strange to his ears. He didn't feel easy about it.

The path from the field to the cabin was banked high with a wild growth of weeds, briars and cane. By the time he reached the hoodoo woman's house, his nervous tension was high, and what he saw when he entered didn't help any.

The room was a shambles *(Continued on page 41)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

Mrs. Josephine Bedard entered the New Haven Hospital labor room at 3 P.M. During pregnancy she had attended lectures preparing her for this moment

Having Your Baby the New Way

By GRETTA PALMER

A mother in a London slum asked, "Childbirth wasn't meant to hurt, was it?" Her question brought forth a method that has proved successful at the Grace New Haven Hospital. Painless and drugless, mothers describe the experience as one of "elation" and "joy"

THE women who have their babies in the Grace New Haven Hospital may not know it, but they are the most interesting group of mothers in America to the medical world today. They are taking part in a two-year project to investigate the merits of "natural childbirth," a method first worked out by a British obstetrician, Dr. Grantly Dick Read, and introduced to New Haven last year by Doctors Herbert Thoms and Frederick W. Goodrich, Jr., of the Yale University School of Medicine.

"Natural childbirth" is the subject of a formal report on the first 156 cases written by the two doctors for this month's American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology. The investigation is made possible by grants and personnel from the Maternity Center Association of New York. The women who have experienced its benefits are filling out questionnaires on their subjective reactions to labor and childbirth. These will make medical history.

But to the women of New Haven all this is much less important than the fact that many of them are having their babies wide-awake and usually without serious pain. They actually described the experience as one that brought "elation," "joy," "the greatest thrill of my life!" Some—but not all—of the mothers greet their husbands' sympathetic "Were the pains dreadful?" by a bland question: "What pains?"

Yet "natural childbirth" relies on no anesthetics, analgesic, twilight sleep or hypnotism. It is what it says it is: the natural way.

Then why, other mothers will ask, wasn't it like that for *me?*

Before outraging, too completely, the women who remember labor as a time of fierce and intermittent agony, it should be stated that:

(1) Not all women, even at New Haven, are able to have "natural childbirth"; in the series of 156 cases, 19.3 per cent who were given the prenatal educational program did not respond to it.

(2) Of the others, almost half of the women having their first baby and about one third of the rest *did* pass through a brief, painful period at the end of the second stage of labor, and were given a single dose of gas or analgesic. But even these women were fully conscious at the time of birth!

To understand how all of this has come about, consider this statement from the medical report by Doctors Goodrich and Thoms: All experienced obstetricians, says the paper, have memories of an occasional patient who bore her child with little or no labor distress.

These "freaks" of the maternity wards are explained in different ways: Some of the mothers have already borne several children. Others, who never

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS ENGEL had a child before, are credited with "a high pain threshold" or a "stoic indifference to pain." But perhaps they are merely normal women who haven't been frightened!

Dr. Read first advanced this bold belief. Almost 40 years ago in the slums of London he encountered a woman who calmly refused any drug. When, as the doctor was leaving, he asked why, she said, "It didn't hurt. It wasn't *meant to,* was it?"

Dr. Read began to think: No other natural physiological process involves pain. Why should childbirth?

From that time on he took greater notice of the labor pains of the mothers he attended: He found enormous differences in the degrees of suffering. There seemed no physiological explanation. The size of the baby, length of the labor, family history and prenatal diet seemed to have no relation to the problem of pain. But something else did: That was the mother's state of mind.

Mental Attitude Can Defeat Pain

"Peacefulness," "calm," "faith" are words descriptive of the mothers who, Dr. Read wrote, bore children with "not only the absence of unendurable pain but the consciousness of a sense of exaltation and incomparable happiness."

This experience was rare, yet logic indicated that it was more natural and normal than the agonizing spasms most women suffered. With this idea as a glimmering clue, Dr. Read devoted the next 30 years of his life to study of the problem. In 1933 he published Natural Childbirth. Doctors laughed at him. But he persisted. In 1941 he elaborated his findings in a book, Revelation of Childbirth. In this he revealed both his theory and a method of putting it into practice.

The theory blames most of the pain of childbirth on tension, caused, in the first place, by the mother's fear.

Why? Why are mothers afraid?

Well, a woman going to the hospital to have her baby may have been conditioned for her fear from early childhood. Having heard guarded references to some woman's having had "a bad time" she expects to bear her baby in an agony which anesthesia cannot relieve.

If she comes to the hospital upper floors for the first time when she is in labor, strangeness of surroundings may increase her panic. If she is left alone for most of her waiting time, she may be shivering with terror long before her doctor arrives. Every slight contraction is interpreted as the start of the expected torture. Loneliness and self-pity increase her fears.

By the time the obstetrician is in attendance such a mother may well be screaming with real and agonizing pain. *But the pain has been largely self-induced.*

How? According to the Read theory (to which no physiologist has so far raised serious objections) the early contractions of the uterus, at the beginning of labor, are a new sensation to the mother bearing her first child. If she is panicky, she will think that these mark the beginning of the dreaded "pains." Her thalamus, responding to her fear, sends its signal for tension to the sympathetic nervous system which it controls. Her whole body is now tense, ready to fight.

But the mother's fear does not stop there. When her sympathetic nervous system becomes active, the portion of it which extends through the uterus does too. And this brings into play a series of muscles *whose action opposes the opening of the uterine outlet.*

Locally stimulated muscles are also at work trying to perform their job of expelling the baby. These go on contracting, as they should, and soon a very real pain ensues; one portion of the body is working feverishly to prevent another portion from performing its proper task. It is from this internal warfare, according to the Read belief, that the real and agonizing pains of most women in uncomplicated labor ensue.

The obstetrician faced with a woman enduring pain of this sort will usually, and properly, relieve her by anesthetic or analgesic.

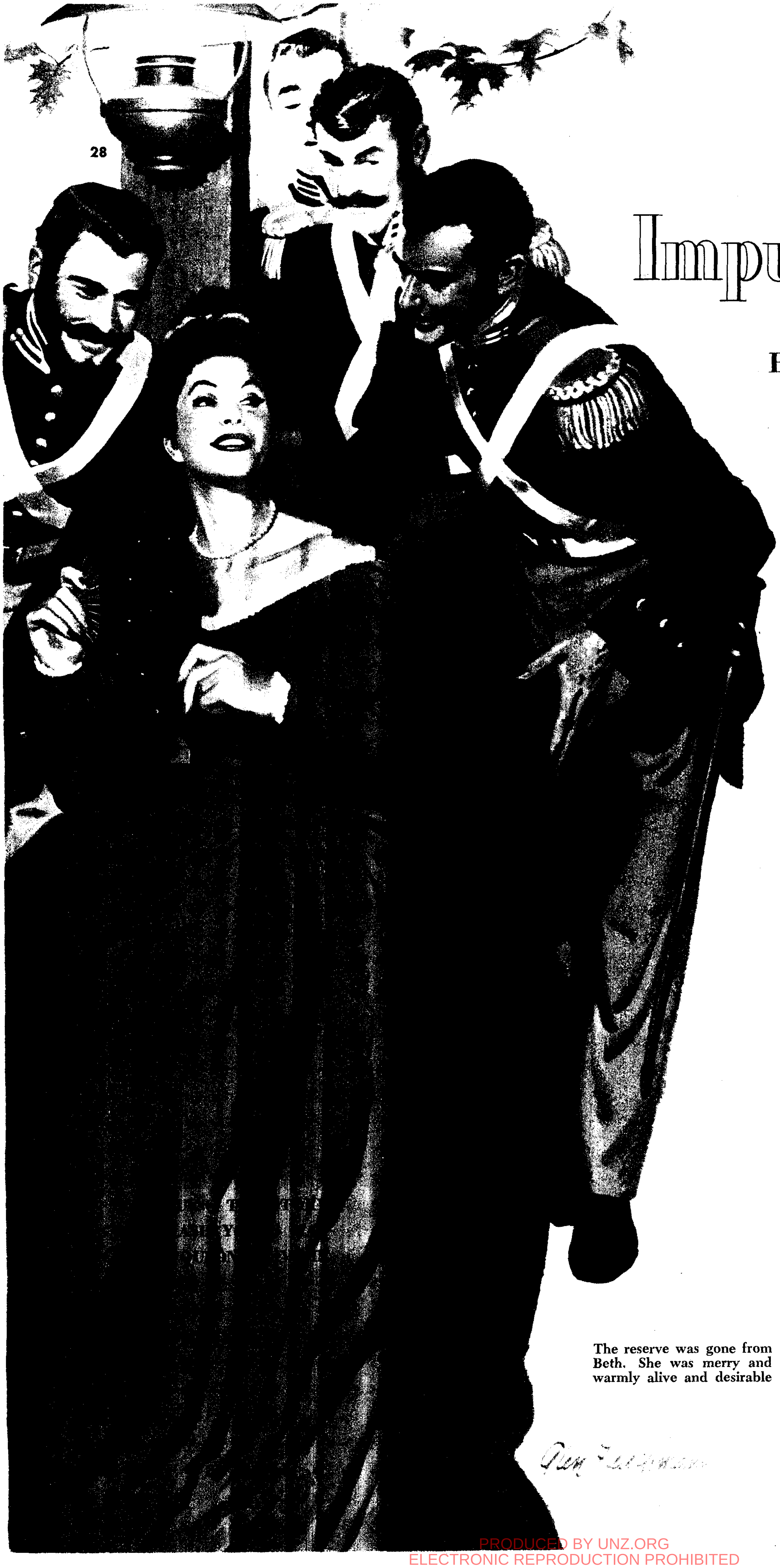
If, instead of *relieving* pain, doctors could *prevent* it, much would be gained. And prevention of pain is what "natural childbirth" seems to do.

The first-known application of Read methods to an American mother *(Continued on page 61)*

As the labor begins Mrs. Bedard feels neither fear nor pain. Part of the prenatal educational program was the practicing of exercises which enabled her to relax during these muscular contractions

Calm and secure in the knowledge she has gained from the Read-method technique of "natural childbirth," the mother enjoys a cup of tea and a pleasant chat with the nurse, a friend from previous visits

Eight hours later, Mrs. Bedard's third child, a girl, was born in a painless and drugless delivery. After one such delivery, she replied to her husband's hesitant, solicitous questions, "What pains?"



The reserve was gone from Beth. She was merry and warmly alive and desirable

The Impudent Rifle

By DICK PEARCE

The Story: When Lieutenant Philip Royall arrives at Fort Gibson, the Army's westernmost outpost, he soon learns that all of the Army's trouble is not caused by the Indians. Frank Ollers, the richest man in the territory, is shrewdly using Governor Sprague, who has been commissioned by President Andrew Jackson to move the Choctaw nation to the west, for his own purposes. Yet, Lieutenant Royall cannot determine exactly what Ollers' purposes are, nor discover a motive. Also living at Fort Gibson is a sultry half-Indian girl, Harriet, who is Ollers' daughter. Major Traut, the acting C.O., is in love with Harriet and when he sees Royall walk with her at night he sends Royall out of the fort for the summer on a timber-cutting detail. When Royall returns, Traut sends him to Arkansas to survey the ruins of Fort Johnson. Unknown to Royall, Ollers has forced Traut to recommend that the Army abandon Fort Gibson and withdraw to Fort Johnson. Ollers knows that without the Army to protect them the peaceful Choctaw will be slaughtered by the Comanches and Pawnees. On the way to Fort Johnson, Royall makes love to Beth Sprague, the governor's daughter. Although he begins this lightheartedly the girl awakens something in him. Royall is greatly disturbed, as he knows that his best friend, Sean Donnell, is also in love with Beth. Governor Sprague, still thinking that he is in control of the situation, holds a peace-treaty meeting at Fort Gibson. All the Indians, even the Comanches, sign a treaty. It seems as if peace is assured. But the old Comanche chief insists on leaving the fort before dark to return to his people. Royall, who has returned from Arkansas, watches the old Comanche leave, with one soldier as an escort. An hour or so earlier, Royall had seen three of Ollers' hired desperadoes ride away in the other direction.

PART 5 OF A SIX-PART SERIAL

ROYALL arrived quite late at the party. The council house was ablaze with massed lamplight that picked out the gleam of gold and silver threads in dress uniforms. Beside the fireplace two violins were joined by the fife and muted drum in soft song.

Beth left her father and crossed to him, calling his name gaily.

"You're very late," she said.

"Sorry. A change in duty posting made me officer of the guard."

His eyes were full of the loveliness of this girl before him. Happiness put laughter in her eyes and gave her mouth an inviting curve that made his blood run faster. He wondered whether it was the passing excitement of the party, or whether her father's success with the Indian treaty had lifted new hope in her.

"Even though it is autumn," he said, "a man of my great talents should have found and brought a big red rose for you."

She laughed. "I can wait until spring."

"I do not like to wait for things," he said.

His voice was bold and there was bold merriment in his eyes, yet there was a certain seriousness in him too.

She caught it and did not turn her gaze away as she asked with soft vehemence, "Do you really think I like to wait?"

"No," he replied. "I found that out when I made love to you. But

(Continued on page 78)

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A fine car made even finer

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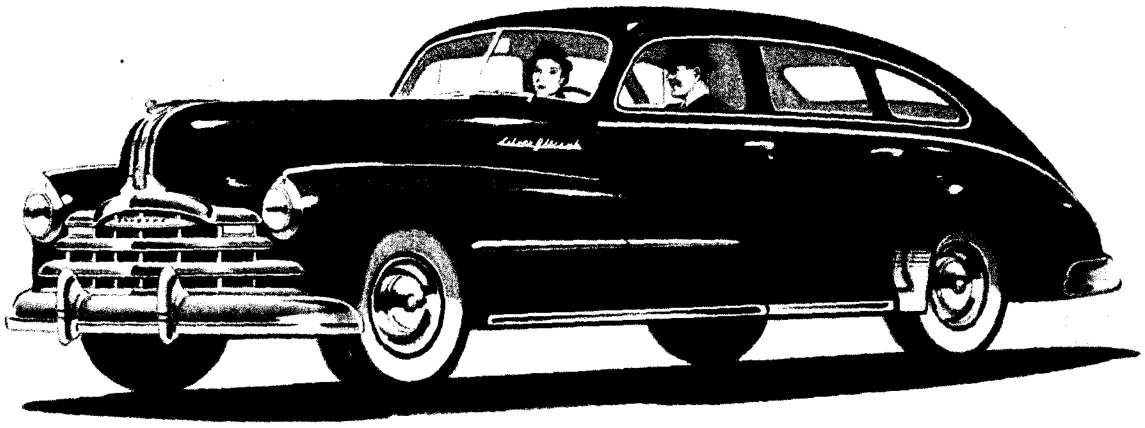

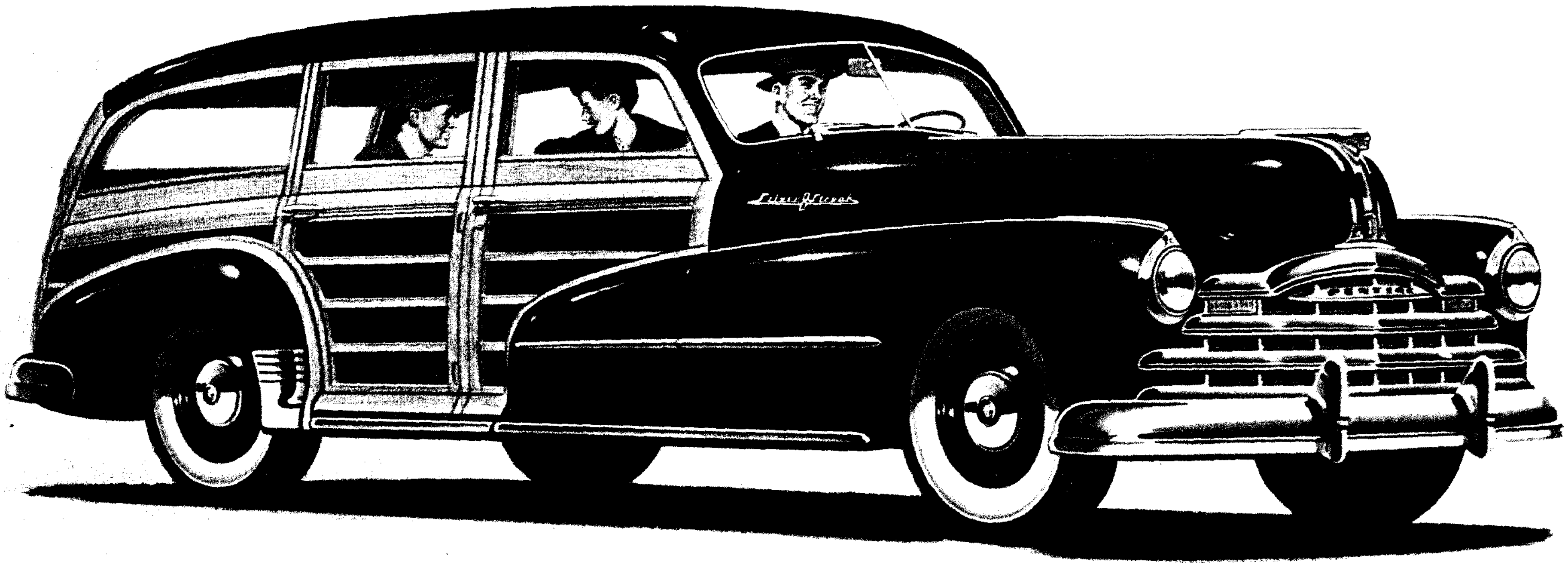

Measures High On Every Count!

One of the first things a Pontiac owner will tell you about his car is that it gives him *all around* satisfaction.

He will, of course, mention Pontiac's good looks—because Pontiac is an outstanding beauty in any company. He will probably tell you about the *extra* size and comfort of Pontiac—and about Pontiac's amazing economy mile after mile.

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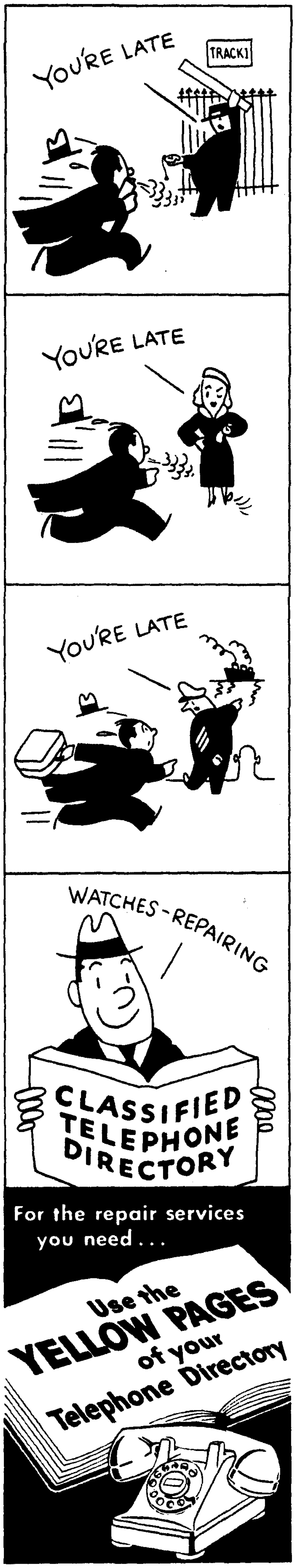
These things are *always* true of Pontiac, this year or any year. So, whenever you plan to get your next new car, you will do well to make it a Pontiac—and enjoy a high measure of *all* the good things in motoring.

*Models Illustrated: DeLuxe Streamliner 4-Door Sedan and DeLuxe Streamliner Station Wagon. *General Motors Hydra-Matic Drive and white sidewall tires optional on all models at additional cost.*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION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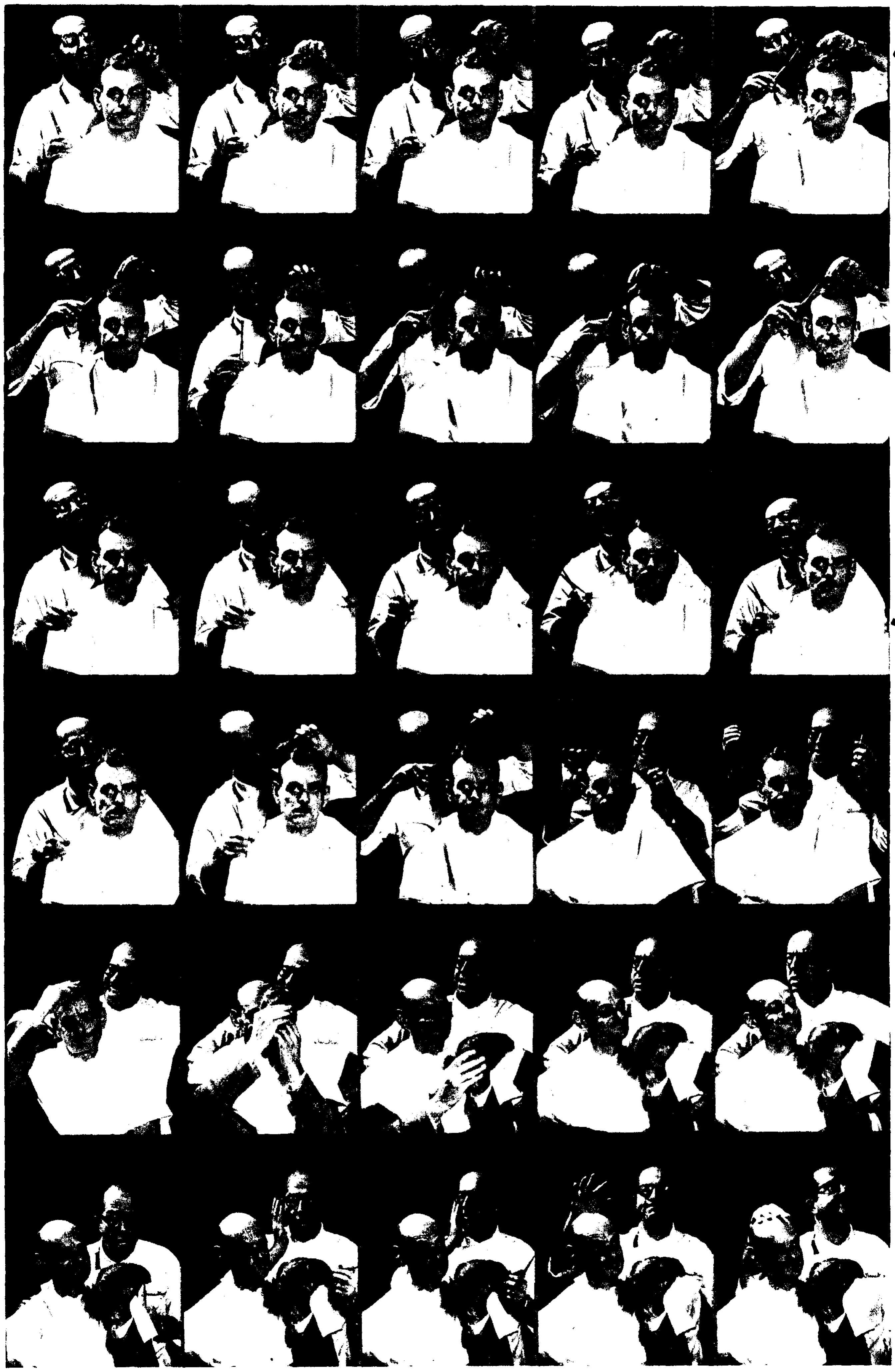
Haircut

Comedian Phil Silvers, of High Button Shoes, gives Humor Editor Gurney Williams a trimming while Photographers Henderson and Shaw depict the debacle



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is flabbergasted!

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HERE'S THE VALUE that astounds everybody who is familiar with the price of fine coffee makers.

A General Electric—a G-E *Tastegard* glass Coffee Maker, *complete* with a chromium Electric Stove, *complete* with plug-in cord, *complete* with filter, for only $6.95. You don't need another thing to make perfect coffee, except the coffee and water!

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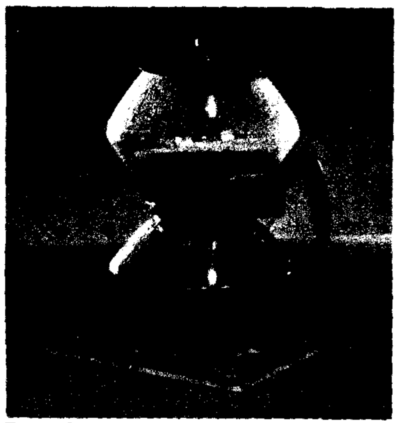

Top of the Range Model **$3.95**

Makes 2 to 8 cups of perfect coffee on stove or hot plate. Like all G-E Coffee Makers, it has: visible cup measurements, convenient handle on lower bowl, and exclusive *Tastegard*. Wide-mouth bowls for easy cleaning, lay-on lid and filter.

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This 2- to 8-cup electric model features a cool-to-the-touch plastic base. Clamp-on lid permits easy removal of upper bowl. Exclusive General Electric Tastegard, of course. Plug-in cord and easy-to-clean glass filter rod.

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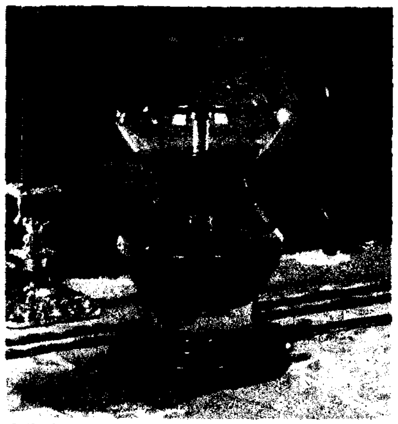
One heat to brew 2 to 8 cups of perfect coffee . . . flip a switch, another heat to keep it warm! Cool-to-the-touch plastic base. Exclusive General Electric Tastegard, of course. Lay-on lid. Plug-in cord and filter.



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Hair Tonic

THE EXECUTIVES HAIR TONIC

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THE GREAT MACLEOD

Continued from page 17

stepped back and his yellowish eyes turned to Eve. "Monday. My office. Three o'clock." Then he walked away.

MacLeod stared hard at Eve. She put her hand on his shoulder for support and dribbled sand from her slipper. He said with an effort at severity, "Who was that jerk?"

She said, "Sh-h-h, not so loud. He'll hear you." Then in a low, almost reverent voice: "That's Hymie Fless. He's a producer at Superior Studios. I think it's in the bag, Apollo. I think you're going to be an actor."

MacLeod kept staring down into her eyes. He thought that he had never seen eyes so incredibly lovely, and he said, "Look, baby, I think we can shoot our way out of this. I never handled a caper just like it before but I'll try. Now, in the first place, the only time I ever acted was when Admiral Montgomery pinned a medal on my chest. I tried to make like a hero and I felt like a damned fool. In the second place, I wouldn't be an actor for all the corn in Iowa *and* Hollywood." He bent forward suddenly and kissed her on the lips. "Well, I guess that winds it up."

She stood quite still, her eyes half closed. "No, it doesn't, Apollo. It just gets things nicely started."

BY THE time Eve and MacLeod had reached the administration building at the end of E Street on the Superior lot the following Monday afternoon, MacLeod's eyes were beginning to bug from his head. He had seen a dark-skinned individual, dressed only in a G string and anklets of tiger's teeth, leading a leopard by a golden chain. Following him were a hermit with a long white beard and a majestic woman wearing a gown of the court of Louis XV. An elephant went by bearing a gold-encrusted howdah in which sat an Indian prince. The prince was eating an apple. As he passed he threw the core at MacLeod.

"Is everybody off the beam around here?" MacLeod asked Eve.

"Everybody but us, darling," she replied.

They had to wait in a small office until Mr. Fless had finished talking to New York on three phones. Mr. Fless's secretary was a very beautiful young woman who stared with obvious antipathy at MacLeod until a buzzer at her desk sounded.

"You can go in," she said.

A moment later MacLeod found himself in an enormous office. Everything was mauve tinted, the leather upholstery of the chairs, the carpet, the desk, even the telephones, were mauve. Behind the desk sat Mr. Fless. He was holding a large glass globe in his hand and when he tipped it upside down a million snowflakes swirled about inside. Mr. Fless was mauve, too, MacLeod thought, and even sicker-looking than he had seemed out at the beach. Then abruptly he replaced the sphere on the mauve blotter and stared hard at MacLeod. "You ever acted in anything?"

"No."

"Good. I hate actors. Take off your shirt."

MacLeod looked at Eve. She nodded.

MacLeod stripped to his belt and Mr. Fless got up out of his chair and as before moved around MacLeod, prodding at him with his fingers and making little sibilant sounds. At last he dropped down at his desk. He kept his eyes fixed on MacLeod in an angry stare. "What's your name?"

MacLeod told him and heard Eve gasp faintly. Then Mr. Fless was scribbling something on a piece of paper. He handed it to Eve. "St. Claire," he mumbled. "Screen test. Maybe contract. Get out."

In the outer office MacLeod said, "The squirrels'll get that guy. He's nutty as a hazel bush."

"All the world is strange but me and thee, dear," Eve said.

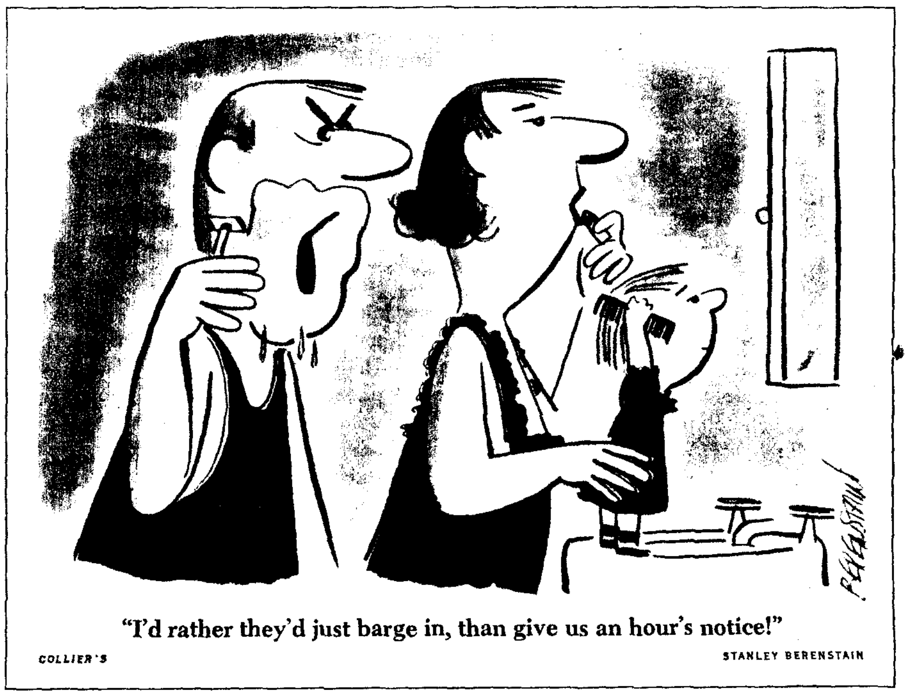
Stage eight was in a huge barn of a building. They were admitted by a policeman who stared at them suspiciously. Eve whispered to him and he reluctantly permitted them to pass.

The interior of the building was lost in a kind of dim gloom. Electric cables writhed across the floor, and individuals, trundling heavy equipment on dollies, cried, "Watch it, watch it!"

Eve and MacLeod picked their way carefully toward a space where lights were beating down and knots of people hovered in tense, absorbed attitudes. A tall, exceedingly thin man was seated in a canvas chair. He said something in a gentle, almost pleading voice to a haughty-looking young woman who was standing before a pier glass in what looked like a bedroom; then he turned savagely to Eve. "Where the hell were you? I been looking for you all afternoon."

"I had to go to Mr. Fless's office, Mr. St. Claire," Eve said. "He asked me to give you this note. And this is Ap—I mean Mr. MacLeod."

St. Claire snatched at the paper in her hand, glanced at it and moaned as



"I'd rather they'd just barge in, than give us an hour's notice!"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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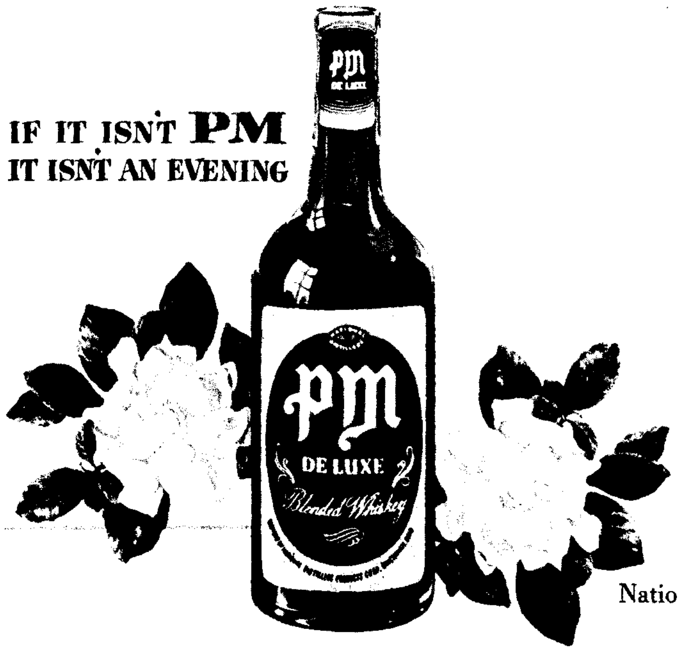
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though in great pain: “Oh, God! Not again! This makes the seventh Ooma I've tested.” Then to MacLeod: “Can you act?”

“No.”

“Well, that's something. The others have all been in Little Theaters. Eve, go get that script. We changed three-four lines. That other dumb dame'll give 'em to you.”

AT SIX o'clock MacLeod was waiting at the main gate through which he had come with Eve earlier in the afternoon. He saw her, at last, running toward him. She was panting with eagerness and her eyes were wide. “How did it go, Apollo?”

“How should I know?” MacLeod answered. “They threw an animal skin around me and made me howl like a wounded wolf. And say, ‘Ugh.’ I bet I said, ‘Ugh,’ fifty times. They told me to come back in the morning.”

“You're in,” Eve said with a little happy trill of laughter. “I know you're in. Even if you aren't any Quiz Kid you're the most wonderful thing that ever stepped on this lot.”

The dour expression of MacLeod's face smoothed out. “Do you think so?” he asked. “I guess you're just givin' me the old business.”

“No, Apollo,” she said gravely, “I wouldn't kid you. You'll make a wonderful Ooma.”

“Who's Ooma?”

“That's the role you're going to play. Your parents were killed by African natives while on a scientific expedition, but you escaped, hiding in the bush. You wander around, living on berries and fruit, and finally run into the elephant herd. The leader of the herd, an old female, literally adopts you and you grow up with them. That's where the picture gets its name—Ooma of the Elephants. The story doesn't really start until you're grown, you see. Of course, you can't say anything but, ‘Ugh,’ and some other gibberish, but the elephants seem to understand it. Everything goes cute and slick until this Lady Gifford comes into the picture on her hunting expedition. Then you really get fouled up.”

“I fall for her, huh?”

“You really go haywire. She's the first white woman you've ever seen and that's where the old sex comes in. She moons over you and teaches you to say a few words—enough to get the idea across. And you'd better look out, too. This Markos woman's terrific.”

“You're pretty terrific yourself,” MacLeod said.

Eve glanced up at him and smiled tremulously. “Somehow, Apollo, I wish things could stop just here—or keep on going the way they are with us.”

They found Eve's small coupé in the studio parking lot and started west on Sunset. They crossed Doheny and turned north on Beverly Glen. “Where we goin'?” MacLeod asked.

“To my place. I'll feed you now. Haven't you heard? The designing female always takes the man to her cute little nest and makes magic with a skillet. It's in the script.”

“And what does the guy do?”

“He falls in love, of course, and they get married.”

He leaned over and kissed her and Eve just missed a collision with a Jolly Time Ice Cream truck. The driver yelled and Eve said shakily, “This doesn't seem just the place.”

Her apartment was gay with bright curtains and ivory wicker furniture. On one wall was a small reproduction of a Grant Wood picture. MacLeod went over and stood before it. “Looks like home,” he said.

From a bedroom Eve's voice came faintly. “Tell me about Minnehaska. How big is it?”

“Five thousand,” MacLeod said. “They had a district Rotary convention there the summer I went into the Navy.”

“That's nice. Do you belong to Rotary?”

“No, but I will if I ever get money enough together to buy Ed Limpke's garage.”

Eve came and stood in the doorway. She had on a fresh print dress and she was so beautiful that MacLeod felt a little dizzy. She said, “And in the summer I bet the Rotary wives get together and they have picnics at some lake.”

“Sure,” MacLeod said. “And after they eat they sing songs—America the Beautiful and Home On the Range and, of course, Rotary songs. And every summer nearly everybody goes fishing at one of the lakes up north. Sometimes a couple of families club up together and go in a trailer.”

“How sweet!” Eve said. “Tell me about your family, Apollo. Have you any sisters or brothers?”

“No, I'm the only one. Dad works in the county treasurer's office. He never made much money.”

“Now tell me about your girl.”

“No girl,” MacLeod said. “I used to have one but she married a calendar salesman from St. Paul while I was in the Navy.”

“Were you heartbroken?”

“No, I got over it.”

“I bet you get over such things pretty easily.”

“I don't know,” MacLeod said. “I guess I've never really been in love.”

“Well, there's always a first time.”

“Maybe this is it.” He went over and took her in his arms and kissed her.

It was a long kiss and when Eve stepped back, her face was flushed and her eyes were very bright. “Mister, you didn't learn that in the Navy. No, wait. How do you like your steak—medium or rare?”

“Rare,” MacLeod said. . . .

The next morning at the studio Mr. St. Claire was almost affable. “You photographed well,” he said, “and the way you said, ‘Ugh,’ was sensational.”

MacLeod thanked him and was taken in tow by a young woman who wore cream-colored slacks and flat heels. She was very enthusiastic. “They want you for stills,” she said. “It seems you're a find.”

MacLeod accompanied her to another barnlike room where he stood before a camera for two hours. In all the poses he was quite naked except for a leopard skin. He felt embarrassed and kept glancing toward another raised platform where a voluptuously beautiful girl was also posing. Every time he looked at her she smiled, a smile that seemed more blinding than the brilliant lights dancing down into his eyes.

DURING the next two months he rode through a jungle mounted on an elephant, swung from limbs of trees, howled and said, “Ugh.” Trilby Markos, the girl whom he had met in the still room and who was the titled Englishwoman in the picture, suggested several times that they have dinner together. MacLeod went with her to restaurants where the check never came to less than fifteen dollars, and tried desperately to appear indifferent, even a little bored. She took him to parties in Bel Aire where MacLeod drank Martinis and stood about with his arms folded. She went shopping with him in Beverly Hills where he bought a sport jacket costing a hundred and twenty-five dollars and two pairs of slacks at fifty dollars each.

But most of MacLeod's evenings were spent with Eve. They drove often to the crest of Beverly Glen, just where it fell abruptly into the San Fernando Valley and watched the lights come on and the colors die out over the distant hills. Eve liked to hear him talk about Minnehaska; about the quiet street where his father lived; the way people cut their lawns on

Saturday afternoons and sat on their porches in the evening watching the fireflies among the elms. "You know, Eve," MacLeod said one night, "when this picture is done, I'm going back there. I'll have enough dough to buy out Limpke and then I'll settle down and be a power in my own home town."

Eve snuggled closer into the hollow of his arm and made a little purring sound.

"Eve," MacLeod said, "would you go back there with me? Of course, it's pretty small. It ain't anything like what you've been used to."

Eve lifted her face and her voice caught. "Yes, Apollo, I'll go to Minnehaska with you and we'll have tremendous chicken dinners every Sunday, and in the afternoon you can go to sleep in your favorite chair with a newspaper over your face." She threw her arms about him. "Oh, darling, darling!"

THE preview of Ooma of the Elephants was to be held in the Village Theater in Westwood. Eve and MacLeod had dinner at her apartment and while she was preparing it MacLeod went into the bedroom and stared at himself in the dressing-table mirror. Then he took off his shirt, threw up an arm and said, "Ugh," softly. He prowled up and down the room walking with the peculiar catlike tread which he had developed in the picture.

When they sat down to lamb chops and baked potatoes in Eve's tiny dinette, MacLeod said, "That was pretty sad, that scene where I say goodby to the old elephant, just before I take off for England with Lady Gifford to live on that big country estate. I guess I did some real acting there. St. Claire said it was sensational."

"I bet it was," Eve said. "How did the elephant bear up?"

"No, but you wait," MacLeod said. "You wait till you see it."

"Listen," Eve said, "don't get bloated with that old bushwa of St. Claire's. The picture's probably a stinker. All of his are. And for Pete's sake don't think you're an actor."

MacLeod did not reply and during the rest of the meal stared glumly at his plate.

When the dishes had been washed and put away, Eve went to him quickly and threw her arms about his neck. "Oh, darling," she whispered, "just think how wonderful it's going to be in Minnehaska with our own little house and a vegetable garden out back and—"

"Sure," MacLeod said, and kissed her. "They'll like you in Minnehaska. You'll be sensational."

"Please, dear," Eve said, "let's never use that word again. From now on let's just say 'nice' or maybe 'swell.' "

They sat in the gallery with the rest of the studio people and all through the tag end of the regular feature, MacLeod twitched and fidgeted in his chair. When Ooma of the Elephants flashed on the screen he sat forward, gripping his hands together, and, touching him, Eve could feel that his body was tense as a cable wire. Sweat was pouring off his face and he kept mopping at it with his handkerchief. In the farewell scene he wiped his eyes furtively and blew his nose.

At the picture's end the studio people surged forward and slapped him on the back and wrung his hand. Trilby Markos kissed him frankly and said in her deep, throaty voice, "You were divine, darling, simply divine."

As they started down the steps to the foyer a sound rose which was like wind tearing through a forest. "It's the kids," Eve said. "They're always out there after a preview. You put your head down and I'll follow."

But MacLeod didn't have time to get his head down. The shrieking youngsters swarmed over him, clawing and prodding and clutching. In two seconds the patch pockets on his beautiful sport jacket were gone, his tie was torn from his neck and his shirt collar hung by a thread. One girl threw her arms about him and kissed him to the screaming delight of the crowd. A couple of policemen made a momentary opening and MacLeod bolted.

Eve was waiting for him in a filling-station parking lot. Just before he stepped into the car, a stately woman passed with her escort. "He's the most beautiful lump of male flesh I've ever seen in my life," the woman said.

Eve drove down Westwood Boulevard and paused at the light on Wilshire. "Did you hear what that woman said?" MacLeod asked as though lost in a dream. "She said I was—"

"I know," Eve said sharply. "The big ninny. She said it loud enough."

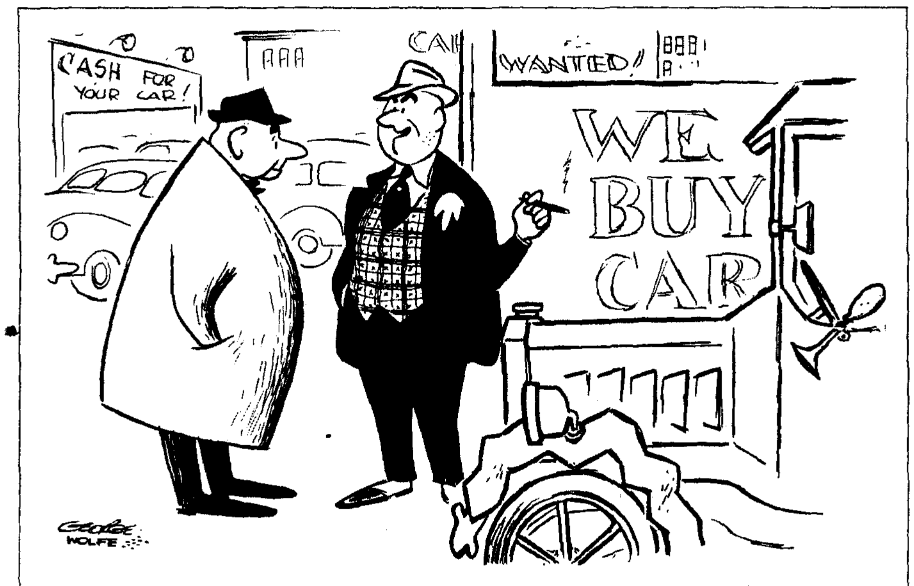
"Wait till they see me in my next one," MacLeod said. "I'll knock 'em dead."

"Next picture!" Eve cried. "What next picture?"

"My public," MacLeod said. "I couldn't let those kids down. St. Claire said I have a duty, an obligation—"

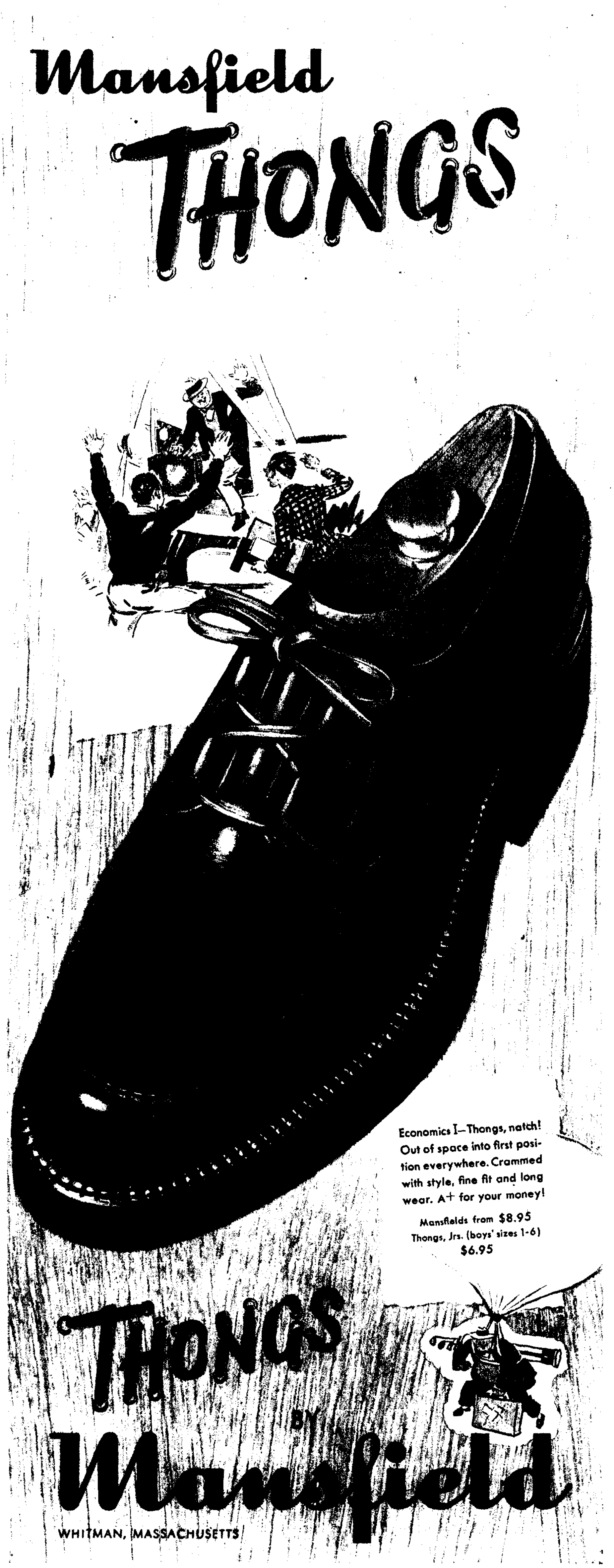
The light changed and Eve drove through. Then she pulled up at the curb. She turned to him and her lips were trembling. "What about Minnehaska? What about Rotary and Limpke's garage? What about being a power in your own home town?"

"I know," MacLeod said, "but things are different now. All those people. I'd be a heel if—" He went on talking, but Eve wasn't listening. Tears were running down her cheeks and splashing gently into her new alligator bag as she fumbled for a handkerchief. □□□



"Why don't you just borrow as much as you can on it from the finance company, then let them take it away from you?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE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Broadway's Country Store

By TED SHANE

Dazian's has been furnishing the theater's fabrics of make-believe for more than a hundred years. From its fantastic stock you can get anything from a history lesson to a four-story curtain. Ask for Emil Friedlander

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

At Dazian's, Guy Kibbee selects materials for his costume in the forthcoming Guy Kibbee Television Show

THE credit, "Costumes by Dazian," or "Fabrics by Dazian," has appeared in almost every theater program for over 100 years, yet the chances are the name Dazian will leave you blank. Undoubtedly your grandfather gazed as rapturously on a Dazian-dressed hippy chorine of the eighties, as you do on a Dazian-undressed cutie in, say, the chorus line of As The Girls Go, featuring Bobby Clark, also Dazian-outfitted. Jenny Lind made her American debut in a Dazian gown; Edwin Booth's talented shanks were encased in Dazian tights when he did Hamlet.

Dazian's is even hard to find. Just around the corner from Broadway in New York it occupies a shabby semihotel. From the outside it looks like a dingy country store. It doesn't go in for glamor, it sells it; and were it to shut up shop there would be serious repercussions in the world of entertainment.

Not long ago more than 80 shows, night-club and vaudeville acts in New York city alone were depending on Dazian's for their glamor cloths, curtains, rhinestones and buttons. Were Dazian's to shut up shop, many movie companies would be embarrassed, as would countless little theaters, carnivals, conventions, Elks' balls and circuses—both here and abroad. For Dazian's maintains branches in Hollywood and other large cities. The giddy materials on the Pasadena Rose Festival floats come from Dazian's; Dazian's has clothed all of New York's musicals, including Magdalena, that lavish recent arrival.

Everybody at Dazian's down to the humblest stock clerk is conscious of the ivy that covers the walls of the place. Emil Friedlander, gentle-voiced, long-shanked chairman of the board, remembers every button sewed on every Dazian costume from way back, and likes to tell of the idiosyncrasies of those people he's served.

"We don't care about publicity," George Feinberg, the president of Dazian's, said to me. "We sell you anything that goes into a place of entertainment except the furniture and the place itself. We've been doing business for 106 years, but I'm too close to it all to see the romance of it." As he spoke he was dispatching a clerk to the tryout of Where's Charley? at Philadelphia. Ray Bolger needed a bonnet for his star role, Charley's Aunt.

Even Ballet Skirts for Elephants

You will meet the theater any time, any day, at Dazian's. In the disordered, cramped store, you'll find a strip-tease gal shopping for just the right bead. While a saleslady fusses importantly, Danilova selects something frilly for her Dying Swan costume, and John Murray Anderson is buying ballet costumes for the Barnum and Bailey dancing elephants. A Shakespearean actor is being measured for tights with built-in "symmetricals,"—i.e., falsies to supply the necessary muscles for his Hamlet. A man from Altoona is buying Chinese hats (with attached cues) for a Rotary banquet. A decorator is matching zebra cloth for a modern interior.

Dazian's has recently invaded the household, too. Many a pair of curtains, made of Dazian's theatrical glamé cloth, hangs in private homes and is the envy of the bridge club.

Tradition mingles with modernism everywhere in Dazian's—in the cellar, and in the stock room downstreet. You can find endless stores of every theater cloth from solid gold brocade to noninflammable grass hula skirts made of woven glass. A ramshackle elevator takes you upstairs to past and present. That part of the building not rented

QUESTION: What car body opens the door to beauty as well as surpassing safety and traveling comfort?

ANSWER: Naturally, it's the car body voted first choice by most people. For here is more than the highway smartness loved by the fashion-wise. Here is rich comfort whose luxury you leave with reluctance. Here is the good solid sturdiness of steel welded to steel from Turret Top to floor in one safe unit. Here is, in short, Body by Fisher — endowed with all the fine craftsmanship of 40 years of quality coachmaking. Yes, you ride in beauty — in comfort — in security — when you go places in a Body by Fisher. Insist on it in your next car.

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BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

ALLIGATOR

Rainwear

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The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles

as a hotel is a sort of helter-skelter museum, with priceless Dazian costumes worn by Anna Held, Joseph Jefferson, Lillian Russell, Maude Adams and others.

On the top floor, surrounded by theatrical memorabilia, and in respectful awe of it all, sits the pleasant Emil Friedlander. From the wall a framed bevy of buxom belles dressed in Dazian symmetricals for the original Black Crook, beam down. In its frame a letter from David Warfield offers the late Henry Dazian a pair of seats for the opening of The Auctioneer. Diamond Jim Brady, David Belasco and other notables of the nineties are pictured sitting austerely around a table at the weekly meeting of the Henry Dazian Caviar & Poker Society. A note from Irving Berlin thanks Friedlander for the costumes donated free for This Is the Army.

Souvenirs of Bernhardt

Another bread-and-butter note on yellowing stationery signed Sarah Bernhardt gushes appreciation for her Camille costumes: "I am delighted, delighted, delighted!" A slipper the Divine Sarah wore in the same play rests sacredly on a cluster of satin gardenias in a little transparent case. Beside it is a Gypsy Rose Lee jeweled G-string, and one of those trick beer glasses that don't spill if tipped. Everything overflows into an adjoining library, where the Dazian research department has collected anything to do with costuming. It ranges from ancient works on the Greek drama to the complete, leather-bound Sears Roebuck catalogues.

Like a loquacious curator, Mr. Friedlander is ready to deluge you with anecdote or business. He will also give you theatrical advice, research your problems, read your scripts and even put money in your show—should you, for instance, have an Oklahoma! or The Voice of the Turtle on your hands.

It all began in 1842 when Wolf Dazian, an aggressive immigrant from Bavaria, painted "W. Dazian, Fancy & Dry Goods" over his store at 4½ Marion Street (now Lafayette). It was the heart of New York's theatrical district, and Wolf hoped to snag household and glamor trade.

Company legend had it that P. T. Barnum was Wolf's first big customer. He walked in one summer afternoon in 1843 and demanded a costume for his Stellar Female Attraction. No expense was to be spared. He wanted her to be the Best-Dressed Performer in the World.

In a week, as promised by the meticulous Wolf, Mademoiselle Fanny, done up in ruffled elegance, ostrich feathers and frilled parasol, wowed them in her debut. Wolf got himself a nice plug in the trade. It should be added that Mademoiselle Fanny was a giant orangutan, and that Barnum was slow in paying the bill—all of $4.29!

W. Dazian moved northward on Manhattan with the theater, first to the Bowery in 1871, and then to 26 Union Square, in 1882, expanding financially as he went.

Wolf Dazian lived long and prospered. Many of his costumes, often designed and sewed by his ambitious wife, still exist (you can see them in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York). Each spangle and rhinestone, firmly attached by hand, attest to Wolf's business pride. "We couldn't duplicate them for hundreds of dollars today," says Mr. Friedlander. "Think of it: every spangle sewed on individually. What producer would pay for such work?"

Hardheaded to the last, Wolf had little use for such new-fangled ideas as bookkeepers or inventory. "Inventory?" he once said. "That's how much goods you couldn't sell. My profits I know if my bankbook shows more in the bank at the end of the year than at the beginning."

Wolf's son Henry got into the business around 1880, renaming it Dazian's Theatrical Emporium. Being the fun-loving type, Henry mixed business and pleasure. He soon became one of New York's mauve-tinted celebrities. Instead of a beard like his dad's, Henry sported a classy mustache. When he was not selling cloth, he was dude, gourmet and dilettante.

On one of his many trips abroad in search of materials, Henry heard an Italian named Caruso singing with a traveling opera troupe. He signed Caruso for $150 a night for the Metropolitan Opera House (of which he was a director). When Caruso died he was getting $4,000 per performance.

About the turn of the century, keeping pace with the theater district, Henry Dazian moved the Theatrical Emporium to its present whereabouts on West Forty-fourth Street, just around the corner from Broadway.

In 1901, a callow, lanky office boy named Emil Friedlander was hired by the concern. He was twelve, got to work at seven, shook down the furnace, ran errands, and got $3 a week. Henry Dazian liked the lad and took him under his wing. "When he died," says Friedlander, "I was like a son to him."

Where Henry Dazian had little patience with his customers, Friedlander always did business in a starry-eyed sort of way. One day Charles Dillingham handed Friedlander a set of sketches for a new show with instructions to get going on them immediately. Friedlander happily rushed them to the store only to have Henry Dazian say, "Take them back. He owes us $25,000 on his last show. His credit is not one nickel more."

Dazian then left for Atlantic City.

Friedlander tried to do as he was told, but he was cowed and hypnotized by Dillingham's imperious demand to get to work on the order. Dazian returned to find his entire staff sewing away on $40,000 worth of Dillingham costumes. "When they're finished," shouted Henry Dazian to Friedlander, "so are you!"

The show was Chin-Chin with Montgomery and Stone, and turned out to be a smash hit. Dillingham paid, adding interest, and the luckless Friedlander's hash was saved.

Using Richest Gold Fabrics

Until late in Henry Dazian's career the Theatrical Emporium dressed burlesque queen and gilded star. Maude Adams was made resplendent as L'Aiglon in a uniform trimmed and embroidered in real 14-carat gold, costing $1,350. And when Henry beheld Grace Moore sweep out in Du Barry, he saw her in 55 yards of his best $45-per-yard gold brocade. This stands as Dazian's highest-priced job for a single dress.

Another customer was R. H. Burnside, who mounted those premovie spectacles at the old Hippodrome in New York. For Society Circus, a Burnside whopperoo, Dazian's made 14,000 costumes—10 changes for 1,400 performers at about $75 per change. A week before the show opened, the Dazian factory, set up next to the Hippodrome, burned out. The Dazian help started all over again, and Society Circus opened without postponement.

Burnside, a lively octogenarian, still preserves these costumes and others, including the weighted bathing suits the Hippodrome diving girls wore when they marched down into the Hip aquacade and disappeared magically for us kids.

Dazian's also did a lively business in "symmetricals." Possibly we're a cad to reveal this, but women of Granddad's day were built much as they are today. The tonnage Granddad admired so had to be built into the tights and bodices of the "beef trust" ladies of the stage.

Sarah Bernhardt and John Barrymore were customers for these symmetricals. When the Divine Sarah got an infection and had to have a leg amputated, the artificial limb looked so much better than the real one, Dazian's had to supply the symmetrical. As for John Barrymore, since one of his calves measured 15 inches around, and the other only 11½, Dazian's supplied symmetricals whenever the Great Profile wore tights.

When Henry Dazian, *bon vivant*, fabulous party giver, and fastidious gambler (he was said to have broken the bank at Monte Carlo twice) died at eighty-two, he left $1,500,000 to the Dazian Foundation for Medical Research, and the name and good will of his firm to his old errand boy, Emil Friedlander.

One of the first things Friedlander did was to give up the making of costumes for theatrical productions. Possibly Flo Ziegfeld had something to do with that. Long known as a favorite who was slow pay, Ziegfeld was in the habit of dropping casually into Dazian's, tossing a mounted butterfly and a set of sketches on a desk, and demanding: "Match that color and make the costumes by next week."

Anyway, Friedlander long had visioned doing away with the conventional painted canvas backdrop of the theater (canvas by Dazian) and substituting draperies (by Dazian). Ziegfeld was getting up a Follies, so Friedlander tried to sell him on the idea.

"I can't see it," said Ziegfeld.

Mr. Short Sets a Style

Friedlander then went to Hassard Short, who was staging The Music Box Revue. Short bought the idea, and it's a rare musical today that uses painted backdrops. Those draperies for hanging around theater insides are a Friedlander innovation, too.

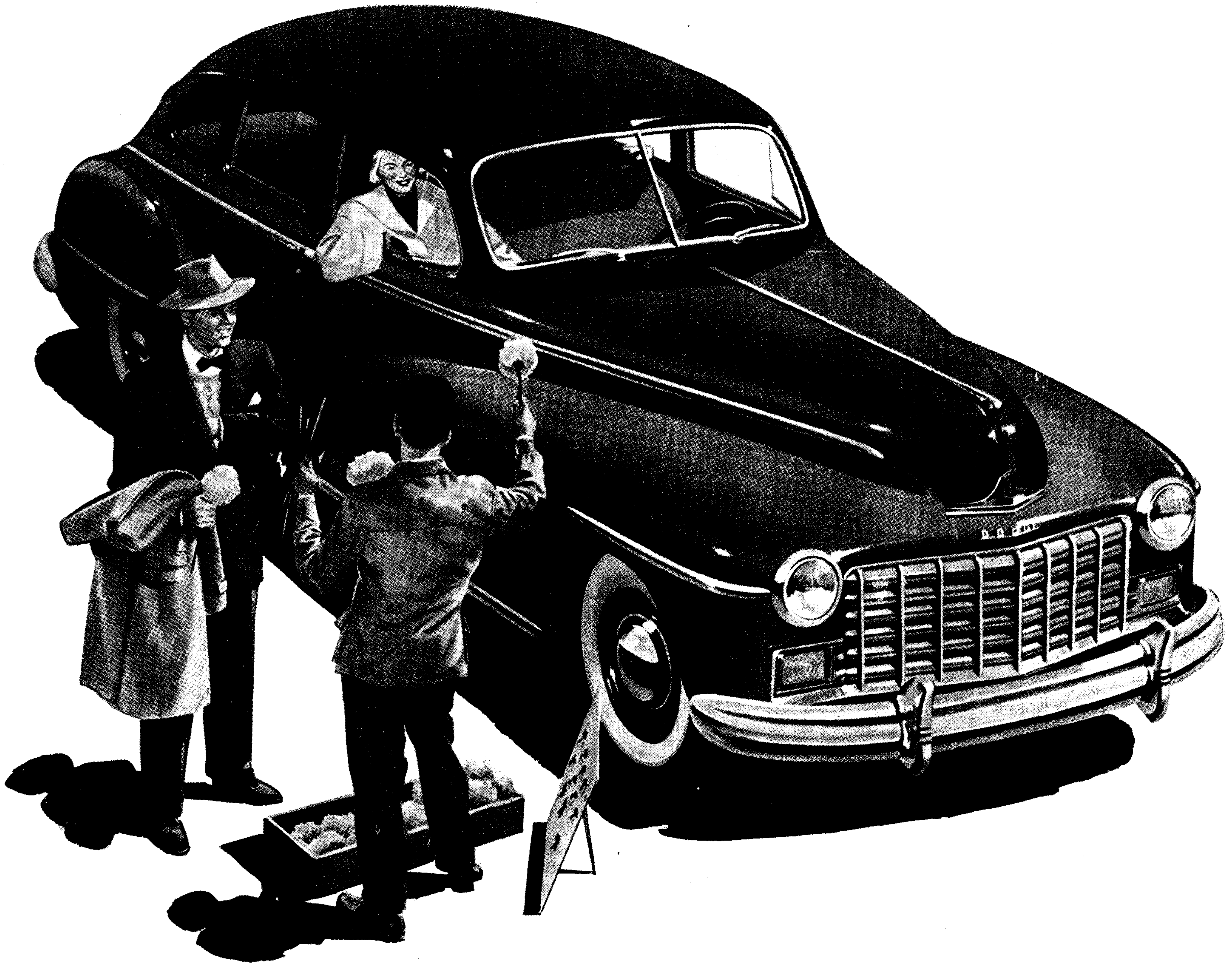
With the aid of an able, roly-poly, unsentimental assistant named George Feinberg, Friedlander set to work making Dazian's the world's number one Theatrical Textile Emporium. Aside from ready-made Mardi Gras and party dress, it now leaves the dressmaking to others and just sells the ingredients. Like Henry Dazian, Friedlander regularly scoured Europe for materials. After World War I, he hurried abroad to collect every type of uniform for future reference. He and Feinberg listened to textile engineers and built factories to carry out their ideas.

To standard spangled meshes, tigerskin cloths, zebra plushes, Uncle Sam prints, and patent-leather cloths, Dazian's has added metallics that don't tarnish and synthetics that make up into plastic panties.

They are extremely proud of glamé, a plastic, the base of which is peanut shells, is noninflammable and can be used in the theater or the home. They make embossed plastic sheets that look like metal. Cloths made of mud, roots, milk and goats' hair are obtainable at Dazian's for dazzling costumes. If you want to glow in the dark, you can paint your costume with Dazian's Blaze-O-Lite—and do a skeleton dance. Dazian's makes red, white and blue fireproof sawdust for the circus.

While I was chatting with Mr. Feinberg, news came in that Miss Tilly Losch, the dancer, had telegraphed from somewhere in America that she needed a few yards of a particular gold mesh for a Salome number. The entire stock room of thousands of bolts was ransacked, and none of the cloth could be found. So teletypes began to click, and long-distance calls went out to the branches and other textile houses.

Finally a cache was found at M-G-M. Louis B. Mayer released the necessary yardage, which was promptly air-mailed to Miss Losch. "And," Mr. Feinberg added when he told me the story, "at no extra cost." That's the way they do business at Dazian's.



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RICH MAN, RICH MAN

Continued from page 25

of collected trash piled around the floor. The only light came from a blaze in the fireplace kept going in spite of the summer's heat. There was a small table before the fire, flanked by two chairs. Modom Aw-bear sat in one.

Zeno went into his planned speech. "I come to speak wid you about buyin' me a lady-come-to-taw toby," he announced. These were the exact words he had planned to say but his voice had lost all the force with which he had meant to say them.

"Zeno Yates!" exclaimed Modom Aw-bear. "You got love for Virginee gal. But she ain't got for you."

"How you know dat?" Zeno whispered.

"Me, I know a heap," Modom Aw-bear said mysteriously.

Zeno pulled himself back to the main purpose. "I'm thinkin' 'bout buyin' a Virginee-come-to-taw toby," he said again, "but I ain't puttin' out no four bits ontwell I know how hit gonter work."

"Four bits!" screeched the hoodoo woman. "A well-off no-good like you, I charge one dollar, ten dollar, maybe a hund'ed!"

She proceeded to tell him in broken English and what passed locally for Cane River French how contemptible Zeno was regarded by one and all, including herself.

Zeno was thoroughly frightened, but the money-having habit of a lifetime could not be shed in a moment. Only half conscious, he launched the second phase of his plan. He reached in his shirt front and drew out the Run-Johnny sack of soot, sand and salt. "I already got de toby," he said lamely. "I figgered for about fifteen cents, you c'd show me how to work hit."

"You money-in-de-ground hider!" she snapped, making hissing noises through her teeth. "I put de curse on you! Moles gonna on-bury yo' money and pack rats tote hit off. Yo' money is gone. You ain't got no friend. You get sick and die off in yo' house like plague. You lay up in yo' bed and dry up. Den yo' house burn down and you burn, too. And nobody cry and moan after you! Now, git!" And she shoved his chair backward, spilling to the floor the scaredest man on Little Bee Bend.

WHEN Zeno got around to being conscious again, he was in his own house, mixing baking soda in a glass of water. He did not remember leaving Modom Aw-bear's cabin; he tried hard to forget having ever been there, but the image of the old woman calling down curses on him was foremost in his mind.

Zeno guessed he had got home somehow, felt sick and tried to get relief with soda and water. One swallow had only made him ill again. He dragged himself to bed but didn't even try to sleep. He just lay there, limp with fear.

Toward morning, he almost got up enough courage to leave his bed and dig in a certain spot beneath the house, to see if the rats had actually carried off his money. The inopportune hoot of an owl far off in the woods brought back the horrible experience with Modom Aw-bear and his nerve left him.

Soon it was time to get up, he knew, to fix his breakfast and take his cultivator team from the lot. But he did not move. He only stared vacantly at the ceiling and waited for death to strike him down. During the day he dozed fretfully and dreamed horrible nightmares only to wake, wild-eyed and feverish.

There followed another sleepless night for Zeno. The distant cries of hoot owls kept Modom Aw-bear's curses fresh in his mind. The sense of loneliness which had driven the unhappy little miser to a studied quest for human companionship was multiplied a thousandfold.

Although fear, and superstition instead of reason, forced the belief, he had no doubt that every one of Modom Aw-bear's curses would come true. The fine feeling of security his money had always brought him was gone, whether the money itself had disappeared or not. And he was going to die off in a lonely house with no one to grieve and go on about him. Worse, when his house burned, he would be cremated into ashes and blown away.

"Damn!" he moaned. "Dat hoodoo woman sho put dat thaing on me."

Sheer exhaustion finally drove Zeno into a restless sleep. When he woke, it was daylight and he thought he heard softly padded footsteps inside the house. The sound of footfalls in his house was so unusual that, sick or well, Zeno was aroused.

"Who dat?" he demanded weakly.

"It's me, Zeno," a soft feminine voice answered. "It's me—Virginee."

Zeno dared not open his eyes. "You sho you ain't a ha'nt speakin' wid de voice er Virginee?" he asked faintly.

"Naw, I ain't no ha'nt," she assured him. "I got word you was wearin' a homemade toby for me. So I figgered efn a well-off man like you took de patience to make up a homemade toby instid er buyin' one, well, I'd better come to taw quick before de bad luck overtuck me."

The mention of the toby send fresh shivers down Zeno's spine. "When you hyar about my toby?" he asked. "I ain't spoke a word."

"De word got out," Virginee told him. "De word said Modom Aw-bear found out you was makin' yo' own and dat made her mad."

"I ain't spoke a word," insisted Zeno.

"Modom Aw-bear dan set and read in yo' mind," Virginee explained. "How de news spread out f'm her mind, I don' know, but hit always do."

"I ain't spoke a mumblin' word," Zeno repeated desperately.

"So," Virginee went on, "I figgered efn a well-off man—"

"I ain't no well-off man no mo'," Zeno remembered sadly. "De moles dug up all my money and de pack rats packed hit off."

"You got a crop and you got credit at de commissary, and you's a man," Virginee insisted. "Dat's well off enough to suit me."

TEARS almost drained out of Zeno's eyes. "I'm fixin' to die off," he said mournfully. "I reckon I won't feel so daid efn I got me a woman like you to grieve and go on over me."

"Don't die off to I gits dis house cleaned up," urged Virginee. "Hit's in setch a mess, I'd be ashame for de neighbors to come in."

Zeno started to tell Virginee that neighbors never came in, but before he could say it, the neighbors, headed by the Widow Duck came in. With her came B'r Charlie and Uncle Henry.

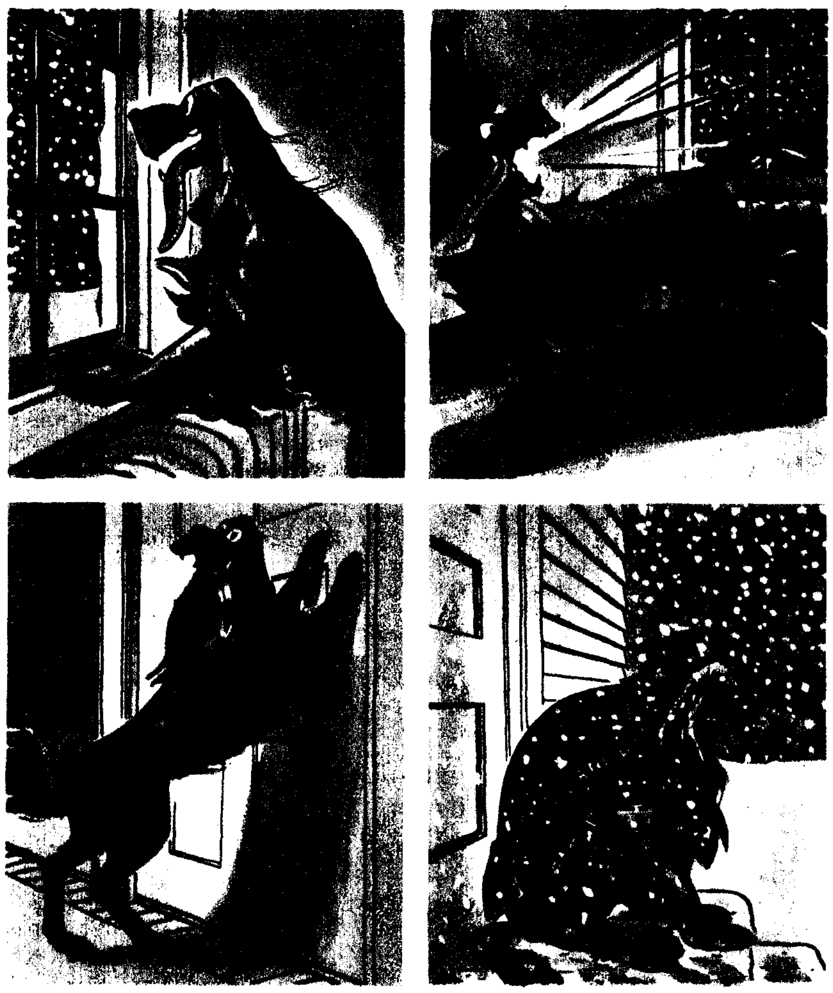
"What's dis jow-jow I hyars about de hoodoo woman killin' you off?" the Widow Duck demanded. "Git outn dat bed!"

Zeno sat up, groaned, and then lay back again. "Modom Aw-bear put dat thaing on me," he mumbled, "and I'm dyin' off."

"Modom Aw-bear's hind leg!" exploded the Widow Duck. "Her name was plain Cissie Ringgold before she runned off the Cane River wid a levee camp man, and she's still Cissie Ringgold

Clancy

By John Ruge



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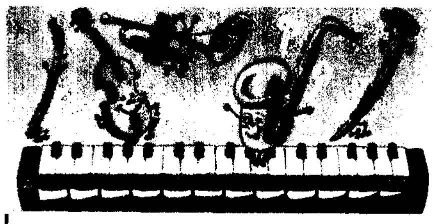

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for my money. She ain't no more a witch den me."

"She made me sick," Zeno pleaded, "and she made de rats pack off my money—"

"You's sick cause you ain't got no woman to do for you," the Widow Duck declared.

"And de money totin' off by de rats," put in B'r Charlie, "is a blessin', count 'em one by one. De text say money is de roots er all evil. Amen, deacon?"

"Amen," seconded Uncle Henry. "And ain't nothin' but evil sprouted for Zeno ev'y since he been plantin' dat evil root in de ground."

"He hid his money by de bushel basketful," stated the Widow Duck, "and wharfore came a day and time when he had to abide tharin. So say de Sperrit, Zeno. God will change conditions."

Zeno shook his head stubbornly. "I'm fixin' to die off," he insisted. "Old Death struck me when I was layin' on de floor at Modom Aw-bear's house. Jest tetched me. And when I comed to, I was tryin' to fix me some soda water in my own kitchen."

B'r Charlie looked significantly toward his Senior Deacon and Senior Usher. "Did, hunh?" he said. "Zeno, maybe dat was de Holy Sperrit which struck you daid, and den brung you back pure and redeemed like de least er dese. Tell me, when you woke up f'm gittin' struck daid, did you feel like shoutin' and goin' on?"

"Nawsuh," said Zeno. "I didn't feel like doin' nothin' but gittin' sick at my stomach and den climbin' back in bed."

B'r Charlie was disappointed. "Ain't nothin' made you feel good since de Sperrit struck you?"

"N-n-naw," Zeno said thoughtfully. "Onless you mean like when Virginee comed in and promised to cry and go on when I died off. Dat made me feel not so lonesome."

"Dat's hit!" exclaimed the Widow Duck. "De lamb was a lonesome stranger in a far-off land, wharfore Virginee come along like a Samaritan f'm Samaria and—"

"I'm f'm Plain Dealin'," corrected Virginee, "but I got love for Zeno. I hope he don't die off on me, now."

"Well," Uncle Henry summed up, "I reckon dat's about de meat and subster er dis committee's business. Zeno sho got struck daid and redeemed by de Holy Sperrit. Charlie, you kin baptize him next Sunday. And, Mis' Duck, I moves de membership committee extend de right hand er fellowship to Brother Zeno Yates, hyar, and make him a member in good standin' of Old Ship."

"Second and carried," said the Widow Duck.

"Hole on," objected Zeno. "I can't pay no dues, now. De pack rats—"

THE Widow Duck explained: "Hit don't cost no dues to be a member. Salvation is free as de river runnin' by de tree of life." She fidgeted about in her chair. "O' cou'se," she added casually, "hit do cost a little, now and den. I'm de lamp committee to buy a new pulpit lamp, on account er B'r Charlie got happy de yuther night when he was prayin' and knocked de old lamp over. I picked out a new lamp in de mail-order book which costs fourteen-forty-six, and I'm gittin' a dime and two bitses, hyar and yonder. But you ain't got to weary about dat, none. You kin pay me when you sells yo' cotton, next fall."

"You mean," Zeno asked timidly, "y'all gonter let me jine de church for free, and den give me credit, too? Y'all sho is kindly people. I'm glad I ain't got no money no more. Havin' Virginee for a wife and havin' y'all friend wid me like I was as good as de next, is a heap more better den money." He raised up in bed once more. "I don't feel sick hardly, now," he announced.

The talk now grew friendly and chatty. Only Virginee kept out of it. In her slow-working mind an idea was trying to form.

"*Ev'ything* the hoodoo woman say is a lie?" Virginee asked.

"Sho, hit's a lie," chuckled the Widow Duck. "She ain't even no hoodoo woman. She jest lyin' old Cissie."

"You reckon," Virginee asked, "she was lyin' 'bout dem pack rats packin' off Zeno's money?"

The question was like an electric shock. Zeno stuck his head under the pillow. "I'm too skeered to look," he mumbled. "Hit might—"

"You got to have faith, son," the Widow Duck said. "You got to believe."

It took some persuasion, but at length Zeno got up, moved the bedstead aside and lifted up two loose boards. He poked his arm through the hole and scratched in the dirt beneath the floor. Presently, he brought up a gallon lard can and removed the lid.

There it was! Bills, silver and small change—but the sight of it made Zeno feel sad. Into his mind came the thought that he no longer had a woman like Virginee, nor membership in Old Ship of Zion church. He had reverted to the status of a well-off man in a land of plenty, neither loved nor hated, but merely ignored by his fellow man.

Then Zeno had an idea. He counted out fourteen dollars and forty-six cents and handed it to the Widow Duck. "Buy dat pulpit lamp," he told her. "Ain't no need in waitin' to next fall. Hit gits dark at night in de summer, same as winter, and de pastor got to have a nice lamp to read by."

In

Collier's

next week

I'M A SUCKER FOR SCREWBALLS

By BILLY ROSE

Introducing a Weird Cast of Characters

"Well, amen, Zeno!" cried the Widow Duck.

"Dat's amen talk," seconded Uncle Henry.

B'r Charlie was deeply moved. "Sister Duck," he said, "efn you kin ush up a few singers for de choir, I reckon I got time to baptize Brother Zeno today."

Zeno felt so happy that he began to count out another fourteen dollars and forty-six cents. "Buy two er dem lamps," he ordered. "One for de pulpit and one for Virginee. A man got to buy a gal a present ev'y now and den to make her love me, and I sho wants to make Virginee love me good."

Uncle Henry laughed loudly. "Zeno," he said, "you might be crazy but you ain't no fool. Whyn't you and Virginee line up and lock hands, right hyar and now? Charlie, you git up and marry 'em off, whilst I pats my foot."

"Can't git married widout no licenses," B'r Charlie objected.

"I got me a pair, right in my bosom," Virginee said, withdrawing the document. "I made Dave buy 'em for me, dis mawnin'."

"I'll pay Dave for dat pair er licenses," Zeno stated.

"No mind," said the Widow Duck. "Dave got off cheap, gittin' shut er Virginee like dat. But you kin give de pastor a dollar for marryin' you up, Zeno. Gittin' married by de pastor is free, too, but givin' a present sho does yo' soul good."

1. On her first birthday, Mary's parents decided to have her picture taken by a Professional Photographer in their town.

2. The following year, Mary's picture was taken again. Comparing the two pictures, her parents were amazed at how much she'd changed without their realizing it.

3. They promptly decided to continue the year-by-year record of Mary's childhood. This charming shot was made when she was three.

The Story of Mary

BY A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

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4. Mary at four. This picture was taken in Mary's own home. Most Professional Photographers will gladly come to your home if it's more convenient for you.

5. Mary's long hair was cut short at five—but not her picture record. Notice how skillfully the Professional Photographer has captured her changing appearance.

6. By the time Mary was six (above), her "growing-up" pictures had become a family treasure. Many family friends wished they'd kept such a record of their children.

7. Seven . . . and Mary is beautiful! Don't you agree that these professional pictures are worth a hundred nebulous memories?

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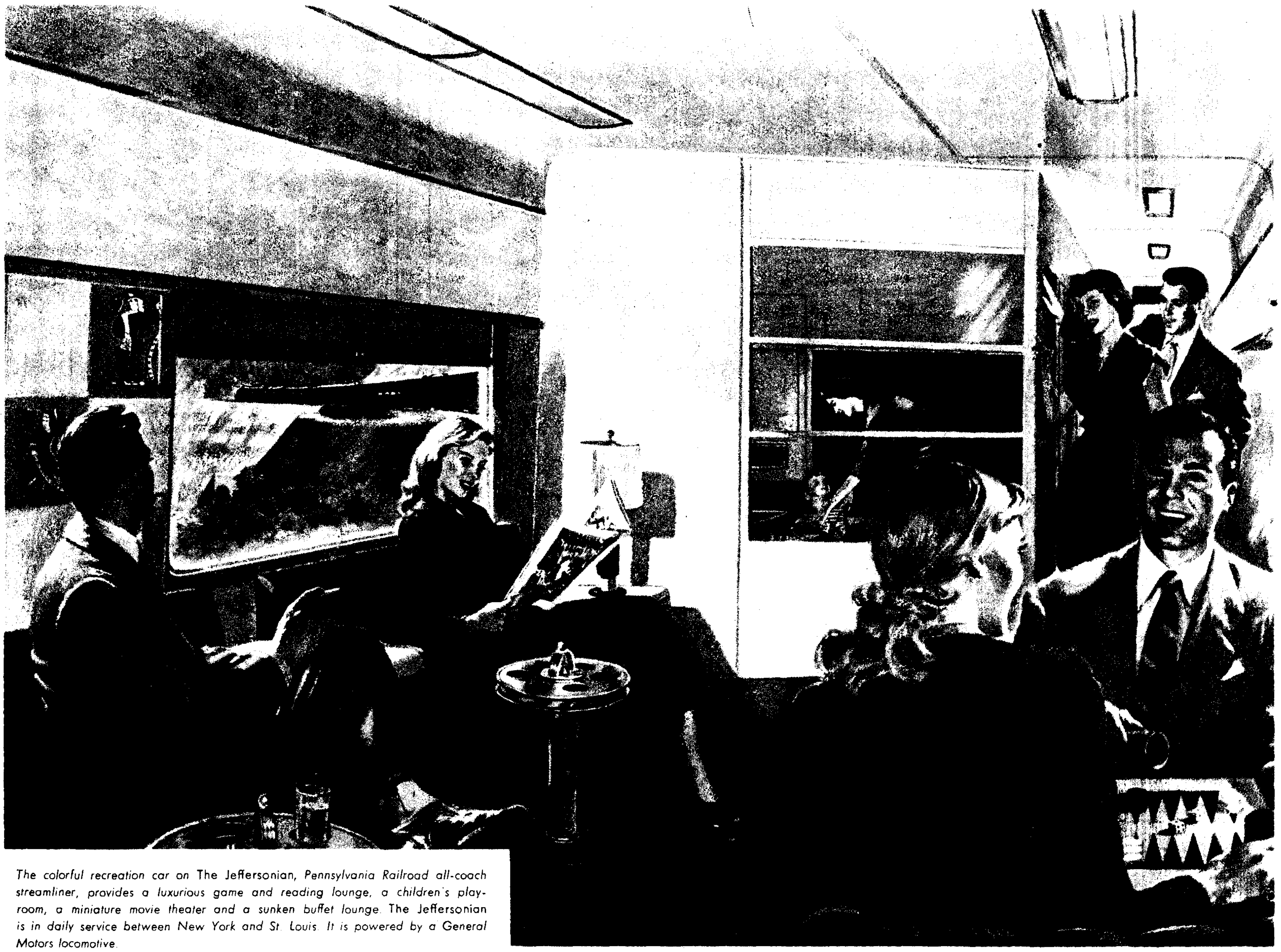

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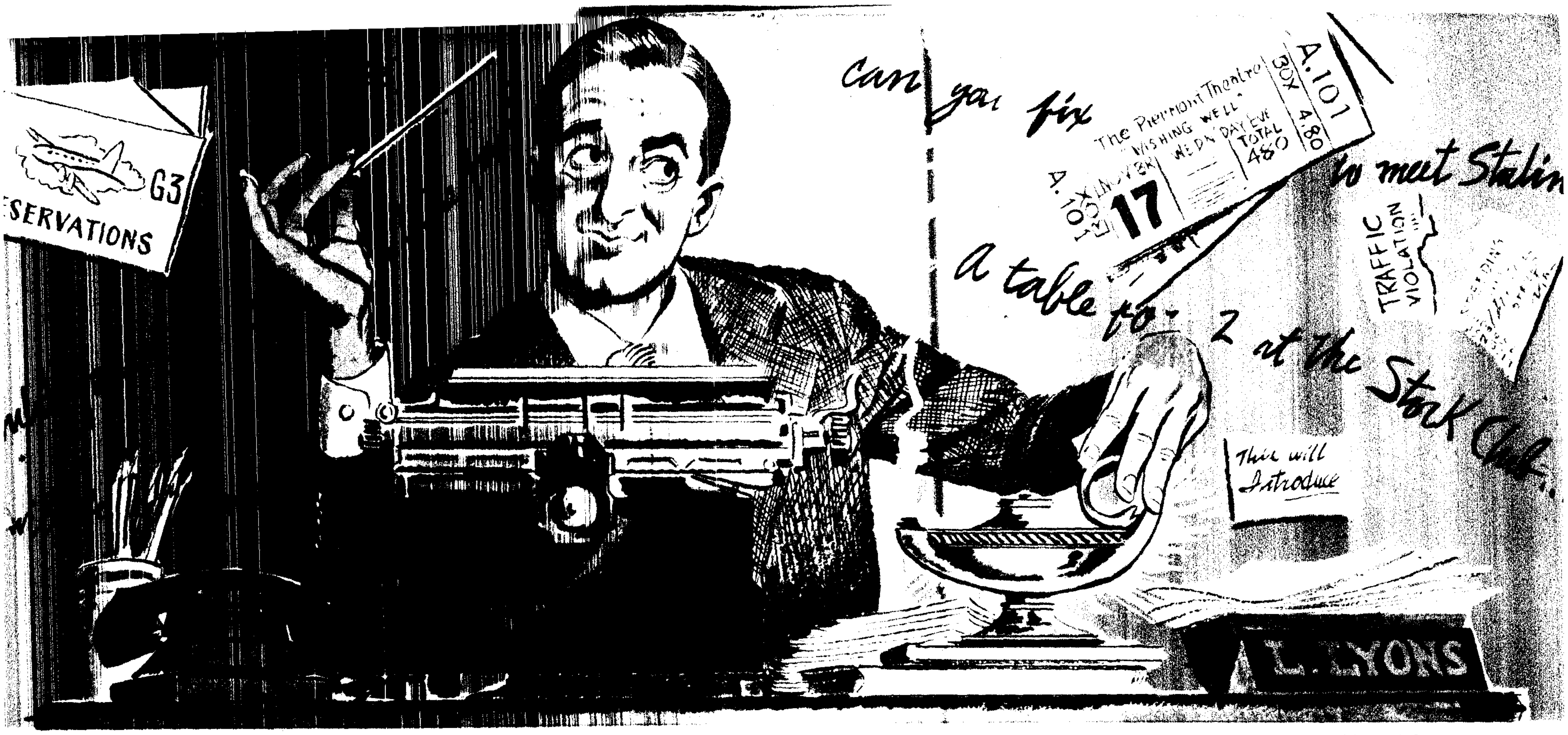


Columnists can get anything, anywhere, at any time. They're modern Aladdins, completely outfitted with wonderful lamp and everything. So the public thinks

Favors from the Lyons Den

Looking for a throat specialist? Are you stranded in Oklahoma City or do you suddenly need lodgings in Dallas? How about a letter to Stalin? Well, don't call Leonard Lyons—just read this article. It's all been done before

By LEONARD LYONS

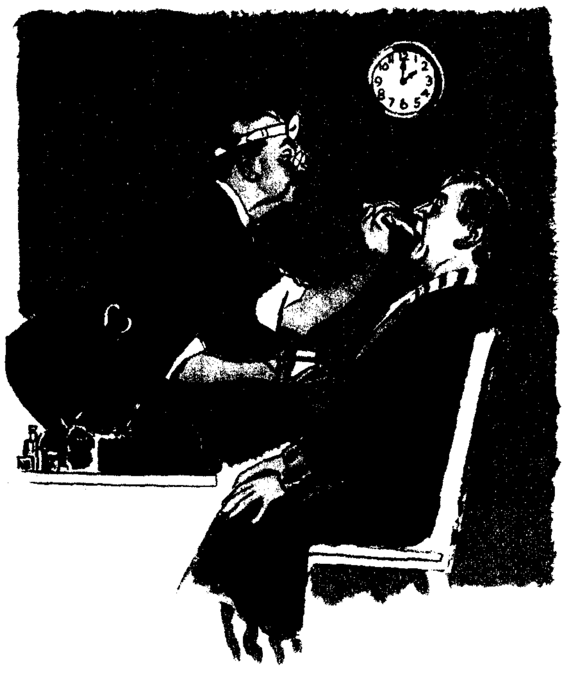
COLUMNISTS, in the opinion of determined favor seekers are the Merlins of our civilization. They simply wave their magic typewriter keys—and, supposedly, the best night-club and theater reservations suddenly are made available, renting agents spurn all premiums in offering desirable apartments, stern magistrates dismiss the charges of violating the traffic laws, and unapproachable men in high office thaw and become affable, obliging job dispensers.

At the behest of troubled, whimsical and sometimes desperate friends, I've had to put this popular theory to the test. The results occasionally have been gratifying, frequently disappointing and often even startling.

Their requests covered a broad range—getting a wartime visa for Beatrice Lillie so that she could fulfill her contract to appear in New York in The Seven Lively Arts; finding a throat specialist at 2:00 A.M. for Randolph Churchill, to relieve him of his hoarseness and enable him to deliver a lecture scheduled for that afternoon; producing Justice Ferdinand Pecora to officiate at the wedding of Victor Mature and Martha Stephenson Kemp; and hurling questions at Wendell Willkie, in preparation for his inquisition at an Information Please broadcast.

They involved guiding Air Marshal Coningham, at the request of the British Ministry of Information, on a night-club tour during his first visit to New York; finding a home in Riverdale for the James Masons; and ghostwriting a letter to Stalin, for Donald M. Nelson. The letter was a plea for the generalissimo's intercession in behalf of an American economist.

When Nelson, then head of the War Production Board, went to Russia the economist accompanied him, and in Moscow met and married a Soviet lady. But then she was refused permission to leave Russia even for a brief reunion with her longing husband. The letter suggested that Love should supersede all international differences and that perhaps the restored happiness of these two people would symbolize the growth of a better understanding between our nations. Mr. Stalin didn't quite see it in that way. Anyway, he never answered.



Randolph Churchill had to deliver an address, and he was hoarse. At 2:00 A.M. Mr. Lyons got him a throat specialist. People ask favors any old time

The words "Do me a favor" come at all hours and from all places. Harry Hopkins once reached me at the Stork Club at 3:00 A.M., to tell me that he needed company and that I was the only person in New York who was sure to be awake and alert at that hour.

Mr. Hopkins' son Robert—then a corporal in the Army—also reached me at the Stork Club one morning, seeking a favor. The young man told me he was about to be shipped overseas. "I can't tell you where I'm headed for," he said, "but I'd like some letters to friends of yours in London."

Among the letters which he felt would fortify him was one to Hannen Swaffer, the British columnist. Hopkins remembered my report of the first day I ever spent in London, when Mr. Swaffer had shown me four theaters, six night clubs, the House of Commons, Limehouse, Buckingham Palace, Covent Garden, Soho and the favorite trotting paths of the Earl of Sandwich.

Two weeks later Corporal Hopkins approached Mr. Swaffer in the lobby of the Savoy Hotel and presented my letter of introduction. "Fine, fine," said the London columnist. "I'm about to leave. Are you ready?" The eager youngster accompanied him into a taxicab. They drove to a suburb, entered a large auditorium *(Continued on page 74)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CASEY JONES

Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
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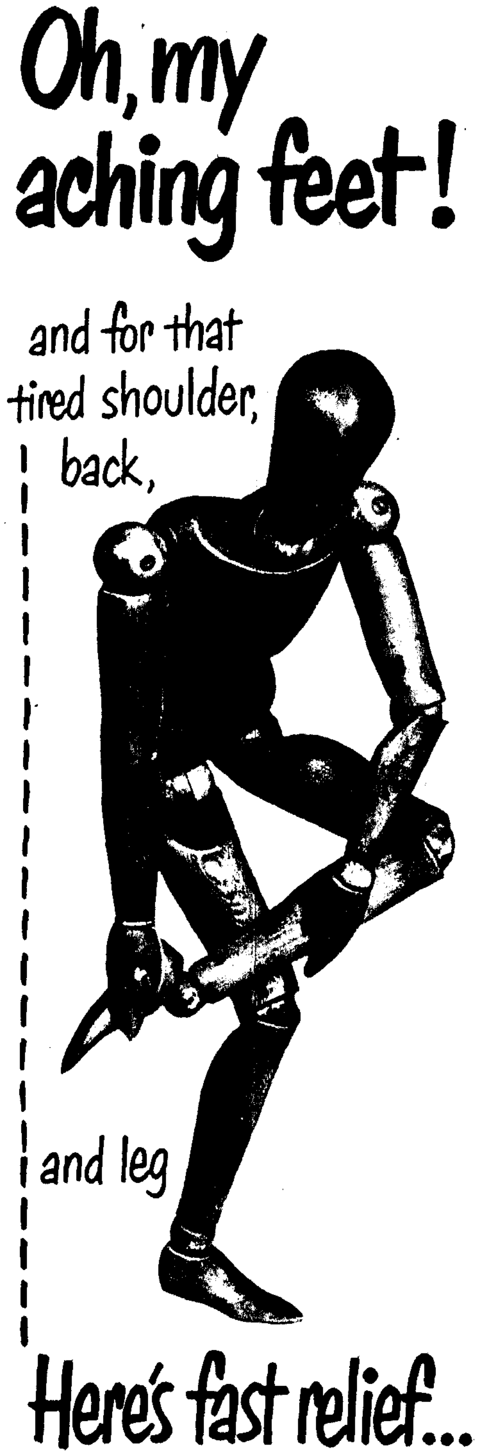
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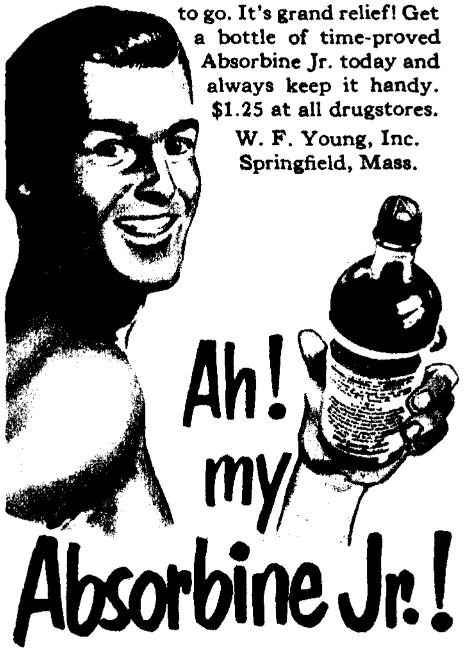


FINAL BELL

Continued from page 21

"Un-hunh." The reporter's voice was lazily skeptical; he gathered all his strength and got off the bed. "I can get the background stuff," he said, yawning. "We're using a picture Thursday."

Hansen nodded, went to the bureau and got his clip book. He said there was some other stuff, Montero's record, in it, and Richards took it without enthusiasm. They rode downstairs together in the elevator, discussing fighters. Richards shook hands and drifted away. Wondering if he would ever get the clip book back, Hansen went to get some breakfast.

HANSEN was sitting at the drugstore counter drinking coffee and waiting for his eggs, when someone shoved a fist under his nose. The fist had a dollar bill in it—it was the panhandling kid.

"Much obliged," said the boy. His torn khaki shirt was stained with sweat, rimed white at the armpits.

"Real service," Hansen pocketed the bill. "Hold up a bank or somethin'?"

"Naw." The boy grinned. "Got a job."

Hansen nodded pleasantly and was turning back to his coffee cup when he saw something by the panhandler's right knee. It was a head, presumably attached to a small boy, and it was staring up at Hansen belligerently.

"We got a job with the railroad, fat jerk," snarled the infant head.

The panhandler laughed and swung the small boy up on the stool next to Hansen. "Meet Mr. Hansen, Terry," he said. Then, leaning over the counter, he ordered milk and cereal while the fight manager and the tiny boy stared at each other with mutual distrust.

"How'd you get so fat?" asked the little boy gravely.

"I dunno. How'd you get to be such a smart kid?"

"You did it by eatin'," the boy accused. It was obvious that the panhandler was his father; they were exact replicas of each other, even to the crew-cut hair.

"If you wouldn't eat so much," commented the watchful tot, "you wouldn't be so fat, maybe—"

Hansen dropped the fork on his plate and appealed to parental authority. "The kid is ruining my breakfast," he said. "Ain't he got any other topics of conversation?"

"Sure," answered the tall boy. "Terry, shut up your face."

"Way too fat," said Terry, "and he knows it."

"Terry," said the tall boy sharply. "Go to your corner!"

The urchin went sliding off the stool. He crossed on tiptoe to the showcases and dropped down in a crouch, hunching his shoulders loose. Hansen grinned in spite of himself and swung around on the stool. An elderly lady customer stood transfixed at the far end of the store, watching in astonishment.

"Now come out fighting," commanded the father, without turning. The moppet wheeled and began to shadowbox between the tables and the fountain. He was snorting vigorously through his nose, throwing hooks and crosses and pumping out his jab. It's an animal act, thought Hansen in amazement; like a trained baby bear or a panda or something.

"Time!" called the boy in the sweat-stained shirt, and the midget gladiator came skipping back to his stool. The elderly lady was clapping, and terrible Terry acknowledged her plaudits with a languidly upthrust fist. Breathing hard, he swarmed back on the stool and sat glaring at Hansen.

"Works real nice." Hansen was still grinning. "Ain't you afraid he'll go stale before he's six?"

Faint pride was printed on the tall boy's face. "Just a game," he murmured.

Hansen grunted. "How'd you make this dough?" he asked.

"Unloading box cars." The boy stretched and winced.

"You a better fighter than him?" Hansen jabbed a thumb at the solemn youngster.

"The character here?" The tall boy leaned down and kissed his son lightly on the top of the head. "Sure. I could lick him the best day he ever had."

"Okay. Be down at the gym this afternoon, four o'clock."

The boy's face altered. "Sparring?"

"That's right." The boy was late in answering, and Hansen began to get annoyed. Offer this punk a quarter, he had to have a dollar. Offer him a job, and he looked dubious. Still, he had paid the buck back. "Beats manhandling them railroad crates," he added tartly.

"Okay." The boy nodded. As Hansen walked away, Terry twisted around on his stool and hissed, "Fatty!" Hansen grinned at the cashier, paid his check and pushed outside. He was still smiling faintly at the memory of the pocket-sized warrior. A lousy deal, he thought. The father on the bum and the kid just tagging along like a puppy. Oh, well, other people's troubles . . .

Late that afternoon Hansen was watching Montero spar with a local light-heavy when the tall boy walked into the gym. He was still wearing the faded khaki shirt, but it had been mended and washed.

"Take a look at this Mexican boy and see if you could give him some exercise," Hansen said.

"Sure." They both turned to watch, but there wasn't much to see. Montero was loafing badly, ducking lazily under wild swings and cuffing his larger opponent at will.

"Could you stay with him, maybe rough him up a little, for three bucks?" Hansen asked abruptly.

The boy stopped putting body English on the fight and took a deep breath. "Yes," he said and began to unbutton his shirt. "Incidentally, my name's Malloy. Glenn Malloy."

Malloy kicked off his shoes, ducked under the ropes, and stood waiting patiently while the big gloves were being laced on him. Montero, a dark gargoyle inside the leather helmet, came over for an explanation. When Hansen said it was a new sparring partner, the cocky Mexican blew Malloy a kiss.

"*Salud, amigo,*" he said, and came twisting in. He feinted in close and worked his left, but Malloy rolled under it. Montero covered quickly, veered to the right, and the blond boy uncorked a jolting cross that floored him. It was not a damaging blow, but Montero scrambled off the canvas with a smile draining off his face. He ripped in two long left hands, but Malloy's head slipped them both.

It don't figure, the fight manager thought. You don't see it without warning like this, out in the tank towns. Once in a while, in the East a boy gets good under the wrong management, and then it may flare up in a Jersey City preliminary. But not out here.

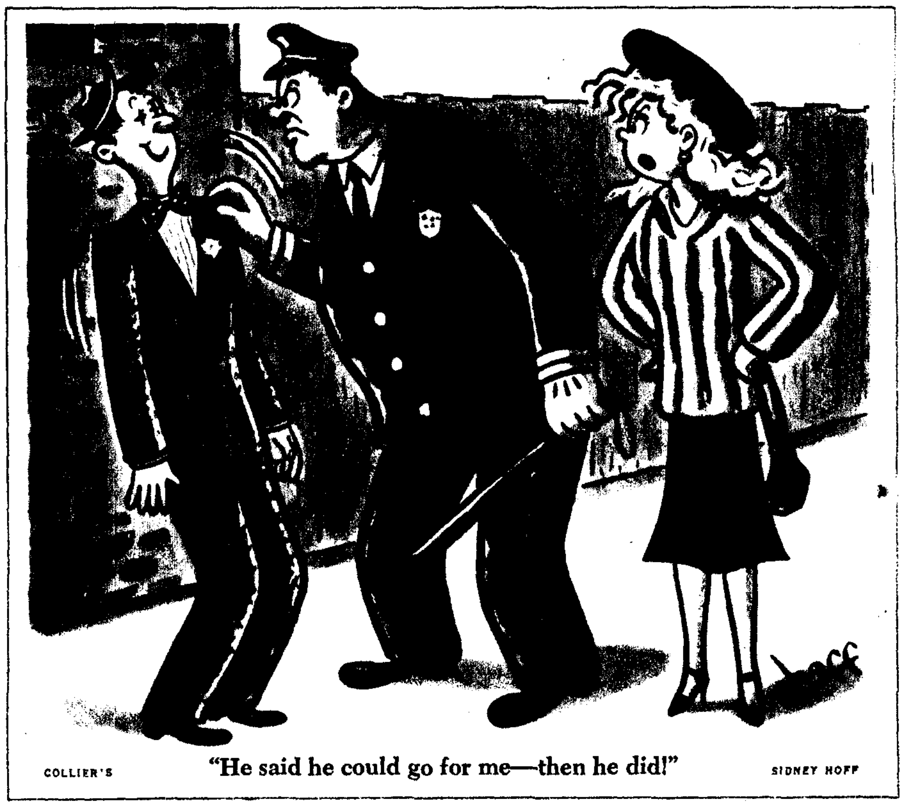
Montero ain't a great fighter, but he's had a hundred fights and he won most of them. Nobody can walk in off the street and make him look like a Gloves' novice, the way this boy is doing. It just don't figure. So, patiently, Steve Hansen waited for the boy with the scarred eyebrow to make a mistake.

Montero was wild; he stalked the newcomer like a panther, ripping with both hands and stepping the pace up high. By degrees, all training activity in the gym ceased as the other fighters drifted over to watch. Malloy moved easily and calmly. He was not wasting punches and when he landed he was hurting Montero, even with the oversized gloves. Hansen chewed his cigar steadily; it's a better fight than they'll see on Saturday night, he thought to himself, and he knew he ought to stop it. But he didn't. When the round was over, Malloy trotted briskly to his corner.

THROUGH the lazy afternoon somnolence, Hansen felt a chill prickling along his neck. Keeping his voice casual, he asked the tall boy if he could make another round.

"Sure," said Malloy. He was not blowing hard, and he grinned at Hansen through the ropes. "Your boy better learn to mix up that feint, or Webb will break him in two."

"Never mind that." Hansen snorted and threw his tattered cigar away. "Just don't get hurt." He said it harshly, for it



COLLIER'S "He said he could go for me—then he did!" SIDNEY HOFF

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was a thing that could happen. Fight managers are not a polished breed, but the good ones know their business, and business is tough. With fighters, there is a machine in the head. It computes blows received, and every one that lands is rung up as "no sale." Yet it is an old and immutable irony that you don't learn how to protect yourself properly until the machine has rung up a good many transactions. The whole thing is a race between acquiring ring wisdom and getting your reflexes ruined by too many transactions. Thinking about it, Steve Hansen watched.

When the second round began Montero was grim. His wildness was over and he moved more deliberately. He knew from the buzzing of the spectators that he had suffered a grave loss of stature, and he was out to regain the lost ground. So he circled warily, always pressing, and he didn't feint twice the same way again. Nobody told him not to; he didn't do it because it hadn't worked out before.

Malloy was the coolest man in the gymnasium. He stood always without moving, but the Mexican was not reaching him. And yet the blond boy was still scoring. With astonishment, Hansen realized that the panhandler hadn't made a mistake since he'd crawled in there.

It was something he could not understand, for the boy was too young to know how. But it was there. The chill on Hansen's neck persisted, and he remembered something a newspaperman had written about Flower Nolan.

"Courage and skill in the proper proportions make a rare wine," the story had said, "but you will not find this vintage in new bottles. Flower Nolan could have been a billiards expert or an Olympic diver or a test pilot, because he has the certain touch and the stopwatch head. But he could not have been any of these things, much less middleweight champion of the world, without the endless hard work that has made him flawless."

"That's it!" Hansen called out sharply. Malloy dropped his guard and stepped back. He came back to his corner and stood there with his chest heaving.

"You do pretty good for a sidewalk moocher," said Hansen.

"Just temporary." The boy threw his head up for air.

"Okay." Hansen handed him a ten-dollar bill. "Where'd you get that scar?"

"It's a birthmark."

"I never seen no birthmark like that."

"Okay." Malloy sniffed. "It's scar tissue, maybe a butterfly kicked me. What do you care?"

Hansen shrugged and lighted a fresh cigar. "Why don't you and young Harry Greb come by the hotel tonight? We'll talk a little business, maybe catch a show after."

"You mean Terry?" Malloy was ripping the sweat off his forehead with one finger.

"If you got more than one, I withdraw the offer."

Malloy grinned, buttoning his shirt. "You're a sucker for punishment. He'll call you a fatty again."

"Probably. In the lobby, at eight o'clock."

"Thank you, Mr. Hansen, we'll be there." The tall boy turned and walked out of the gymnasium. Hansen answered a few questions from bystanders noncommittally, and went back to find Montero, who was in a fine Spanish rage. He claimed Hansen had tricked him, and he wanted to know who Malloy really was. After a while Hansen got tired of his jabbering, and told him to shut up. He said Montero had had the misfortune to bump into a better fighter, and that he got his ears pinned back, period. The swarthy boy took the comment in silence, but when he went to shower he was muttering to himself.

PROMPTLY at eight that night, Malloy came into the hotel lobby. Terry was trotting by his side. They both wore shirts so new the creases were still plain in them. Hansen swept Terry from the floor, and the little boy chortled gleefully and knocked his hat off. The dapper little man standing beside Hansen grinned and picked the hat up.

"Glenn, meet Turk Griffin," said Hansen, lowering the boy to the floor. Griffin and Malloy shook hands. "He's matchmaker at the arena."

Griffin was looking Malloy over. "Hansen tells me you fight pretty good," he said casually.

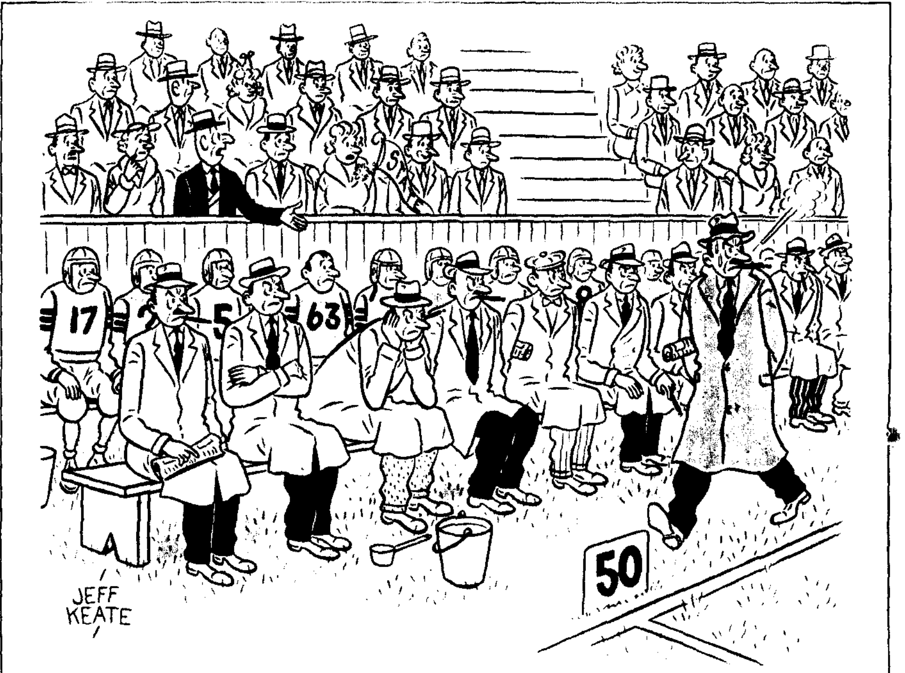
Glenn shrugged. "Not since the war. I used to be a fair hand."

"Uh-hunh." The little matchmaker was grinding a matchstick between his teeth. It was obvious that he had been a fighter himself; his eyebrows were flattened and the edges of his nose were indistinct. "How much before the war?"

"Fourteen pro fights," said Malloy, "but I ain't looking for any more, if that's what you're driving at."

"You don't want a fight?" Griffin's astonishment was evident; the matchstick tilted down and his gaze shifted to Hansen. "Whatsa deal? The boy's good, he's bad. If he don't want a fight, why do you bother me?"

"Look, kid." Hansen sat down and



COLLIER'S "It's State U's new system—if one coach isn't doing so well in goes a new coach!" JEFF KEATE

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lighted a cigar. "This afternoon Griffin, here, had a tough break. This Webb that my boy was fighting Saturday, he hauled off and bust a hand on some rockhead. You could make some walk-about chips by subbing, that's what Turk is trying to tell you."

"Against Montero?" Malloy frowned and bit his lower lip. "I never fought nobody that good."

GRIFFIN was impatient. "Okay, so he hits you once in a while, only for this flock of slaps you pick up five C's. Now do you or don't you?"

"Five hundred bucks?"

"Yeah. Six if you win." Griffin plucked out a cigarette and lighted it with nervous haste. "Look, Junior, my digestion's bad. I don't go around paying this kind of dough to unknown punks unless I'm caught in the switch. Now what?"

"Why offer it to me, then?" asked Malloy slowly.

"Because I know Steve Hansen a long time and he's the best judge of fighters in the country. He says you can do it. One of my principals is out, and I'm too old to fight this Mex. But I already sold a hell of a lot of tickets."

"Okay, Mr. Griffin. I'm it."

"Good." Griffin took some bank notes out of a bulging wallet and shoved them in the boy's hand. "My office, tomorrow morning, eleven o'clock."

"Right." Malloy shoved the money in his pants pocket, and the matchmaker went briskly across the lobby.

"You're hard to do business with," said Hansen. "What's wrong with five hundred bucks?"

"Nothing." Glenn fingered his nose. "I need it bad."

"You're a substitute," Hansen continued, ruffling Terry's hair. "It ain't the grand he was giving Webb, but it'll take you where you're going."

"Yes," said Malloy, spreading the fingers on both his hands and looking down at them. "I guess it will."

"You scared?" asked the fight manager suddenly.

"No." Glenn shook his head briefly.

"Out of shape? You looked okay in the gym."

Malloy was still staring at his hands. "I'm all right," he said. "Thanks for the plug with Griffin."

"Nothing at all, kid," Hansen said. "After the fight, maybe we can work out a deal."

"No," said Glenn. "I don't want any more."

"All right. Good night."

Hand in hand, the tall boy and his son walked out under the neon glare of the marquee and vanished into the crowd.

Hansen did not see Malloy for several days. On the Thursday before the fight he got a wire from Cleveland, offering Montero a bout with Wittig. That worried Hansen. Wittig was sixth nationally, and a win over him would lift the Mexican out of the bush league and put him in ball parks, where the lush money grew.

For the first time Hansen regretted having befriended Malloy, for he knew the tall boy might outdance his contender. And that might kill the Wittig bout and cost him three grand. So he was cool when he walked in the gymnasium and saw Glenn skipping rope. He would have passed by, but the boy reached out and grabbed his arm.

"Like you to meet my wife, Mr. Hansen," he said proudly.

The girl was leaning against the wall, and as she started forward, Hansen knew he had already met her. A tramp, he thought, right off the standard pattern. I've seen her hustling the gamblers and the fancy boys around a thousand rings, smiling through the smoke in every gin mill.

Too much paint, the brittle laugh, and the dress too tight. Except that this one didn't even have on the right tight dress. Glenn was murmuring in his ear that they had been split up, and she had gone to California, but now everything was okay again.

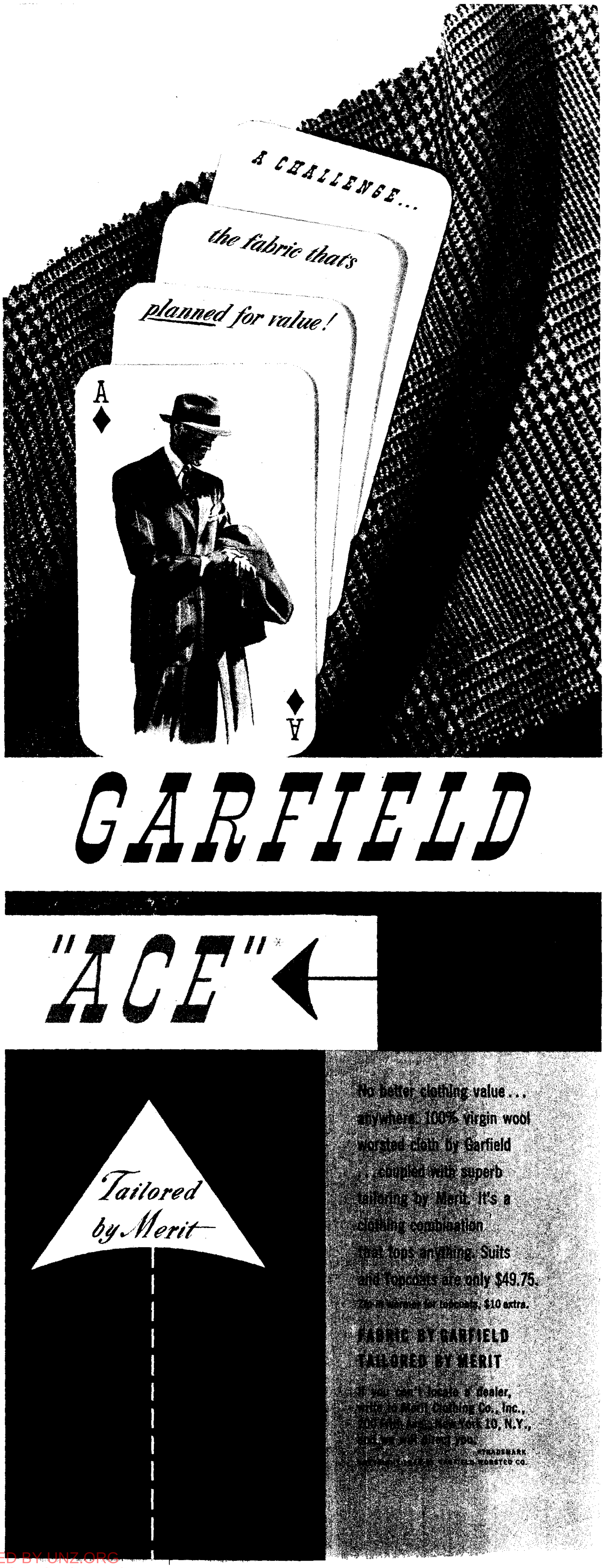
"How are you, Mrs. Malloy?" Hansen asked politely.

"Never better," she answered, simpering automatically. "Glenn says you been a real pal." Her hair was a little streaked at the roots. As she squeezed his hand, Hansen said that her husband was a good fighter, and that he only needed a break. Stepping away, he nodded and went on back to the dressing rooms.

Montero was late, and as he waited for the Mexican fighter Hansen wondered idly where Terry was, and why the mother was not with him—instead of parading around a smelly gymnasium like a cut-rate bird of Paradise. Nipping a cigar, he realized that was unfair, because the family life of the Malloys was none of his business. Still, he was irritated.

ON THE night of the fight, Hansen did not get to the arena until nearly nine o'clock. He walked from his hotel, sauntering leisurely. He was in the same block with the arena when he stopped suddenly, before a tavern window. A girl sitting inside had caught his eye. She was perched on a bar stool, laughing with her head thrown back, and she was pretty. She was Glenn Malloy's wife.

As Hansen stood watching she downed a hooker of whisky neat, and a tall sailor unfolded out of a booth and eased onto the stool next to her. Hansen could not hear everything they were saying, but he could reconstruct the conversation fairly well. Champing at his cigar, the fight manager moved on down the



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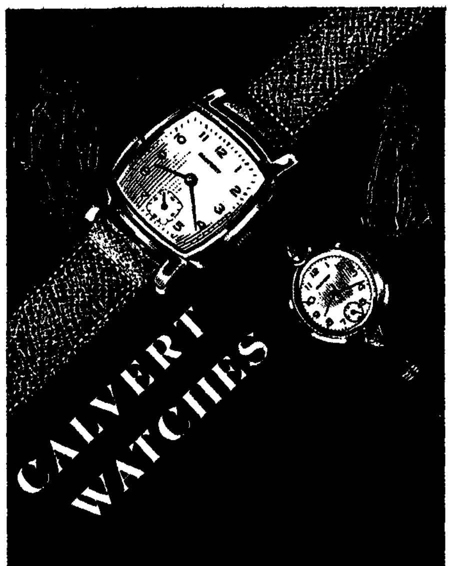

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sidewalk. As he turned up the arena steps, he was thinking about young Terry again.

The arena was not filled, and Turk Griffin stood scowling by the pass gate. When Hansen stopped by him, the matchmaker said they would be lucky to clear a few hundred.

"I thought you were filling it," said Hansen.

"Been doing it, but the papers blasted us so hard for subbing with this Malloy kid that everybody stayed home."

Hansen circled to the dressing room, inspected Montero's hand wraps, and was talking to his fighter in low tones when the call came. As they walked down the main aisle, sporadic cheers broke over the humming of the crowd, and Hansen saw that Malloy was already in his corner. Montero leaped lightly to the ring floor and toed into the resin box.

Hansen smiled faintly at all the angles involved. Money, he thought; everybody's worried about the buck. A good fight here would help Griffin and hurt me. A loss for Montero would mean the Wittig fight was gone. Oh, well, just dollars, he thought; just blood in the veins. Nothing important.

The first round was slow. Montero was working very cautiously, remembering his first tangle with Malloy, and the tall boy was easing around the ring like a coiled spring. He did not throw over two or three punches, and, when the round was over, the crowd booed, but without great heat.

The second went faster. Malloy had shaken his nervousness, and his left hand began to score steadily. He was fighting stand-up, punching sharply, but not wasting anything. The round was his by a wide margin. When Montero was back on the stool, Hansen told him he had to get inside. The Mexican's right cheek was bruised from the jabs, and he was worried.

"Very fast, Steve," he muttered. "Hard to open up."

"You got to do it," insisted Hansen, "or get fanned out of there."

"*Sí.*" Montero nodded slowly. Being an honest workman, he went out and tried to follow orders. He couldn't do it. Malloy blocked him, tied him up, stabbed him silly. The crowd didn't see it, because they never do, and at the end of the fifth round there were still scattered boos. In spite of himself, Hansen was angry at that, for what Malloy was doing, framed in that brilliant box of light, was a special thing. It was a skill of some dimension.

The tall boy rolled without moving his feet, and Montero pegged at him fruitlessly. He worked off the ropes like a wraith and his hands never dropped out of their guard until he was ready to score. Like Nolan, thought Hansen bitterly, this guy works just like Flower Nolan, and it took a custom roadster and a brick wall in Connecticut to stop that one.

WHEN the bell rang for the seventh round, Malloy was so far ahead Hansen knew that he would have to drop dead to lose. The fight manager was lighting a cigar, scowling over the match flame, when it happened. Montero caught Malloy with a hard right hand. It was strange. One second the tall boy was moving so well it was obvious Montero couldn't catch him on a motorcycle.

Then, without warning, he faltered. The jab he had started dropped off into a pawing gesture, like a melting candle. Montero's sweeping overhead dropped out of nowhere and sledged Malloy on the side of the face. That tremendous, jangling brass lullaby exploded in the tall boy's head and his eyes went out of focus. Montero, pressing, put a left hook on his jaw, and the battery of ring lights wheeled and tilted. Malloy dropped his hands and shook his head, slowly and helplessly.

The crowd roared. Montero chopped at Malloy viciously as he reeled around the ring. The *aficionados* were all standing, screaming hoarsely, a smoky sea of faces taut with cruelty. Malloy's legs had gone leaden. The blows kept coming but he did not seem to feel them. His hair was matted with sweat and he kept shaking his head, trying to focus his eyes.

Stumbling into Montero, he grabbed the Mexican around the waist clumsily and slipped to his knees. His face slithered across Montero's belly, slick with sweat, and only those who were very close could hear him sobbing.

The crowd continued its shriek for nameless vengeance as the referee pushed Montero away and began the count. Slowly, pushing up on his gloved hands, the kneeling fighter got off the deck. He stood erect, but gaping foolishly. Montero set himself and threw another right-hand smash, rocking Malloy backward like a drawn bow.

And then, like a stupid doll with a weighted bottom, he rocked in again. When Montero caught him, the sound of it was like a butcher burying his cleaver in a side of beef. The mouthpiece spurted from Malloy's slack jaw and arced over the top rope, and as he started collapsing again, Montero was punching crazily at his head and shoulders.

The referee had to pull the Mexican off by main force before he could start the unnecessary count. Malloy lay sprawled, not flat, and one leg was jutting out queerly.

The seconds lifted his shoulders; his feet dragged as they moved him. The ringsiders could see that there was a hole in one of his shoes. Appeased, they pointed and joked about it, chattered volubly with relief from vicarious battle. When the overhead speaker system blared, Juan Montero whirled out in a victory dance. He skipped under the ropes and pranced down the main aisle, one hand aloft. Steve Hansen did not see him go; he was still watching Malloy.

The handlers had lifted the defeated fighter to his stool, but he would not stay in place. He would go sliding limply to the floor, and the seconds would hoist him and pat him into place again. One of them was waving smelling salts under his nose, and the other one was slapping his cheeks. When the address horns boomed again, with a call for the doctor, Hansen turned toward the dressing room.

The doctor came in and worked over the still figure for several minutes. Then he told one of the seconds to call an ambulance. When the ambulance arrived, Hansen followed the stretcher out and got in. The siren screamed a warning and cleared a way, and the night lights fell on the swaying car and passed across Malloy's face, but he never moved. Hansen was sitting in the visitor's corridor of the hospital when the doctor came out and told him the fighter was dead.

"What—" asked Hansen huskily, and cleared his throat. "What was it, Doc?"

"Take an autopsy," he said wearily. "I'm sorry." Then he was gone, back into the emergency room.

HANSEN'S cigar tasted acid and he spat it out, a deep sickness in his belly. He was going out of the hospital slowly when he saw Glenn's wife getting out of a cab. Her hair was disheveled, and back of her, in the cab, Steve could see the sailor's white uniform. The girl was half drunk and would have passed him, but Hansen reached out and got her by the shoulder. Startled, she looked around.

"Wouldn't go in," he said.

"Why not? How's Glenn?" she asked hurriedly.

"He's dead."

"Ah, God!" she said faintly, almost without emotion. "Ah, God! He had no right—"

"Didn't want to peg out," said Hansen. "It was an accident."

"But what'll I do, Mr. Hansen?" Her face was sagging under the greasy make-up, and she began to whimper. "I had a swell job in Santa Monica, and he wired me the fare here, with a lot of big talk about—"

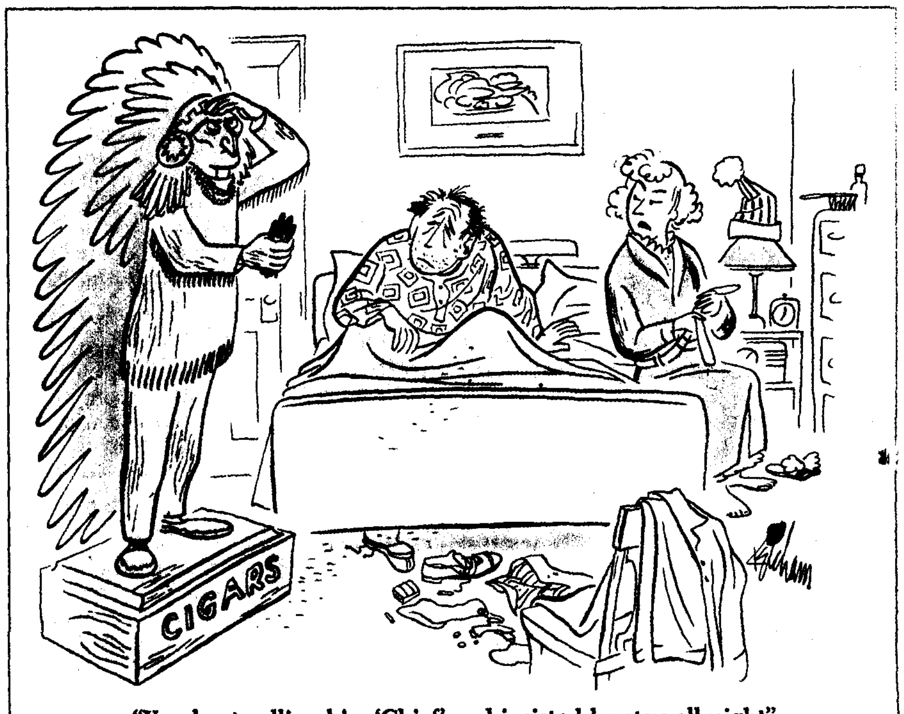
"Real bad luck," said Hansen quietly. "I'll help all I can."

"You!" She jerked away, sobbing, and pointed a shaking finger at him. "It was all your fault, you caused it, he wouldn't have gotten hurt if you hadn't—"

"Now shut up," said Hansen petulantly, tightening his grip. "Maybe he shouldn't have taken the fight, but nobody caused it."

"Oh, hell!" she said wearily. "I never had any luck." Straightening, she patted her hair again. "I need a drink," she said. Hansen took his hand off her shoulder, and she went teetering on her absurd spike heels. Hansen watched the sailor get out, swaying, and help her into the cab. When the red taillight had vanished, he started walking toward town. He was almost there before he remembered Terry.

From a lobby booth in the hotel, he called the arena, and Turk Griffin gave

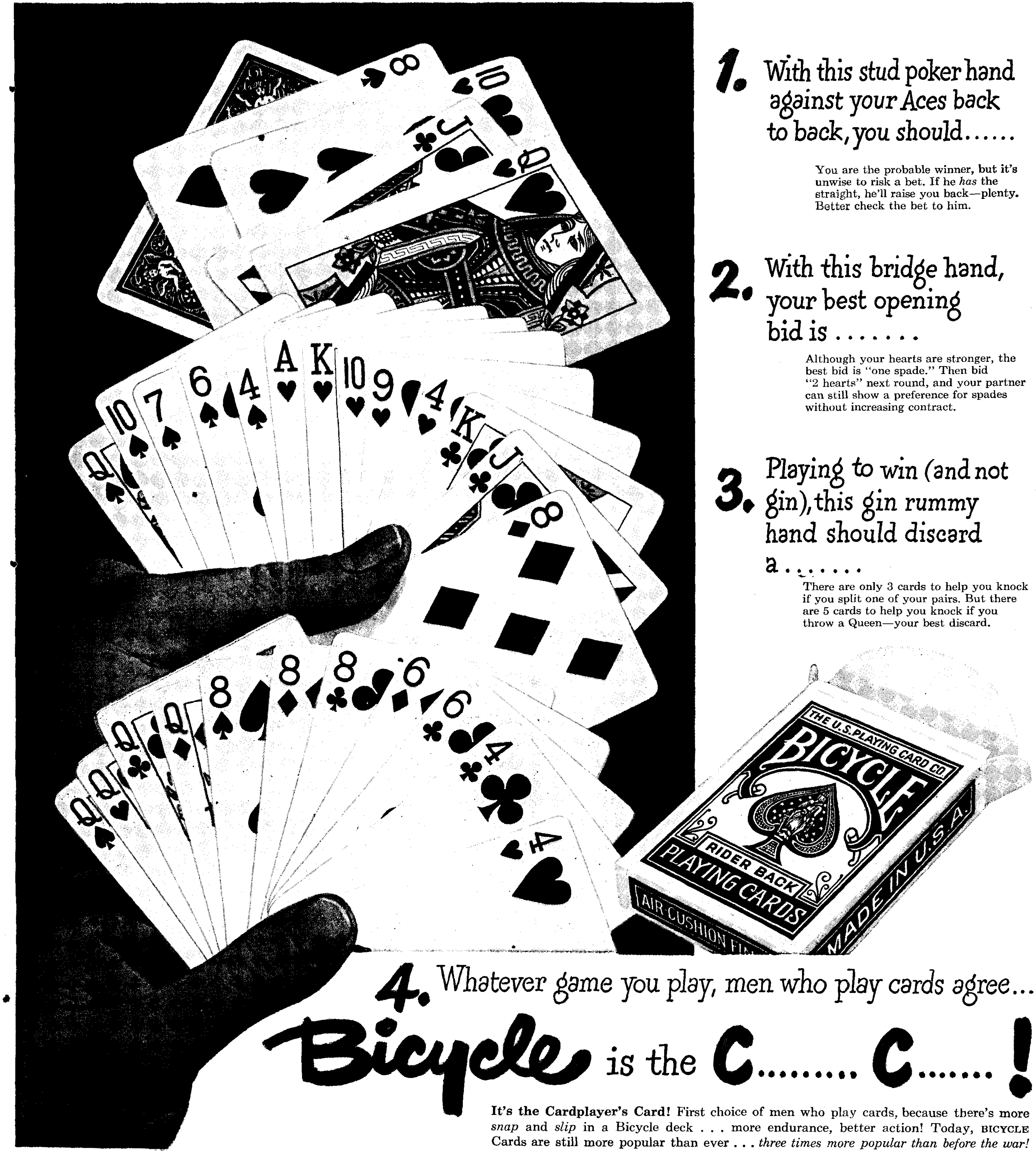


"You kept calling him 'Chief' and insisted he stay all night"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

BICYCLE QUIZ no. 2

How would *you* play them?



1. With this stud poker hand against your Aces back to back, you should......

You are the probable winner, but it's unwise to risk a bet. If he *has* the straight, he'll raise you back—plenty. Better check the bet to him.

2. With this bridge hand, your best opening bid is ....

Although your hearts are stronger, the best bid is "one spade." Then bid "2 hearts" next round, and your partner can still show a preference for spades without increasing contract.

3. Playing to win (and not gin), this gin rummy hand should discard a.......

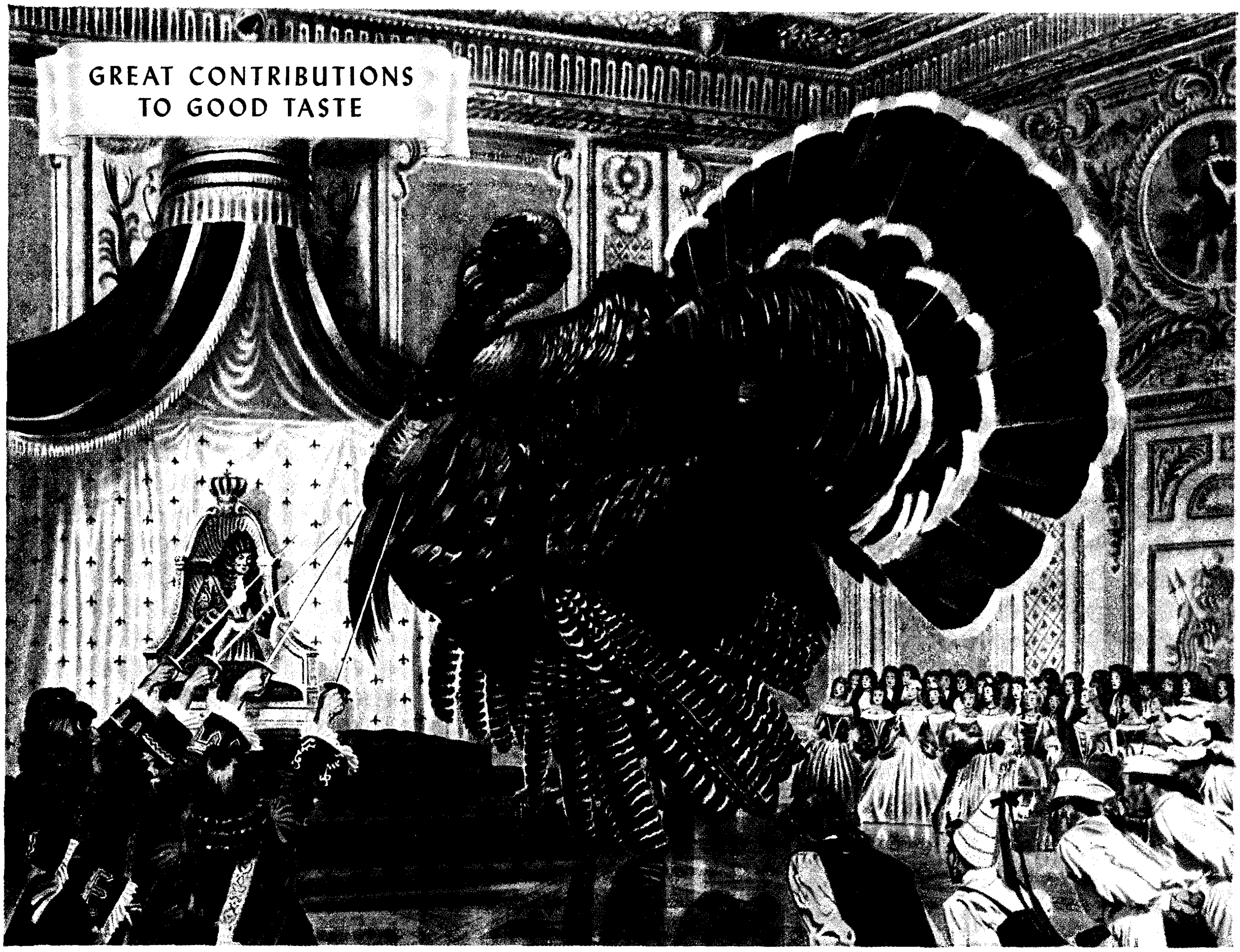
There are only 3 cards to help you knock if you split one of your pairs. But there are 5 cards to help you knock if you throw a Queen—your best discard.

4. Whatever game you play, men who play cards agree...

Bicycle is the C........ C.......!

It's the Cardplayer's Card! First choice of men who play cards, because there's more *snap* and *slip* in a Bicycle deck . . . more endurance, better action! Today, BICYCLE Cards are still more popular than ever . . . *three times more popular than before the war!*

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD CO., MAKERS OF BICYCLE AND CONGRESS CARDS, CINCINNATI 12, OHIO. (*In Canada: The International Playing Card Company, Windsor, Ontario.*)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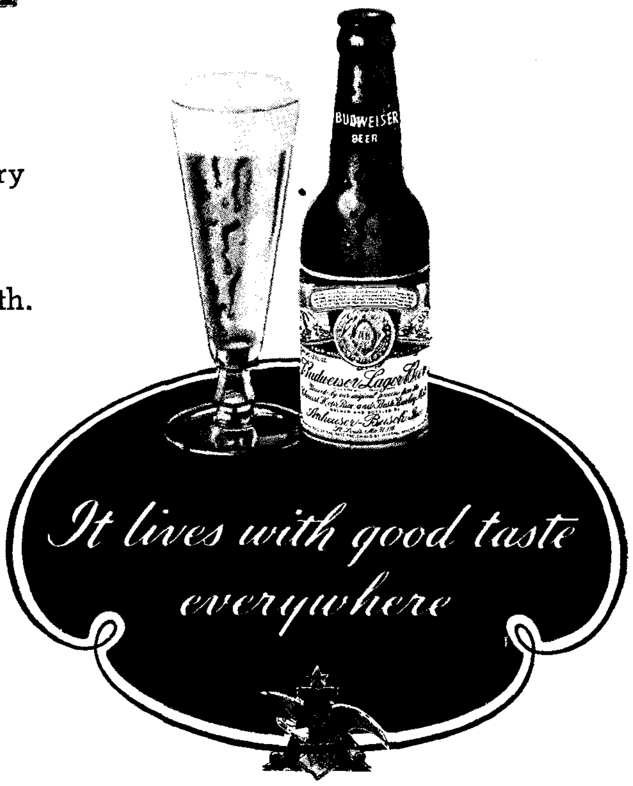
TO GOOD TASTE

How The American Turkey Captured France

It was the thrifty French peasants who discovered in the Seventeenth Century that the American wild turkey could be domesticated and raised as any other tame farmyard fowl. Soon he became the rage throughout France. Paris toasted his appearance on the table with misty eyes and watering mouth. News of his popularity abroad reached his native land and began what became a great American industry.

Today, you enjoy this luxury—fresh, frozen or smoked—at any time of year wherever you go.

To enjoy every morsel to the utmost, include sips of cold, golden, bubbling Budweiser. The distinctive taste of Budweiser has made it a tradition in good dining.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BEER
Budweiser Lager Beer
Anheuser-Busch
It lives with good taste
everywhere

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH · · · SAINT LOUIS

him the address. Going back out on the street, he hailed a cab and rode across town to the dingy boardinghouse. The landlady had been asleep, and her eyes were hostile as she peered out at him. Malloy? Room six. Hansen thanked her and went up the creaking stairs.

The door was unlocked. He opened it, and stood with the hall light spilling past him to fall on the smooth face of the sleeping child. Hansen's first thought was to pick Terry up, but then he thought of clothes. There was nothing in the top bureau drawer except some feminine lingerie and a bundle of papers with a rubber band around them.

The top one was a medical discharge two years old. Hansen couldn't understand all the words on it, but he got the idea. Malloy had been carrying a chunk of shrapnel in his brain, next to the medulla, and the doctors had deemed it "inoperable." Hansen knew now why Malloy had not wanted to fight. Malloy had known that he might get killed. And it had been that final blow in the seventh round that had done it, jarring the piece of shrapnel just enough—

Replacing the papers, he picked Terry up. The sleeping boy murmured drowsily, and put his arms around Hansen's thick neck, but he did not awaken in the cab or even in the brightly lighted lobby.

WHEN they were upstairs, Hansen stowed his light-breathing burden into bed and leaned over him for a minute. Terry was smiling faintly in his sleep, and Hansen wondered what he could be dreaming about. The fat man went to the window and stood motionless there, a bulky shadow still wearing a hat, outlined by the crimson haze of the neon sign below. When the telephone rang, he turned quickly and groped for it.

"Hansen?"

"Yes?"

"Richards, at the Call-Times. This Malloy kid, who was he?"

"How the hell should I know?" answered Hansen. "He was just a guy from out of town."

Richards' voice was unfriendly. "He was also a guy that got croaked tonight in front of a lot of people, and the story's going out on the syndicate wire. Griffin claims you steered him onto the guy."

"That's right." Hansen sat down heavily on the end of the bed. "He mooched me for a buck last week, and I gave him a job sparring with Juan. When Webb busted a duke, I got him a break."

"A real break," said Richards thinly, his voice still hostile. "Anything else you know about him?"

"He had a kid, too, a four-year-old boy," Hansen added wearily, "with a traveling whisky tank for a mother."

Richards clucked. "That's even better," he replied savagely. "I'm going to rip the guts out of the doctor that okayed Malloy for this fight, and you'll get the same kind of treatment. You may be a big wheel around the fight arena, but it looks to me like you were managing both boys and—"

The phone clicked as Hansen hung it up. He was back at the window when someone rapped on the door. It was Juan Montero. The Mexican fighter closed the door behind him, and asked if he couldn't turn on the lights. Hansen said no, he could not turn on the lights. Behind him, Montero moved to the bed and stood peering down.

"Who?" he asked wonderingly.

"Son of the guy you fought tonight," said Hansen harshly.

"Of the *luchador blanco,* the one who died?"

"That's right."

The Mexican dropped to his knees beside the bed. *"Pobrecito,"* he whispered. Even from the window Hansen could smell the loud pomade on the fighter's hair, and hear him murmuring.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked irritably, but there was no answer. The murmuring continued, and Hansen realized that the Mexican was praying. His voice was a low drone, and after several minutes he got back on his feet.

"What he died of, Steve?"

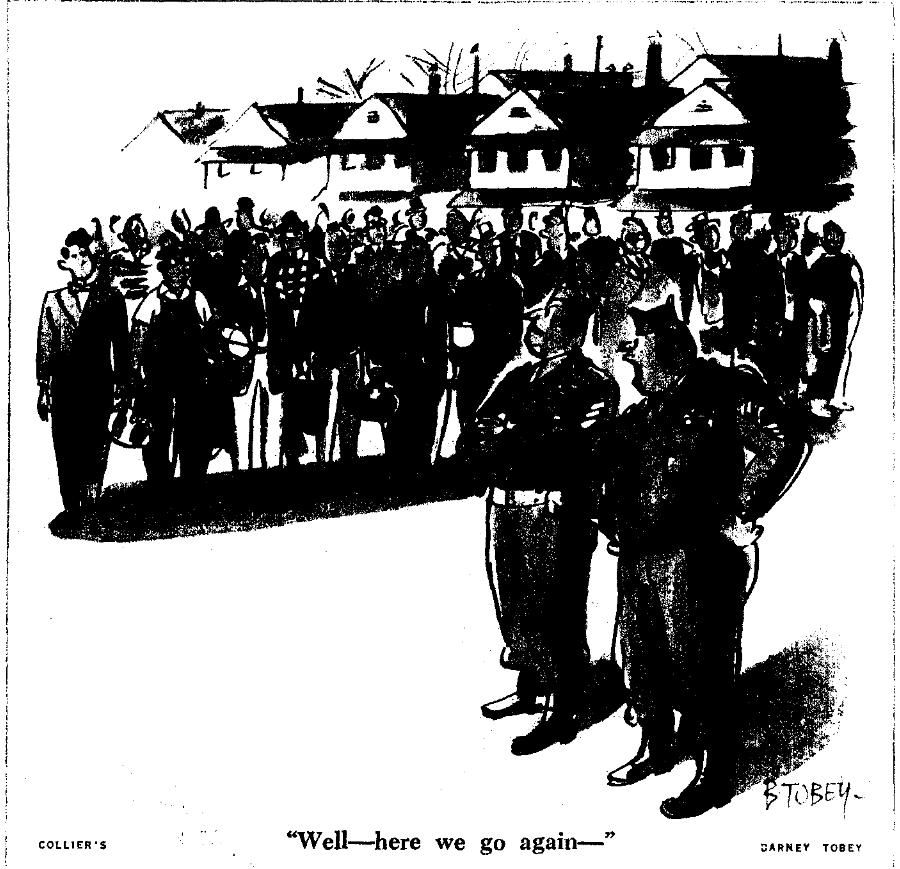
"A hunk of metal in his head. You knocked it loose."

"From *la guerra,* eh?"

"That's right."

Montero groaned, and Steve could hear him pacing on the other side of the bed. Turning, Hansen saw grief brimming in the fighter's eyes. Outside, down the street somewhere, dance music was bouncing spasmodically, like a throbbing nerve.

"With your permission," said Montero in a strangled voice, "I should like to get a little drunk." When Hansen nodded, the fighter groped to the door and went out noiselessly. After lighting a cigar, Hansen went to the phone and called Ab Rinker in Cleveland.



COLLIER'S "Well—here we go again—" DARNEY TOBEY

Ab was very cordial, and told him the Wittig bout would draw big. Had Montero won his fight? Hansen said yes, but the other guy died. Rinker gave a short whistle, but recovered quickly. He said it wouldn't hurt the gate, people liked to see a killer.

"Your boy really that good?" his thin voice grated.

"No," said Hansen. "Just fair."

"Okay, baby," said Rinker. "See you next week."

"All right."

STEVE HANSEN hung up and took a shower. He stood for a long time under the water, a thoughtful and decaying cherub garlanded by soap. When the ablutions were done, he toweled thoroughly and went padding back into the bedroom to call Mount Vernon, New York. The operators put him through with their usual brisk singsong, and then, blessedly, his wife was on the line.

"Maggie?" he asked, and when the quiet voice said, "Yes, Steve," the great dam of sickness in his mind began to break loose. "I'm in trouble, Maggie."

"What's the matter? Your Mex drop one to the local boy?"

"No, Maggie. Worse than that. I shot off my big mouth and peddled some free advice, and a boy got killed here tonight. In the ring."

"If it wasn't your fault, Steve, if you couldn't help it, you mustn't worry about it," she said evenly.

"I—needed to hear that," he mumbled. "The papers are going to give me a rough hustle."

"Forget the papers. Will you be going on with the tour?"

"Just Cleveland and Chicago." He looked around at the bed. "And I got a new fighter, Maggie."

"What weight?" Her voice was suspicious. "I won't stand for any more heavyweights, Steve—"

"This one is too light for any good use. Be a middle eventually, but he's a little green now."

"How does he stand up under a punch?" she scolded. "I told you this Mexican boy won't do it, and now—"

Hansen chuckled softly, because he knew she was right. "Mama," he said, "this new one don't weigh thirty pounds."

"Now, Steve Hansen!"

"Maggie, he's the son of the boy got killed tonight."

"Oh—" Her anger subsided and her voice softened. "Well, what are you gabbling about? Why don't you bring him home?"

"Thanks, Maggie." The fat man was blinded by tears, smiling in the darkness.

"You're a pettifogging old fool, Steve Hansen, taking such a long way round to tell me something. I'll get things ready here."

"May not be able to swing it," he warned, "but I don't think his mother wants him very much."

"All right, Steve." By some peculiar alchemy of their years together, she could sense his need even in the troubled inflections of his voice. "If you can get him, bring him on home."

"Thanks, Maggie," he repeated humbly. She said good night, and he hung the phone up. Feeling a great relief, he crossed and drew the window blinds as tight as he could, but still some of the bloody stain from the neon sign frayed around the edges. Climbing into bed carefully, so as not to awaken the sleeping child, Hansen lay there making plans, thinking of the two good fighters he had known in his lifetme.

Flower Nolan had been the best, but Flower had run the course, and Hansen didn't owe him anything. This other one, this guy from out of town, had him deeply in debt, but fortunately there was something he could do about it. The promise was right there, next to him, under his hand.

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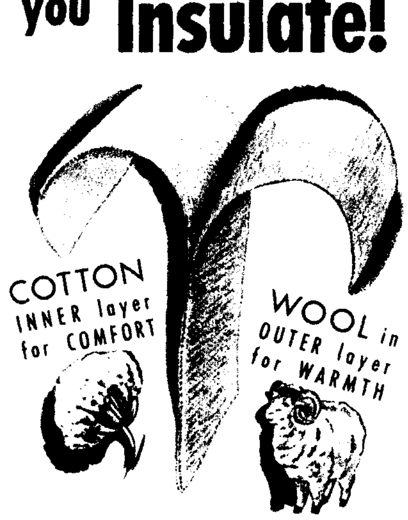
Lots less weight

with Duofold you Insulate!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SHORT SHORT

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

By MORTON THOMPSON

HER name was Henrietta Crosis and all her life she met every crisis by going to the hospital. You never saw such a girl, or maybe you have seen dozens of them. They run down the blind alleys, every blind alley there is.

There was the matter of her dresses; she had quite a lot of money and she could pick out any dress she liked, any dress in all New York. And she had fine taste, too. Finally, every season, she would find the only dress. When her friends saw it they swooned over the material, the only possible material, and they gasped in awe at the workmanship, the way in which the whole thing suited Henrietta. There was nothing else they could say. They shrugged. It was simply *The Dress*, the only possible dress, the dress in ten million. That night, when they had gone, Henrietta would look at the dress a while, troubled, she would brood over it then study it, then she would carefully take it to pieces, hem by hem, sleeve by sleeve and then she would snip and slash and sew marvelously and put it together again, completely different. And it was always ghastly.

Her husband was Arthur Crosis, professor of chemistry uptown, and a sweeter, milder, gentler, nicer man never, never lived. As their wedding approached, her indecision became frantic. Finally she made herself ill. She went to the hospital three days before their marriage. But Arthur married her in the hospital. Went right there and married her by the bedside.

Decisions invariably made her hysterical. She was forever on the verge of being sent to a hospital from the states into which she worked herself.

She companied almost exclusively with artists and writers and musicians and she was forever helping one of them. It was through her that the art world first learned of the Javanese threshold paintings which are now on view in the Metropolitan, and it was through her that at least three musicians had their debut at Carnegie, and that sounds like an old woman and empty, but she was young. She was only twenty-eight. And she could have been a great pianist.

Hour after hour she practiced, playing the same things over and over, day and night, week after week, month after month, though no one ever heard her play a complete concerto but her husband. The nearer her recital came, the sicker she got, it was like a roll of drums that swelled louder and louder. When the great day itself roared up the ambulance always came and took Henrietta to the hospital a few hours before she was due on stage.

She was good to her family, to her mad mother, who disappeared for days on end to gamble, gamble, gamble, sometimes in petty lotto games at the beach, sometimes in crap games in some Greenwich Village cellar, sometimes in swank private clubs where chips cost $10. As to her brother, Henrietta was always ambitious for Sam, and it was she who got him into the Nichols Expedition in the Gobi Desert; he is the first to admit that he owes his successful archaeological career to Henrietta.

You wished her well, you know. She had broad shoulders, she was slim, the bones of her face underlay clear skin, she had deep fire underneath. She taught little vagrant children the piano, she had endless patience—and if you asked her to play something her head would turn wildly, if you pressed her she would become hysterical. And you would desist, remembering the hospital.

Then she broke up with Arthur. The break was a bombshell that bewildered everyone. Abruptly one day she took a one-room apartment in the Village, and brought to it one bed, one bridge table, her piano and one chair. Nothing else. Her gentle, sweet husband was suddenly a monster. She couldn't say enough horrible things about him. She didn't rest and she didn't sleep. She played the piano all day and all night. Whether she was happy or not she was completely absorbed. Arthur worried that she didn't have enough food. He would make sure she was eating by calling the mother or Sam every other day to remind them to take something up to Henrietta.

The neighbors quickly tired of hearing the piano all day and all night and they complained. The landlord gave her warning. Henrietta resumed her old craft of wood carving. Her skill was marvelous, everyone was amazed, an exhibition was being arranged for her. But the same thing happened as happened when she was about to open an art gallery, the same thing that happened when she learned to drive and went down to get her license, the same thing, the same old thing as when she studied ballet and the night came for her private recital. The same thing. Always the same thing. First an agony of indecision. Then mounting tension. Then sickness. Then the day of the exhibition. Then—as usual, Henrietta went to the hospital.

When she came back to the one-room apartment she started the piano again. She was put out. That was the last any of her friends heard of Henrietta until one night at a lecture there they were, Henrietta and Arthur.

No one dared look at them.

Heaven only knows what would have happened if Henrietta had caught anyone staring at them. In a situation like that. It was tender. Everything was brand-new, again, tender, to be let alone.

They were shy. They treated each other as though they were courting. After the lecture he took her to her apartment. On the threshold he shook hands with her, said good night and left her there.

A week later they were back together again, resuming marriage, and Henrietta buttonholed the world in her quiet, earnest, intent way to speak of Arthur's intelligence and understanding.

AND then one day months later, Henrietta felt unwell. She went to her doctor. When he had finished she reeled home. She was white-faced.

"Arthur," she whispered. He looked up mildly. "Arthur, I am going to have a baby."

"A baby," he repeated, testing the word, exploring the idea.

"A baby, you fool! You idiot! You swine! See what you've done to me!"

"Is a baby so bad?"

"No-o-o-o." She thought a long brooding moment. Then she kneeled by his chair. "Forgive me, Arthur. I don't know. I've always been puzzled. I've never done anything to be mean, to be punished. I thought life would straighten out. I've never known, quite—I don't know, now—a baby, you see—well, a baby—"

And he comforted her. She was half persuaded a baby was wonderful. Then she was entirely persuaded. In her fifth month she went to all her friends urging them to become mothers and that was the period in which she got Hernando Ruiz the contract for the murals in Manhattan Maternity Hospital. In her sixth month a doubt struck her. In her seventh month the doubt had become an obsession. In her eighth month the doubt was such that it was necessary to keep her under sedatives. In the ninth month she woke up screaming. A pain had stricken her.

"Shall I have it?" she screamed. "Shall I? Shall I?" An agony of indecision wracked her. Finally she could stand it no longer.

"Arthur!" she screamed. "I can't stand it!"

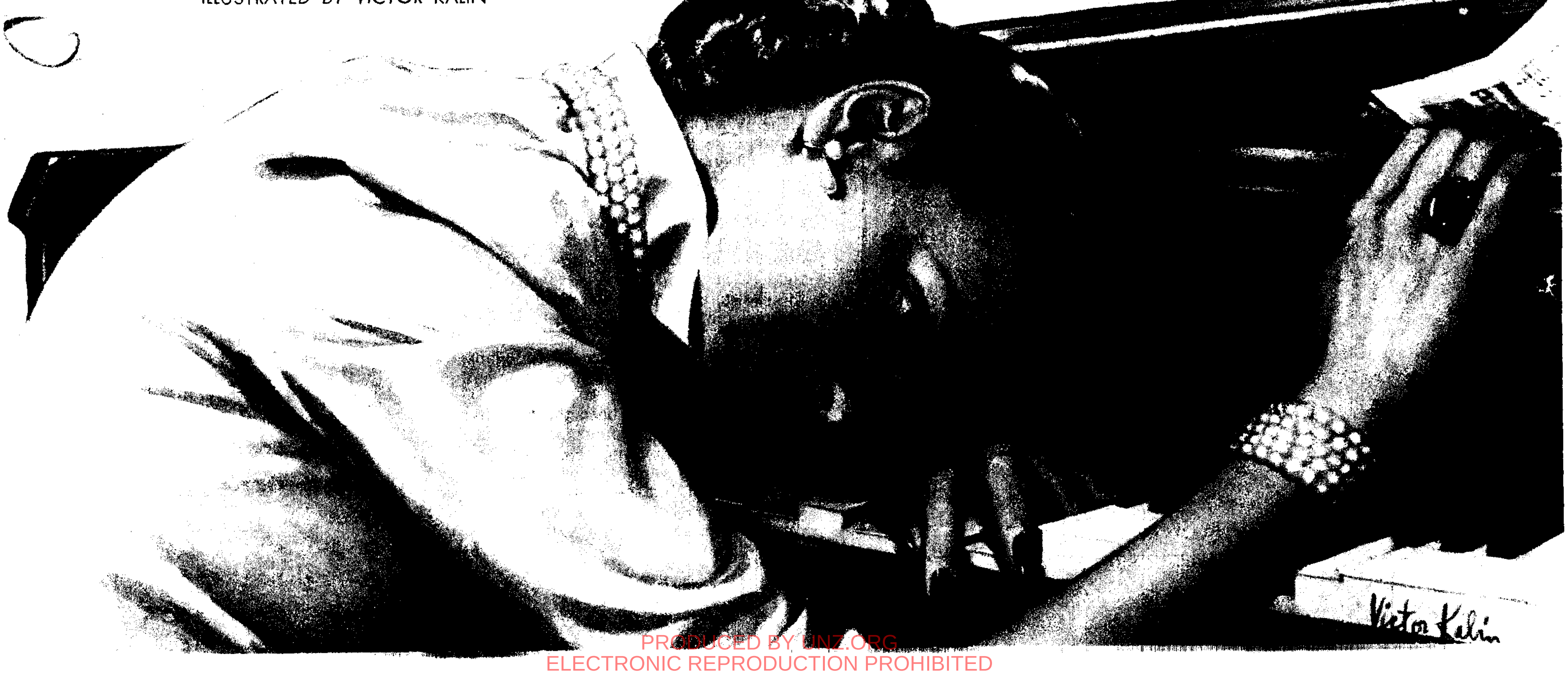
Fortunately, he knew what to do.

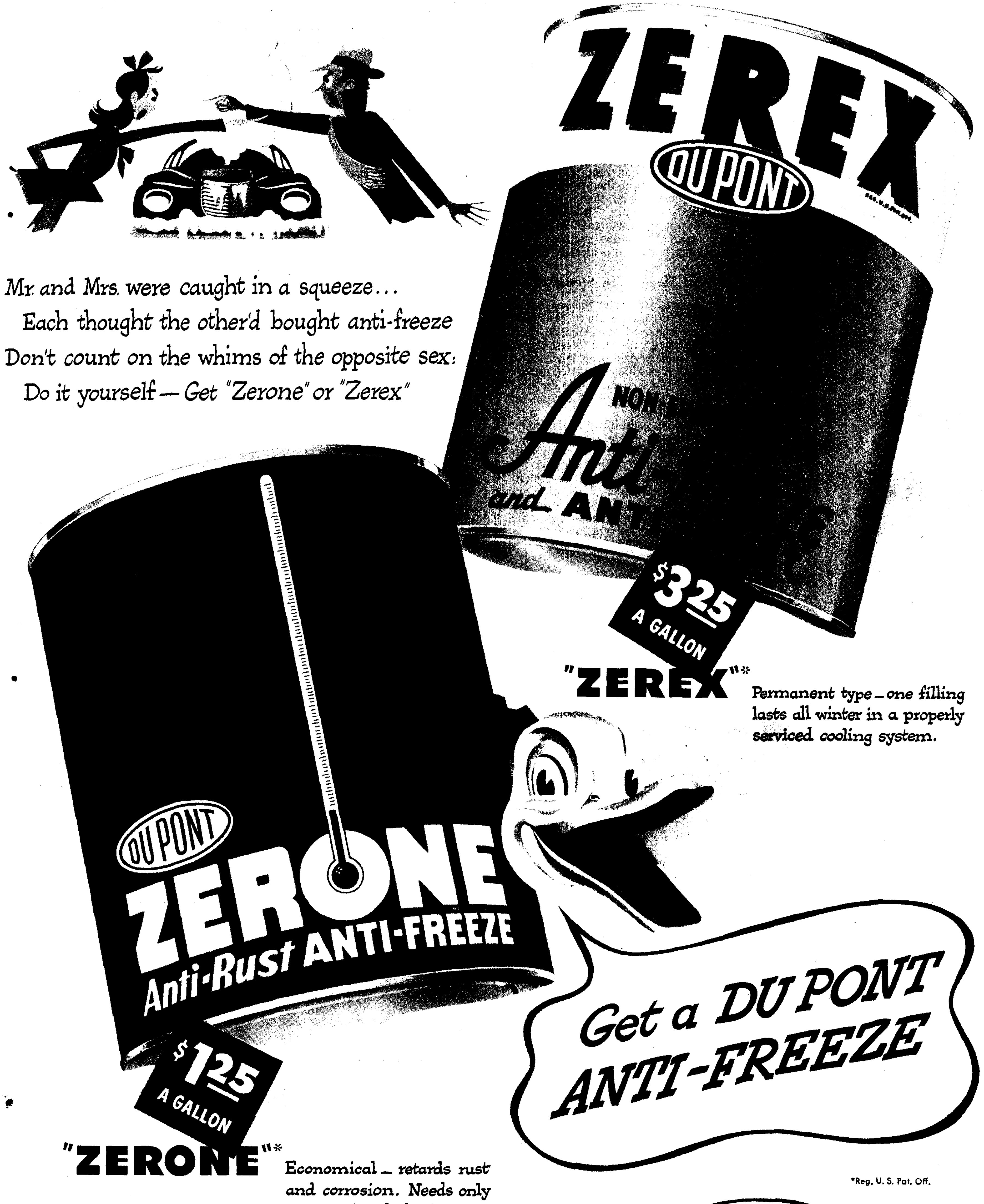
As usual, Henrietta went to the hospital.

It now appears she's completely cured.

She's been back to the hospital twice, since. Same thing.

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN

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Mr. and Mrs. were caught in a squeeze...
Each thought the other'd bought anti-freeze
Don't count on the whims of the opposite sex:
Do it yourself—Get "Zerone" or "Zerex"

"ZEREX"*

Permanent type—one filling lasts all winter in a properly serviced cooling system.

"ZERONE"*

Economical—retards rust and corrosion. Needs only an occasional check-up.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

For great entertainment by great stars, don't miss the Du Pont "Cavalcade of America"—on NBC Monday evenings

THE SHAPE OF CARS TO COME

Continued from page 22

minute and gives the effect of a 130-pound woman on the seat of a car. Chrysler has the "lead fanny" test, which gives a car seat the same wear and tear it would get from contact with assorted shapes and dimensions of American posteriors.

Cars, then, are designed from the inside out. The human requirements are the first consideration, then the mechanical requirements—and then comes the gown milady will wear. "It's just like a dressmaker fitting a woman," MacPherson comments. "The designer has to put a shape on a body that is already there."

No More High Steps

Just as skirts are longer this season, so the bottoms of cars are lower. The new Hudson has achieved what Hudson President A. E. Barit calls "the lowest center of gravity in any American stock car." Known as the car which you "step down" into, it has its floor recessed into the base frame of the car instead of setting on top of the frame.

When you get right down to designing a car, there are more processes than you'd imagine. Take the Chrysler routine, which is typical of the industry:

Step 1: The new car is a two-dimensional drawing on paper. Back of it are weeks of conferences, examination of hundreds of drawings (including some dream stuff), study of small models and —particularly—top management's decision as to just what kind of car it thinks the public wants and *needs.*

Step 2: A ⅜ scale model is made, so the new car may be seen in three dimensions.

Step 3: The car is drawn full size on a blackboard, an overlay drawing with last year's model behind it so that changes may readily be seen.

Step 4: A full-size clay model is made. The designers make changes to correct any distortion from scaling-up.

Step 5: Carpenters make a full-size wooden model, a "mock-up." It is then painted. The car's hardware is attached, and from a distance you'd take it for the real thing.

Step 6: Draftsmen make a drawing of the car on aluminum. This is called the "metal draft." Why on metal? Because paper shrinks and stretches, and this must remain absolutely accurate.

Step 7: Polished solid mahogany models are made, from which are formed plaster casts and finally die patterns and castings. All this so that eventually the body parts may be pressed out in mass production from sheet steel.

Step 8: While the production routine goes forward, hand-hammered metal cars are turned out from maple wood models and finished off into handmade automobiles. They are used for working out the inside details, fittings and trappings, and for dozens of grueling tests.

The last step is to wait for production. Right now Chrysler is holding its breath pending the debut of its new models, probably early in '49. President Keller, Vice-Chairman Fred M. Zeder, and Finance Chairman B. E. Hutchinson make frequent pilgrimages to the tightly locked model room to take another longing look at the cars to come.

"Hutch?" asks Keller.

"Still!" says Hutchinson.

"Fred?" asks Keller.

"Still!" says Zeder.

Then Keller takes another look himself and says, "Still, by golly!"

This, in the lingo of motor magnates, means they STILL like the cars better than the last time they saw them. "And that's the test," says Keller.

A good automobile man never lets go of the public pulse for one minute. George W. Mason, president of the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, decided that Mr. and Mrs. America wanted something more like a chair to sit in. Result: Brougham models of the new Nash, which made its debut in October, have two separate seats, in the back. The seats are angled toward each other, with a wide, triangular arm rest in between.

Powel Crosley, Jr., president of Crosley Motors, gets still another throb from Joe Public's pulse. The public, Crosley feels, is "air-minded." Result: The lightweight Crosley car is styled with pilot seats, a chrome spinner on the front like the nose of a plane, and a plane-cowl effect in the fenders.

Changes in car design don't just happen. They all have a story behind them.

How did the fronts get to look so much like the backs? That change dates back to a brain storm of William B. Stout, an automobile pioneer sometimes described as "the fly in a designer's ointment." Redoubtable Bill, trying to prove that flat front ends were inefficient, took the body off a car and remounted it the other way round. He then drove it to Florida back end to.

In

Collier's

next week

CRY DEEP, CRY STILL

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Dangerous days on the Oregon frontier

Later, in the Chrysler wind tunnel, scientists proved that a typical 1932 sedan could go backward with about half the wind resistance it created when it went forward.

It took Studebaker to bring the fore and aft design to a logical conclusion in its postwar models, since the automobile was inevitably metamorphosing into an engine and a luggage compartment with people cradled in between. Raymond Loewy, Studebaker designer, had the trim, low, functional pattern in mind—and a good part of it on paper—as early as 1937. With the war's end, Studebaker's alert president, Paul G. Hoffman, and Harold S. Vance, chairman of the board, decided it was time to go ahead.

Gags Made Good Advertising

The designers, smart cookies that they are, anticipated a first reaction of "Which way's it going?" They sloped the back down to compromise a bit with what Joe Public was accustomed to seeing. But Joe is a slow-changing fellow, and there were plenty of gags—at first. Were the designers miffed? "Those gags were worth millions to us in advertising," one member of the family happily reports. Today Studebaker feels contented that Joe Public likes the new design, and there are a flock of car orders which add up to the same conclusion.

Joe Motorist probably wonders what's behind the versatile performance of Willys-Overland, which has already dressed the ubiquitous Jeep in eleven different gowns (from Jeepster sport phaeton to Jeep Fire Truck) and has seven more possibilities up its sleeve. Here, says Delmar G. Roos, Willys-Overland top engineer, the secret is the "building block" technique. By developing basic units, such as engines, chassis, front-end assemblies, fender treatments and bodies, Willys-Overland can build this model or that simply by selecting the "building blocks" and putting them together. They seem to have vanquished that *bête noire* of the motor industry: retooling.

The story of the Cadillac tail fins, one of the most-talked-about features of today's car crop, dates back to 1941. Just before our entry into the war, Harley Earl sent a group of G.M. designers to Selfridge Field to look over the Army's new P-38 fighter plane. He told them to "keep an eye peeled for ideas." They came back and drew all manner of sketches based on the P-38's famous twin tails. Seven years later their stuff turned up in the Cadillac.

The horizontal taillights of the 1949 Ford originally were conventionally vertical. George W. Walker, who styled the job, was taking Henry Ford II through the studio when young Henry pointed to a "hot job" on the wall. It had a flashing, spurting tail section.

"Let's get something of that into it," Ford suggested. "Give it a jet-propelled feeling." The result was the horizontal taillight and the streak of flared metal down the Ford's rear quarter.

Some Secrets Can't Be Kept

New models, prior to debut, are shrouded in secrecy. This has come to be a joke in some quarters because Detroit's bigwigs are too smart ever to be caught not knowing what the competition is doing. Yet the designing rooms ooze with guards and there are more locked doors than you find at Sing Sing.

Mainly, Detroit is hiding its new stuff from the public. They want to delight us, surprise us, and whet our appetites. Ford felt awful when a Dallas, Texas, showroom burned last June, seven days ahead of the Forty-niner unveiling, and several new models had to be driven out and exposed to public eye. "It was like a woman being caught in the shower bath," one Ford man pouted.

Cars of tomorrow, most designers agree, are going to stress individuality. Their evolution will continue steadily, not radically, until the motorcar becomes what Ford's engineering boss, Harold T. Youngren, calls "an honest-to-goodness room on wheels." Today each manufacturer wants to put as much character into that room as possible.

Don't look for weird changes. Character is a subtle business. As one designer remarked, "God didn't have to give any of us three ears to give us individuality."

Already Packard has been running advertisements without mentioning the name of the car. The ads simply say, "—one guess what name it bears!" Packard, on the verge of its 1949 golden anniversary, has held steadfastly to its radiator design and the hubcap's red hexagon until they have become hallmarks in the industry. The radiator lines date back to 1904, five years after the late James Ward Packard built his first car at Warren, Ohio.

The 1904 Model "L" also had hexagonal hubcaps, but they were black and on the rear wheels only. The red hexagon made its debut in 1913.

As the automobile industry cuts its mighty swath into America's future, many shrewd observers feel that the trend toward the streamlined saturation point—the inevitable cigar—is drawing to a close. The automobile already has stopped looking like a boat. It is soon going to stop looking like a plane or a rocket, and gradually look more and more like—an automobile.

It is going to *find itself,* like a man growing into maturity.

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Next time you have a headache, remember there is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer for fast relief from headache pains:

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No wonder so many thousands are turning to Alka-Seltzer for relief of headache pains! Why don't you? Sold at all drug stores, U.S. and Canada.

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for **HEADACHES**

ACID INDIGESTION
DISCOMFORT OF COLDS
MUSCULAR ACHES *and* PAINS

Even a Queen
can have a headache,
Tho her reign
is but a day,
But wise Queens lose
Their headache blues
The Alka-Seltzer way.
Jack Bailey
CROWNS A
QUEEN
FOR A
DAY
MUTUAL NETWORK
Every Day
MON through FRI.

"Our family pride was at stake!"

How Mrs. W. R. Wolfe dresses a family of five on a budget for three, plus some interesting facts about the only washer in the world that puts in its own soap.

"Money has never grown on trees for us, so it was a big problem to keep our active, growing children in good clothes...clothes which were outgrown before they were outworn. We had to buy enough clothes to last from washday to washday — a 7 to 10-day supply. Our pride was always ahead of our pocketbook. But since we got our Bendix, I buy fewer clothes for our children. That's because washing clothes in a Bendix is as easy as throwing them in a hamper. Soon as clothes are soiled, my Bendix gets them spanking clean! It makes half as many clothes do the trick...makes our clothes dollar reach twice as far!"

Mrs. W. R. Wolfe
Batavia, Illinois

Does an extra job no other washer can do...*it even puts in its own soap!*

No other washer does as much for you! With the amazing *automatic soap injector*, the famous Bendix takes over the last tiresome chore of getting out a dazzling, sparkling wash.

Now you just toss in the clothes, set the controls, and your Bendix does the entire job. It measures and puts in the exact amount of soap—then soaks, washes, rinses, damp-drys the clothes, and shuts itself off. No fuss or trouble for you!

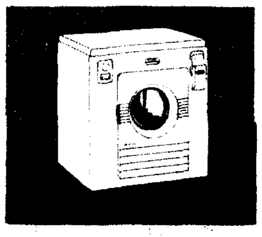
Another important point is—*economy*. The Bendix costs much less to *buy* than most other automatics. (Prices from $219.95 to $349.95.) And it costs less to *use* than old-fashioned, hard-work washers!

No wonder the Bendix automatic Washer is *used* by more women, *wanted* by more women, voted "best washer" by more women, than any other washer! And the Bendix has *earned* this popularity by 11 years of trouble-free service!

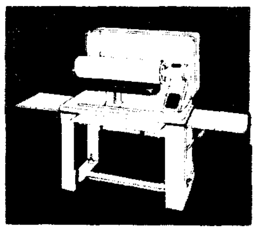
See the world's most complete line of automatic washers at your Bendix dealer's today! Bendix Home Appliances, Inc., South Bend 24, Indiana.

Models S-101 and B-201 are also manufactured in Canada and Mexico

WORLD'S FINEST WASHER.
The new Bendix Gyramatic. Doesn't have to be fastened down.



Bendix automatic Dryer gets clothes fluffy-dry in minutes! Gas or Electric.



Bendix automatic Ironer has many features not found in other ironers.

BENDIX automatic Washer

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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FORECASTING...

Par on the 19th hole

FROM ST. ANDREWS TO PINEHURST

As native to Scotland as St. Andrews, world golfing "capital," is—Johnnie Walker. For *only* Scotland has the moist climate, the soft spring water, that ideally invests Johnnie Walker with the singing mellowness and flavour of *unbeatable* Scotch!

When wise pursuers of old man par gather at Pinehurst . . . naturally they seek a drink that's peerless, that's *perfect.* And naturally it's Johnnie Walker . . . for a clubhouse climax that marks the perfect end of the day!

ASK FOR SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON—

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Both 86.8 proof

BORN 1820
. . . still going strong

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

HAVING YOUR BABY THE NEW WAY

Continued from page 27

occurred in 1943, when Dr. Blackwell Sawyer, a New Jersey country doctor, was telephoned to hurry to the bedside of a woman who lay in labor in a Lakewood hospital, screaming with pain. At the moment the call came in, Dr. Sawyer was reading Dr. Read's book. With his mind full of the Read doctrine, he attempted the new technique on the Lakewood patient.

An hour later, without anesthetic and with little pain, the baby was born. For the next year Dr. Sawyer used the Read method on 168 patients. For nine tenths of them it was a stunning success. Other doctors became interested. So did the press.

Finally, under the title Motherhood Without Misery, Dr. Sawyer's experiences were related in Collier's for November 16, 1946. The reporter, Lawrence Galton, told of the splendid results he had seen on a visit to Dr. Sawyer and his patients in Toms River, New Jersey.

The Collier's article was read by a young wife in New Haven, Connecticut —Joyce, the wife of a medical student. Joyce said to her husband, "When we have our first baby, I want it that way." No one in New Haven offered the prenatal preparation, but when Joyce arrived at the hospital, in labor, she asked the assistant resident physician whether he knew of Dr. Read and whether he would give her help in relaxation.

The young resident was Dr. Goodrich. He had read about the Read method and had discussed it at a medical meeting a month before. He was delighted.

She Refused the Anesthetic

This first patient talked cheerfully throughout her labor. When the usual time for anesthesia arrived, Dr. Goodrich offered her the mask. She looked at it and said, "Take it away. I want to be wide-awake so I can *enjoy* this experience."

Joyce's condition and that of her baby (it was a boy) were excellent. Dr. Goodrich was convinced that this method was worth a further trial. His senior in the obstetrical service, Dr. Thoms, also became interested and when Dr. Read himself came to America, a few weeks later, Dr. Thoms invited him to lecture to the physicians of New Haven. The local newspapers reported his talk; within a few months over 20 New Haven women had come to the hospital asking for a drugless delivery.

It was the volunteer mothers who sold the obstetricians: The results were so astonishing that the hospital staff decided to try the Read method on every third ward-patient mother. The Maternity Center Association, which was introducing Read techniques in New York, supplied the hospital with an experienced nurse specialist and funds to run the project through 1949. Now that the first experimental period has passed, *every* ward mother is given natural childbirth for a normal delivery.

But it doesn't *always* work.

Ideally, a Read-method patient should be caught young. About one fifth of the women using the method still suffer considerable pain and strain, and it is the belief of Dr. Thoms that these women have a great *subconscious* fear of childbirth. They may seem quite calm and relaxed in prenatal office visits. But when the moment of delivery comes, early fears overwhelm them and make relaxation impossible. Such cases can be prevented only if "natural childbirth" becomes so common that girls will grow up expecting the bearing of a child to be a joy and not a horror.

In practice, however, the New Haven Hospital is forced to take today's mothers-to-be as they come. At the first prenatal visit to the hospital clinic, the women are asked to attend a few talks on maternal health. These classes are informal and relaxing. Much of the mystery of the process of childbirth is removed by using plaster models to show a mother's body during the various stages preceding childbirth, and by exploding old wives' tales.

Early in pregnancy, mothers are introduced to exercises which will teach them how to relax in the position they will assume during childbirth. These exercises are to be practiced daily in the home. So are deep-breathing exercises, which will make the mother more comfortable during her pregnancy and labor.

In the course of her visits to the hospital, a New Haven mother meets the delivery-floor nurses. She gets to know the resident physicians. She is taken through the labor rooms and the delivery room, so that these will hold no unfamiliar terrors for her later.

Through all the series of prenatal hospital visits, no mother at New Haven ever hears the word "pain." She is only told about "contractions"—what they mean and how she may best breathe and relax when they come. The *joy* of motherhood is stressed to her.

What do the records show? Of 69 of the first patients, seven mothers felt no "discomfort" whatsoever (several of them were so unaware of the contractions that a nurse had to tell them when they came). Twelve others reported "mild discomfort," 16 "moderate discomfort," and five "severe discomfort." Twenty-nine reported pain; six "mild," 13 "moderate" and ten "severe." Since one woman's "discomfort" may be another's "severe pain" these findings are not scientific; they indicate, however, that these mothers are not going to leave the hospital with the remark common to others: "Never again!"

Far from it. For the reports written by the mothers for the doctors' use are extraordinary testimonials:

"What were your feelings when labor began?" is answered with, "I felt like singing" . . . "I was happy all day long" . . . "I wanted to call everybody and shout the good news to them."

Thoughts That Ease Delivery

"What did you think about in the labor room?" brings forth answers like these: "I thought about how lucky I was to have my husband there to help" . . . "I tried *not* relaxing, to see if my exercises really made a difference. As soon as I stopped, it became terrible, so I relaxed again" . . . "There's a wonderful sense of accomplishing a goal."

The reports on delivery itself sometimes have a note of high exaltation like this: "Hearing the baby cry was the greatest thrill I've ever known. No pain would have made me want to miss knowing that moment. But there *was* no pain."

Quite typical of scores of reports is this statement: "It never occurred to me to want gas. I'll never let my daughter grow up to be afraid."

There are critics of "natural childbirth." Some of the sharpest criticism has come from those who confuse the Read method with hypnotism. The staff of New Haven Hospital scoffs at this. Hypnotism, they point out, is a very deliberate process. Certainly no efforts to hypnotize the patients have been made with the Read method.

Some doctors who were impressed by the Read method have thought that only private patients could be given the time-consuming prenatal attention necessary to root out inherent fears. The New Haven experiment has shown that this is not true: A few brief talks by the doctor given to 20 or 30 women at a time seem enough to banish ignorance and fear from most of the patients' minds.

There are some varieties of cases in which "natural childbirth" can never work. The New Haven records indicate that women of very low intelligence are not able to grasp the meaning of the lectures, are lax about performing the relaxation exercises. There are a few other women too indifferent and irresponsible to attend the classes regularly; a third group are women with so devastating a fear that they are classed as neurotic.

Doctors from distant cities are beginning to study the methods of the obstetric ward of the New Haven Hospital. They are particularly interested in technical matters which need not disturb you or me—on how the necessity for operative deliveries appears to be cut down by natural childbirth, on how lack of drugging of the mother may improve the baby's start in life, on how the lack of fear of future childbirths may encourage mothers to another pregnancy as soon as nature will allow it.

But the real truth about the new method versus the old is summed up by a reception girl in the hospital entrance. She says, "When mothers used to leave with their new babies the doctors would crack at them, 'See you next year.' Most of the women would say, 'You will not!' Today, do you know what mothers answer? They say, 'I hope so. It was wonderful.' Tie that!"

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"We agreed years ago, Switzer's Old Fashioned LICORICE has IT"

IT's that good old fashioned licorice flavor

AT CANDY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

SWITZER'S — ST. LOUIS
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..the comfort lasts!

They're STA-SIZED for lasting comfort!

Yes . . . wear Wigwams . . . wash 'em . . . wear 'em again. Repeat as often as you like . . . it makes no difference . . . because they're STA-SIZED for lasting comfort. That means no binding, bunching, chafing ever. It means snug, foot-cushioning comfort always, even on the hardest hunting trails. Wear Wigwams — Wigwams wear well!

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at leading sporting goods and department stores

Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

HOW ABE SAPERSTEIN MADE A BASKETBALL BONANZA OF HIS HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS

IN THE fall of 1926, Abe Saperstein was looking for a job. A Negro basketball team on Chicago's South Side was looking for a coach. Saperstein (twenty-four years old, five feet three inches, 110 pounds) got the job for the logical reason that he was the only applicant.

The merger of little Saperstein and the Savoy Big Five was an immediate and continuous financial failure. At the end of the season the proprietors of the Savoy Ballroom (wherein the Big Five played) abandoned basketball.

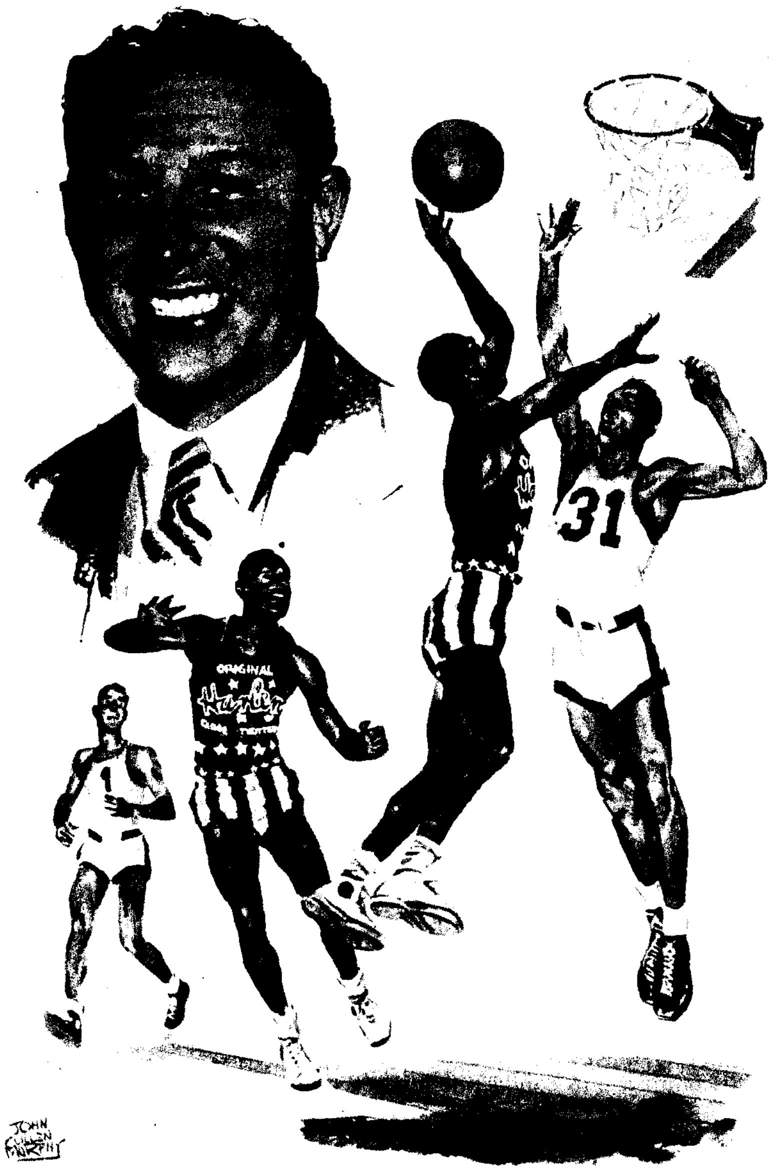
Saperstein assembled the Big Five (of which there were eight) and made a proposition: "Let's change our name to the Harlem Globetrotters and barnstorm the country." The Big Five acquiesced.

In November, 1927, Saperstein's Harlem Globetrotters rolled westward in two fourthhand autos. Between Miles City, Montana, and Glasgow, a blizzard dropped the temperature to thirty below, and clutch trouble stalled the "club car." ("The good one with only 79,000 miles on it," Saperstein recalls.)

Abe and four players transferred to the "baggage car," which promptly expired in a fender-deep drift. Everybody got out and pushed, except Inman Jackson, the driver. When the car hit a clear patch and rolled under its own power, everybody except Saperstein jumped on the running board and coasted to the next drift. Saperstein jumped and missed.

"So there I was," he says, "on my hands and knees—thirty below zero—pitch dark—a blinding blizzard—miles from civilization.

"Lucky for me, the car ran smack into a sheepherder's shack about 400 yards from where I fell off. Another car was stalled there, too, so there were 13 people in that shack when I crawled in—eight players, four strangers from the other car, and the sheepherder. Thirteen people—and nine sheep. Sometimes when people remark what a soft touch the Globetrotters are, I ask them if they've ever inhaled for three days in a 20-by-14 room with thirteen people and nine sheep. They think I'm crazy."



The Globetrotters have four simple rules and a .929 average

Over a 20-year period, Abe's Globetrotters have had a .929 average against the top teams in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba and Hawaii. Last year, they trotted 50,000 miles, played before half a million fans and won 152 games while losing five.

"People wonder how we stay fresh," Abe says, "especially when we use only eight men, travel by day and play every night from November to April. Well, we do four simple things:

"Every player tapes his ankles and wears kneepads. In more than 3,000 games, we've had 29 ankle injuries—none serious.

"Instead of using the fast-break, fire-engine style of offense, we pass fast, run slow and throw in comedy routines. One of our players spins a ball on his index finger for a minute. It gives the customers a laugh and it gives us a rest. We eat a big meal right after a game and hop in our bus around midnight. We travel a hundred miles in the time the players would be trying to get to sleep if they'd gone to a hotel after the game.

"The players talk over their games, play by play, while they're relaxing—they learn a lot that way."

Saperstein's coaching technique is simple. "Every player shoots best from a certain spot or angle. We just work out an offense that lets our players shoot from those spots."

Skill, showmanship and scientific scheduling explain the Globetrotters' box-office pre-eminence. "People think of Yakima, Washington, as an apple center," Saperstein explains. "I know Yakima as a good Thursday-night basketball town. Los Angeles is good on Mondays, but you'll starve Tuesdays—that's fight night."

Saperstein anticipates a basketball boom in South America. "The Philippines, too. I flew to Manila last year during our Hawaiian Islands jaunt. Never saw anything like Manila. All the kids play basketball—you'd think you were in Evansville, Indiana."

THE CAMERA EYE

Not many years ago a New England jockey came down to New York to take a mount against Don Meade. The New Englander drove inside another rider. Meade, lying third farther out, yelled, "Now you got him in there. Throw him in the infield."

The New Englander, familiar with the rough-riding reputation of New York jockeys, dropped back to a discreet fourth—and stayed there.

Nowadays the rawest apprentice would laugh at such a crack. Cameras film every foot of every race. The jockeys know it, and they don't foul.

The camera is the infallible sports detective. Track and field coaches use it to eliminate flaws in technique.

Football coaches run through films of important games eight or ten times. And each week the 400 members of the American Football Coaches Association report the findings of their camera analyses exclusively for Collier's All-America Selection Board. When two halfbacks come down the stretch in the All-America Handicap, Collier's Selection Board has the evidence to determine the photo-finish winner.

THOSE COMISKEYS!

Did Mrs. Grace Comiskey, president of the Chicago White Sox, fire manager Ted Lyons, a competent and aggressive baseball man, because she got wind of comments made recently by three rival club owners?

"We know the Comiskeys are nice people," they said, "but the Comiskeys simply can't run a ball club. They've squandered what is potentially the best franchise in the league by putting atrocious ball clubs on the field for almost 30 years. Our clubs spend plenty of time and money developing stars that draw customers in Chicago—and would pack Comiskey Park if Chicago had a contending team—but the Comiskey Clowns never draw a nickel into our parks. The White Sox are a financial burden on the whole league, and it's about time we did something about it."

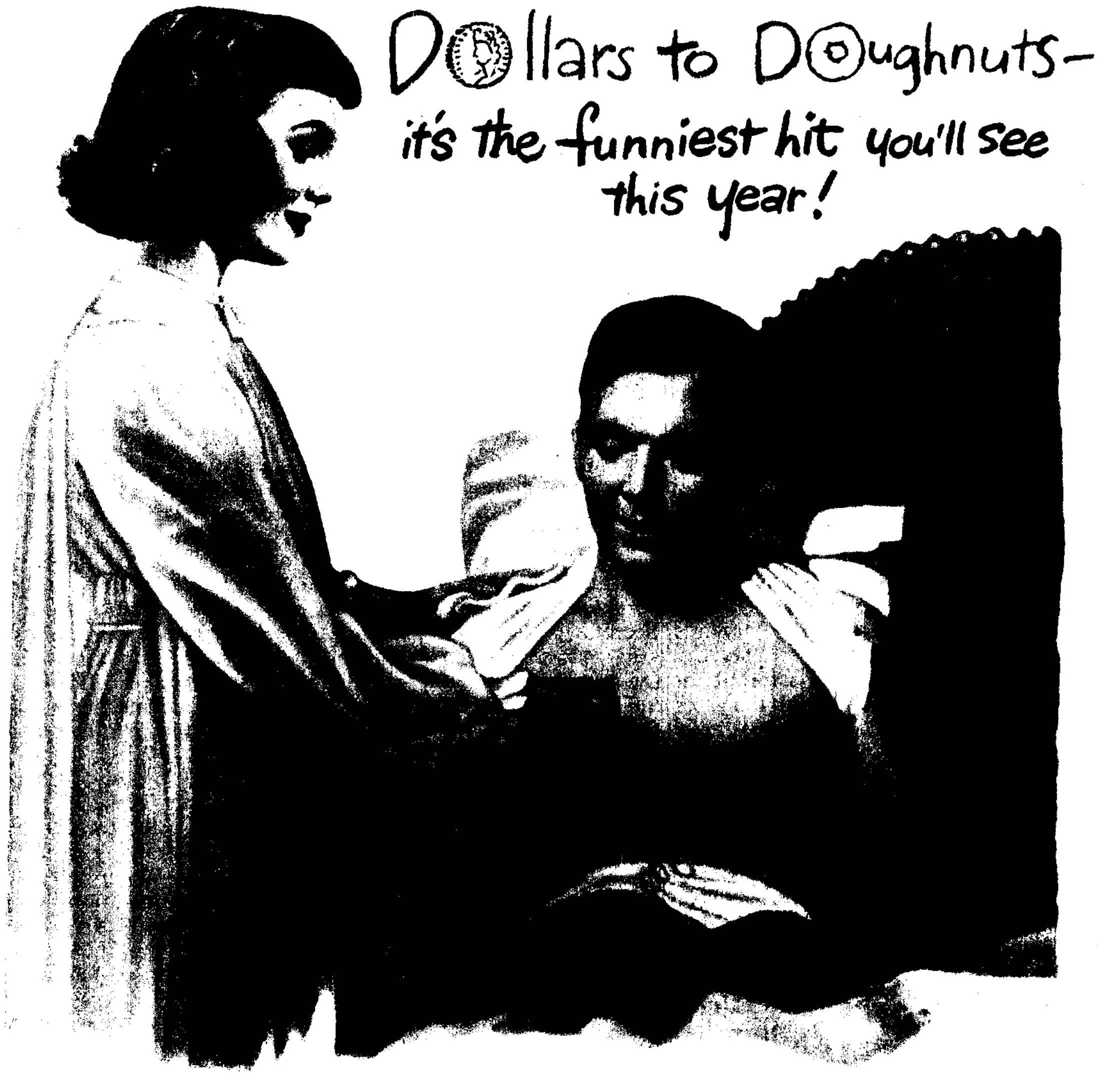
Will Harridge, the American League president, is helpless. So is Commissioner Chandler. As long as the Comiskeys pay their bills and assemble a team each spring, they can keep the franchise.

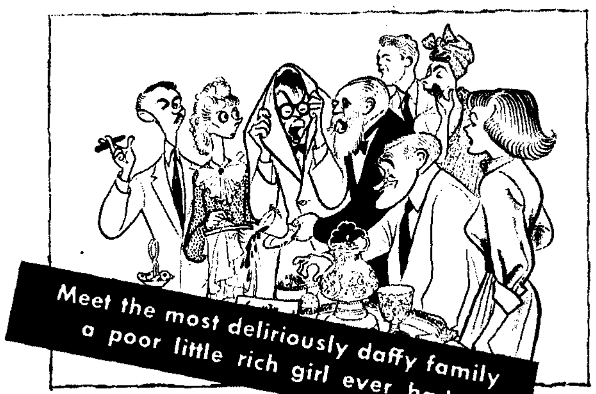
TONGUE-TWISTER TRIO

Benny Oosterbaan, Michigan's football coach, was a component of the most lyrical double-play combination of all time—a trio which surpassed even the storied Tinker to Evers to Chance. Michigan box scores of the 1920s read: Puckelwartz to Poomerening to Oosterbaan.

DRAWING BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

Dollars to Doughnuts—
it's the funniest hit you'll see this year!





Meet the most deliriously daffy family a poor little rich girl ever had . . .

JOHN LUND—It cost him $6,666,666.66 a syllable to say—"I Love You"!

WANDA HENDRIX—She blushed to her toes when her "brother(?)" kissed her as no brother should.

BARRY FITZGERALD—He's a male nurse to a whacky heir to millions!

MONTY WOOLLEY—"The Beard" is now Schuyler the Schemer's Uncle!

Nation's Comedy Kings Say "You Must See It!"

BOB HOPE says—
"Here's a picture that has almost as many laughs as Crosby has dollars."

BING CROSBY says—
"How funny can you get? It should have happened to Hope."

BETTY HUTTON says—
"It's murder! So funny, it'll make you die laughing."

EDDIE CANTOR says—
"You'll be holding your sides when you see this blue ribbon cast romp through the funniest picture in years."

in

"Miss Tatlock's Millions"

Paramount's Greatest Laugh Hit!

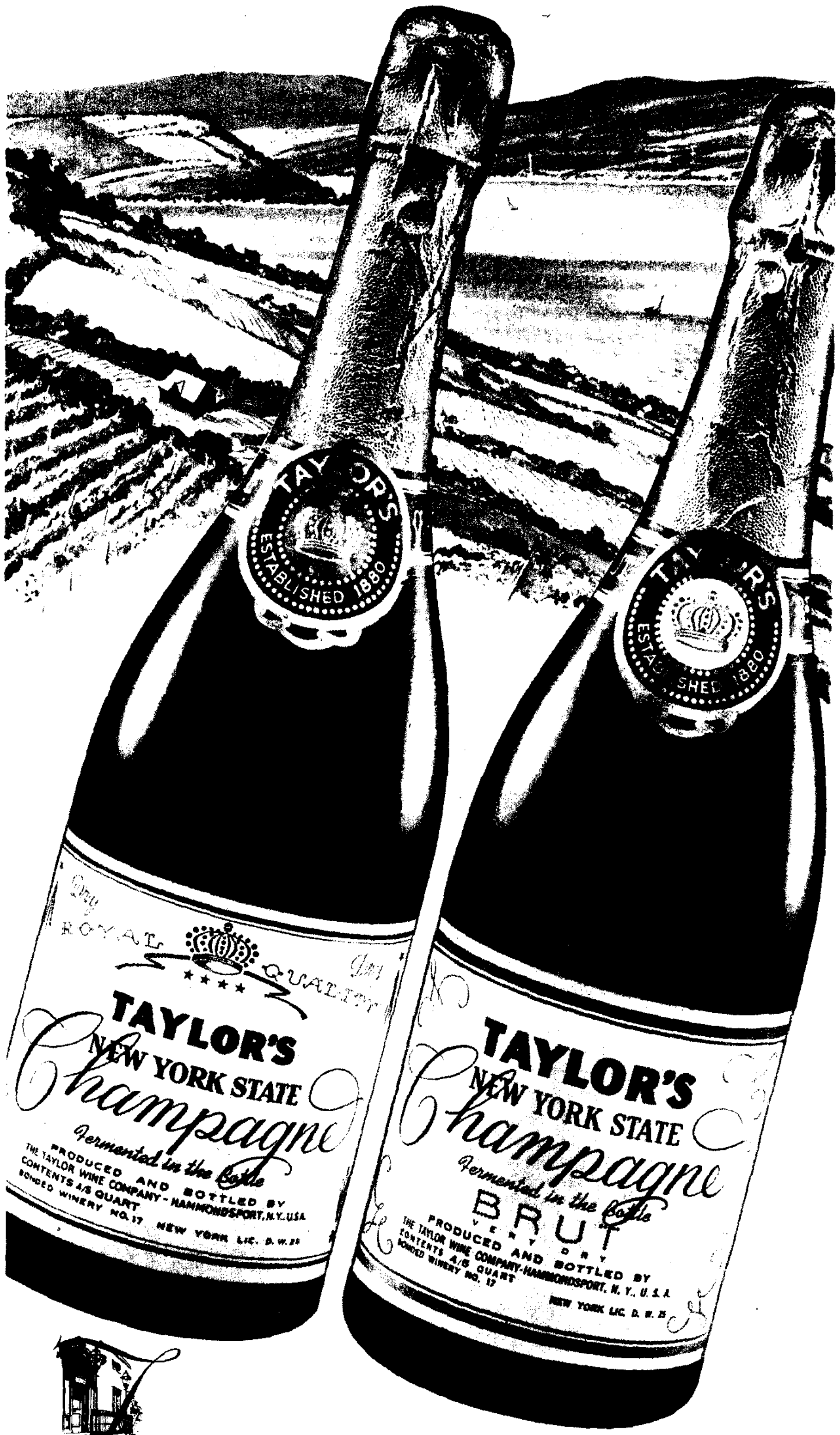
with
ILKA CHASE
ROBERT STACK
DOROTHY STICKNEY
ELIZABETH PATTERSON

Produced by
CHARLES BRACKETT
Directed by
RICHARD HAYDN

Screenplay by Charles Brackett and Richard L. Breen · Suggested by a play by Jacques Deval

from New York State's Garden of the Vines...

CAPTURED FLAVOR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Dry ROYAL QUALITY
TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Champagne
Fermented in the bottle
TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Champagne
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VERY DRY

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NEW YORK STATE *Champagnes*

From the Famous Cellars at HAMMONDSPORT · NEW YORK

THE WHITE HOUSE SHUDDERS

Continued from page 14

better than did their harassed housekeepers. Ava Long, the Hoover housekeeper, recalls in her memoirs that on the morning after a series of formal dinner parties a cook was carried unconscious from the kitchen.

Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt, the Roosevelt housekeeper, published one of her mistress' memos. "Mrs. Nesbitt: There will be 5,000 to tea."

But if Presidents complain of crowding and discomfort it is nothing compared to their lack of privacy. The White House is a mecca for tourists, and each morning, between ten o'clock and noon, around 2,000 sight-seers visit the exhibits on the basement floor and the state parlors, stopping the guards to ask personal questions about how the President lives.

"No chief of state anywhere has to put up with what ours does," said Julius Krug, Truman's Secretary of the Interior. "He can't go out on his back lawn without the tourist peering at him through the gates as if he were part of the exhibit."

Several tourists have managed to escape the guards and find their way up the grand staircase to the Chief Executive's private quarters. Two ladies from Kansas almost broke in on the Trumans while they were having lunch. Stopped just before they were about to open the dining-room door, they claimed to have lost their way.

The Price of High Office

But when the President *does* want a little company, the public won't play. One summer day, just after Truman had moved into the mansion, he heard the sound of a boys' ball game in the park across the way. He pushed back his papers and started off down the lawn, with the Secret Service in step behind. He passed through the gate and quietly joined the little audience behind the catcher's box.

After a moment one of the players looked up, gaped, then shouted, "It's the President!"

That broke up the ball game. Truman sadly turned back to the house and the iron gate clanged depressingly behind him.

The White House is not just the President's home. Some of the visitors assume part ownership in the place. After large state functions, the inventory always shows the loss of spoons, forks, napkins and ash trays. As losses have to be replaced out of the President's expense account, the servants are ordered to keep a sharp eye on things. For instance, they may suggest tactfully to a guest, "Let *me* put that napkin down for you, sir."

But Things Still Disappear

Even so, bits of the White House keep disappearing, including the fringe from the brocade draperies in the East Room.

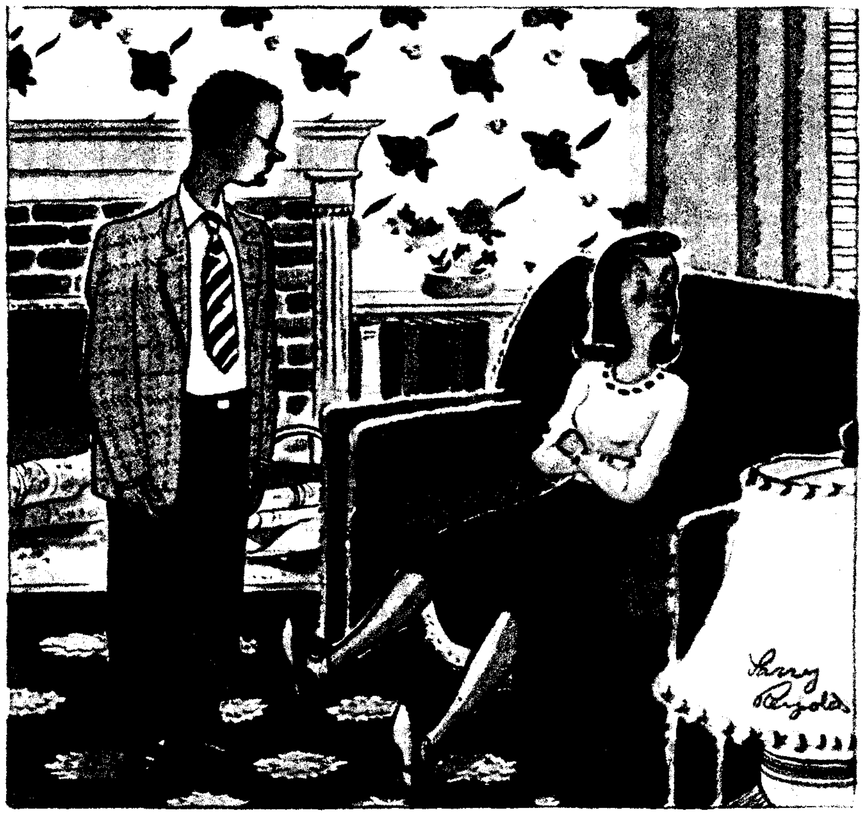
"You can't ask an attaché from Bulgaria or anywhere else to shake himself," one of the servants complained.

When a President takes office it's not unusual for him to debate the question: "Should I live in the White House at all?"

It occurred most forcibly to Grover Cleveland. The only President with a furlough between his two terms, he had enjoyed the luxury of living in his own home betweentimes. When he returned for his second administration he proposed that Congress build a new White House. Congress, in the midst of a depression, was shocked, and the idea was dropped.

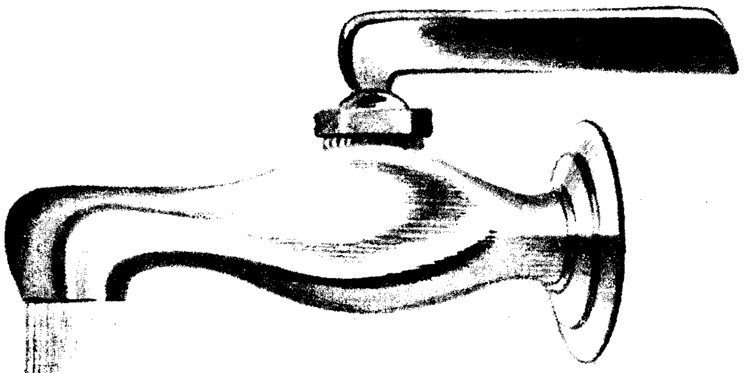
A few years later President McKinley considered another plan to make the White House fit to live in—new, substantial buildings, added to each flank of the White House, one to house the President's offices and the other for state receptions and wandering tourists. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, overwrought by seeing rats in the basement and guests sleeping on billiard tables, had suggested this to him.

But when McKinley broached the idea to the public, 48 architectural societies stormed their protests, declaring the plan monstrous, that it would dwarf the classic lines of the White House and produce



"Well, how about giving back my letters? There's some good material in them I can use again"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS



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LOOK TO THE *fabric* FIRST

Pacific
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CARBURETOR
YELLO BOLE
Honey-treated
SELECTED BRIAR $2.50
Cool air is drawn in here
Mixes with smoke

For the man with a sensitive tongue

NEW CARBURETOR

cools your smoke— makes it mild

Bowl of pipe is yellow because it is treated with real bees' honey. No "breaking-in" is required. Cool air drawn through the patented* Carburetor keeps the bottom of the bowl dry, so there is never a "wet heel". A pipe that beginners can enjoy without having to accustom themselves to it. Ask for Carburetor Yello-Bole at dealers, $2.50. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Estab. 1851, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

*U. S. PAT. NO. 2,082,106

This picture of Honey Girl is displayed wherever Yello-Boles are sold.

Identify Yello-Bole pipes by the honey-seal in the bowl. It keeps the honey fresh.

a structure never before seen on earth. Until his assassination McKinley dallied with the notion of a private home for his residence in Washington.

But Theodore Roosevelt, who did remodel the White House, declared that the old mansion was the only fit and proper place for the President. His daughter, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, however, told a different story: "We never thought of the White House as home and we made no effort to live there. Every chance we had, we'd go back to Long Island."

But the people, who send their elected leader to live there, lovingly consider it the first home in the land. Its construction began around 1792, when the capital was still in Philadelphia. Congress offered $500 for the best design of a President's home for the government city of Washington, and James Hoban, an Irish architect from South Carolina, won the prize. Hoban drew his plans from the home of an Irish duke near Dublin. George Washington, who never saw it occupied, approved Hoban's mansion and belabored Congress for funds to build it.

Hardships of the Adamses

President John Adams and his wife Abigail, the first tenants, moved into the house in 1800. They made their way to the front door past workmen's shacks, walking over planks covering mudholes.

Abigail Adams complained bitterly. Only six rooms were habitable and, even with all the fireplaces going, the house was cold.

A swamp ran south behind it to the Potomac River, and there was no place for the President's wife to hang her laundry except in the East Room, then plastered but unpainted.

Thomas Jefferson refused to move in when he was inaugurated, until Congress promised money to improve the place. For Jefferson, a widower, and James Madison, his successor, the gracious Dolly Madison served as first lady. She brought the woman's touch to the house, wheedling funds from Congress and spending them on upholsteries and draperies. In 1814, when the mansion was almost fit to live in, the British attacked the new City of Washington and burned the house down.

After the White House was rebuilt, the Monroes moved in, importing their furnishings and their manners from Europe.

But when Andrew Jackson entered in 1829, he turned his back on elegance. Reputedly a great commoner, Old Hickory invited throngs to see him inaugurated and stop at the house later for refreshments. By nightfall, 20,000 guests were making themselves at home. They raided the President's pantry, stood on the fine upholstery, broke the back of the Monroe French Imperial sofa and toasted their hero with sticky punch. Finally, the party got so rough that Old Hickory fled through a window and didn't come back until morning.

After that, the pattern was set. The White House no longer belonged to the President: it belonged to the people. When Martin Van Buren turned back the tide by bolting his doors, the voters called him "Van Buren the Magnificent" and reminded him that his father was an innkeeper.

Later, he asked for a mere $27,000 to modernize the furnishings, and Congress leaped at him.

Congressman Ogle of Pennsylvania roared, "Will the people feel longer inclined to support their chief servant in a palace as splendid as that of the Caesars and as richly adorned as the proudest Asiatic mansion?"

One hundred and seven years later, the same kind of invective met Mr. Truman's proposal for a balcony on the south portico. The President simply wanted a second-story porch, where he could sit outdoors evenings in private. Besides, he argued, the balcony would eliminate the south portico's unsightly awnings, which hung like buckteeth from the classic Ionic columns. But the President wasn't asking for Congressional funds. He had saved enough out of his household expense account to foot the bill.

It was the press which declared its disapproval. Editors reminded Mr. Truman that his tenure in the White House was temporary.

"The President's tenure is always temporary," Mr. Truman replied stiffly.

The New York Herald Tribune said the President had displayed "a lamentable penchant for meddling with a historic structure which the nation prefers to retain as it is."

Finally, the Washington Post, which had once seemed friendly to Mr. Truman, added its stinging comment: "The old south portico was private enough for Woodrow Wilson to propose marriage to Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt."

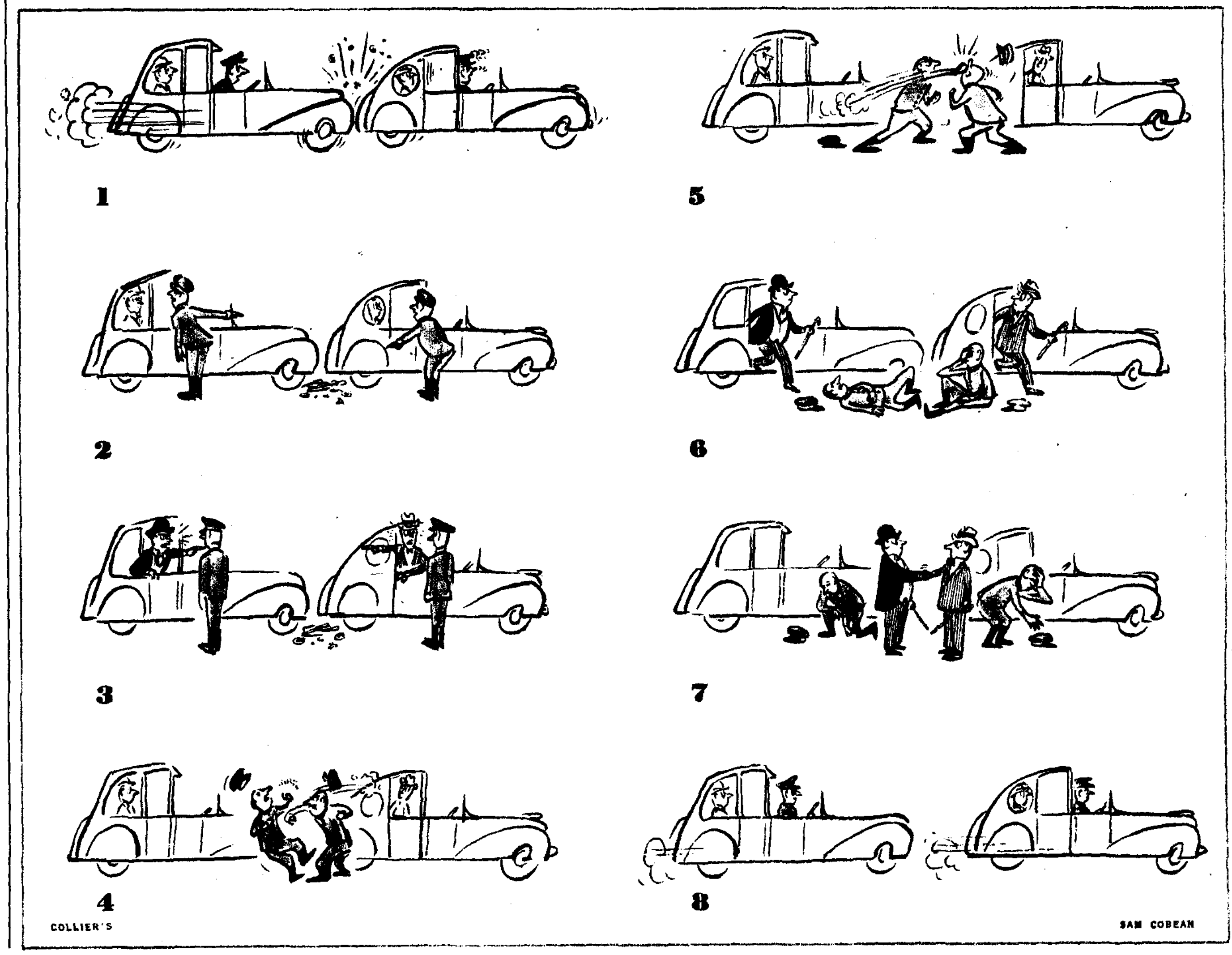
He Knows the House Well

Except for the balcony, the White House is much as it was when Mr. Truman first came there. And even the balcony, according to White House architect Lorenzo S. Winslow, was constructed so that it can be removed within ten days if a future President dislikes it. Mr. Winslow, a good-humored New Englander with a graying mustache, has been in the house since 1930. He knows it from its basement kitchen to its creaking attic joists.

A skilled technician, Mr. Winslow is disinclined to believe the fanciful legends of ghosts in the White House. He had heard reports of strange tappings at night, of the sound of footsteps coming downstairs, of the weird creakings on the second floor where Abraham Lincoln once paced.

"Of course this is unreasonable," Mr. Winslow said. "The sounds aren't hard to explain. There are hundreds of tons of wood in this house, and at night, when the air cools off, the wood has a tendency to snap.

"But folks who stay around here for long still get those strange feelings," he added. "Sometimes I get them myself. And then I remind myself that no President who passed away would come back to the White House to haunt it, considering what he went through while he lived here." ◻◻◻



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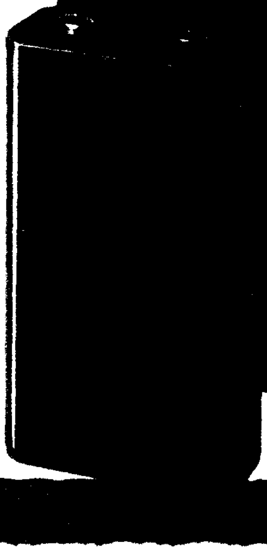

No. 1005E—Actual Size
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Here's great news for users of single-unit hearing aids!

It's the new "Eveready" "A" battery No. 1005E that *lasts three times as long* as its predecessor! The new battery uses a radically new electro-chemical principle. It has a "carbon lung" that automatically "breathes" oxygen from the air, to maintain virtually constant voltage!

This remarkably compact power unit was developed through wartime research in the world's largest dry-battery laboratory—the same laboratory that introduced the revolutionary "Eveready" "Mini-Max" "B" battery that made small, self-contained hearing aids possible.

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HOW IT OPERATES:

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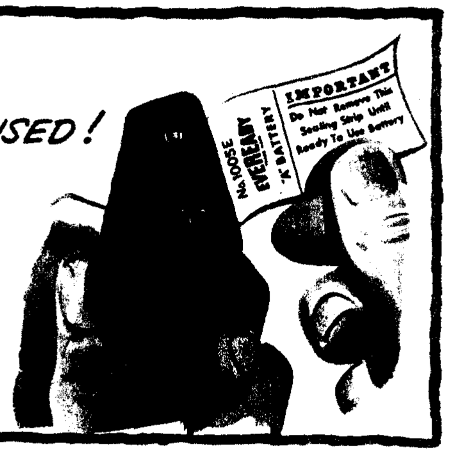
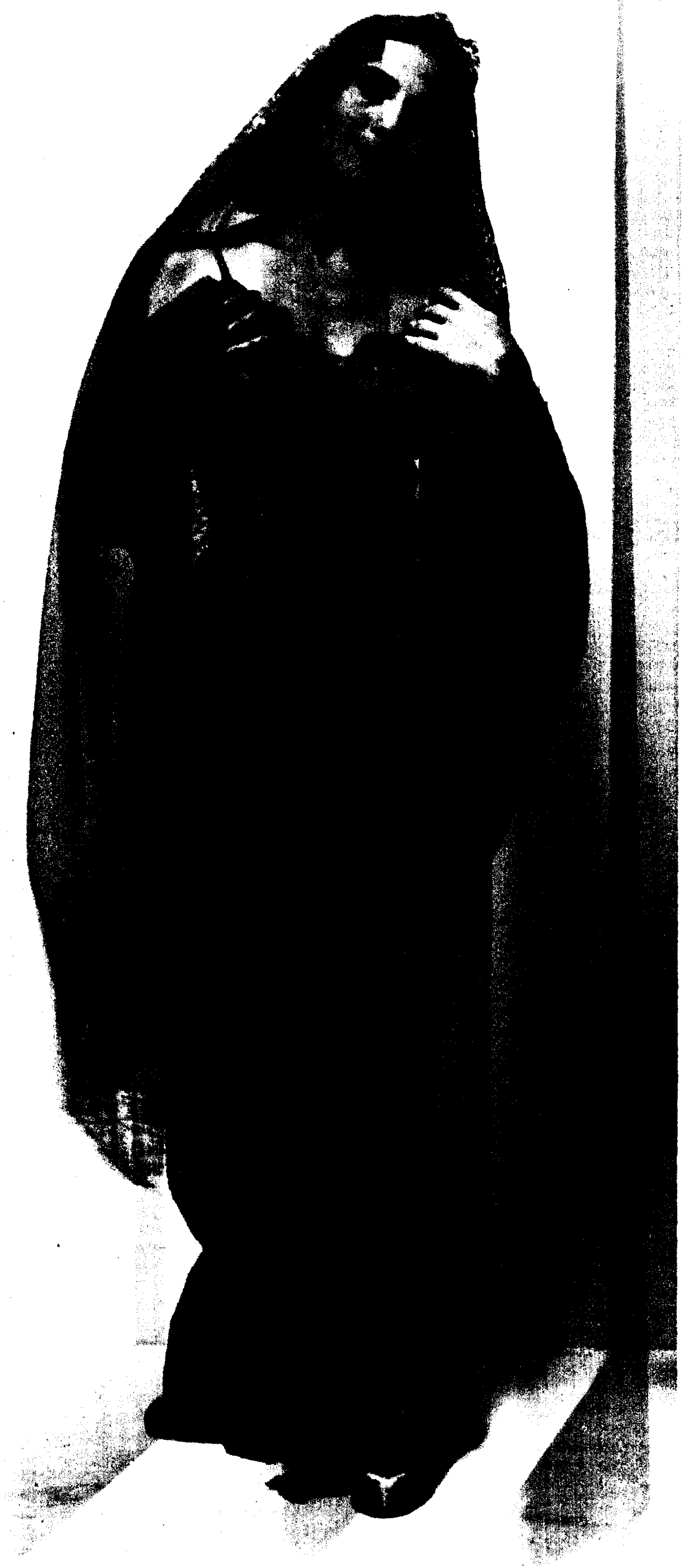

No. 1005E
EVEREADY
"A" BATTERY
IMPORTANT
Do Not Remove This Sealing Strip Until Ready To Use Battery



Dream Stuff

to Sleep in

By TOBÉ

The sari and stole, companion pieces to the latest costume nightdress, will add Old World glamor to the boudoir

FOR the first time in the history of Paris fashions, the great designers have literally turned night into day with the creation of the costume nightdress. It is distinguished from the sweet nothings of lingerie we're used to because it's all of a piece—even all of a color—with the dramatic daytime clothes of the season. Those lovely costume accessories that make the new dresses exciting—the sari and the stole—have been adapted to the nightdress.

And when it comes to color, the abrupt Cinderella change at midnight is out; your night clothes should match daytime clothes for complete color harmony. That's why three of those we chose for you here are gray—in variations of the enchanting smoky fall color that's one of the most important of the season.

And again, when we wanted to show Collier's readers the newest fashion, it was inevitable that these costume nightdresses should follow the two biggest style trends this winter—the East Indian which makes you look and feel like a maharani and the Empire which brings the elegance of the Empress Josephine right into the twentieth century.

We asked Pierre Balmain, the young Parisian dressmaker who has become a cream-of-the-crop designer, to help us. And he did, by creating the first of the sari nightdresses, modeled on this page at the left by ballerina Nathalie Krassovska, who was lured, with our other models, right off the stage of the Ballet Russe.

This Balmain original has all the between-the-eyes impact of his wrap-around East Indian evening dresses. It is worn here with the sari draped in a style close to the strictly traditional. This takes agility and know-how, but when you're through manipulating six yards of Alençon-lace-bordered chiffon in this classic way, you're ready to start throwing bread to the peacocks.

Then we got the American house of Chevette to make us a beautiful adaptation (second from the right on the opposite page) in a slightly lighter shade of gray than the deep color Balmain calls "tunnel." This is modeled by dancer Irma Sandré, who wears it wound around the waist like a sash and tossed over the shoulder.

It's the stole that makes the two elegant Empire nightgowns enough to put any breakfast table in a marble-top mood. These actually involve less yardage and management than the saris, but in a completely different way are as deceptively alluring. Sylvia Pedlar, the young American designer who first brought the peignoir back on the scene, made these two Empire gowns for us.

The young breathless one in bridal white, worn by ballerina Mary Ellen Moylan at the extreme right of the opposite page, and the sophisticated pearl gray, its stole gracefully borne aloft by dancer Edwina Fontaine, third from the right on the opposite page, show two moods of the same style.

A new fashion, yes, but created from the age-old insistence that a beautiful nightgown is as important to the morale as the clothes you wear for more public applause.

Send your questions on lingerie with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Women's Fashion Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TONI FRISSELL

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THROUGH HELL AND HIGH BRASS

Continued from page 19

But the next thing Jim knew—and the nearest to an official intimation he ever got that MacArthur had thumbed him down—Major General George Churchill Kenney said goodby in the Pentagon and took off for MacArthurland.

Doolittle's intimates still get a kick out of speculating upon the sparks that might have flown if the second of his "frank speeches" in 1942 had been made to MacArthur, instead of to Eisenhower. It was, however, not to be Doolittle's fate to encounter the Pacific generalissimo until three years later—and then, only after he had been thoroughly schooled by Eisenhower personally on the subject of "How to Talk to Mac."

Meanwhile, nobody briefed Doolittle for his meeting with Eisenhower.

Two Jobs of Salesmanship

Kenney gone, Arnold called him in again and said, "There's going to be an invasion of North Africa. George Patton has been recommended for ground command. He is looking for an airman. I have recommended you. Go see him immediately. If you can sell yourself to Patton, then both of you will have to go to London and sell yourselves to Eisenhower!"

General George Smith Patton, Jr., was another "first" meeting for Doolittle; and it was "Georgie" and "Jimmy" right off, for these two swam in the same salty waters. Kindred foes of fiddle-faddle, and graphic practitioners of four-letter truthfulness, they embarked upon a driving collaboration that was to save time and lives for the United States.

Doolittle—it was now August of 1942—flew with Patton to London for their joint "sales talk" with Eisenhower. The latter already had been nominated Supreme Allied Commander for "Operation Torch," to use the cloak-and-dagger nomenclature that was fashionable with statesmen and soldiers alike in World War II but for which no reasonable explanation above a Boy Scout level has ever been given.

Resembling, side by side, a large and a small volcano "Georgie" and "Jimmy" marched into the Eisenhower presence.

This was still another first meeting for Doolittle, whose chat with Eisenhower began amiably enough. By comparison with most of his predecessors in top Army brackets, Eisenhower was a sincere and resolute plugger for the air. It is of record, however, that in those days Eisenhower often remarked that while people usually thought of a flying combat force as extremely mobile it was really one of the least mobile of fighting units because it was chained to static bases by ground crews and supply and repair facilities that were cumbersome to move to new locations.

Air Bases to Win Battles

In this vein he remarked to Doolittle that what, in his opinion, was needed more than anything else in the scheme of air things was air bases—lots and lots of 'em, everywhere. For, he said, wherever we had plenty of air bases established we could win any battle.

This view happened to be a disturbing one to Doolittle. He had given it much alarmed thought, for he knew that it was commonly held by numerous air-friendly but not air-steeped diplomatic and military leaders. Whether recognized as such or not, it was in a sense a hangover of the earlier ground and naval idea of planes as merely extensions of artillery and rifle barrels; and it persisted until World War II showed the far wider possibilities of air *force* and the far greater meaning of air *power.*

To Doolittle, in his combination of businessman with airman, the apparent contradiction of fighting planes, with their furious mobility, being deemed comparatively immobile military units had a plain answer!

With the warmth and directness typical of him, he instantly argued that it did not follow that the numerous air bases Eisenhower advocated could be worth while or a whole solution of themselves alone—unless fighting plane mobility was backed up by logistics peculiar to its needs and matching its pace. Full advantage *could* be taken of the mobility of planes if the *critical* parts of air base supply, and the changes of air base locations, were accomplished by the Air Force's own logistics—at air speeds, not at ground speeds.

Otherwise, Doolittle contended, air bases of themselves alone might be worse than useless.

This was a rudiment of *military* air power that Doolittle always had to battle for, taking on all comers, throughout the war. He continually shouted for air lift where required; screamed for shipping, road or rail where those seemed best; yelled for his own trucks and transport planes; fought to build a logistical side of any and every means that would enable him to keep his combat side hitting with every gun, working with every ounce of morale—*pitching with every mile of speed.*

Once he actually used 200 *camels* to complete a movement of bulky *air* supplies forward to a newly seized flying base!

Such airmanly fervor for equivalent logistics was still pioneer thinking, outside Air Force circles, that August day in 1942 when Jimmy Doolittle "lectured" Eisenhower.

Stars Prevent Free Speech

Jim's way, moreover, was not the regulation way for a one-star general to talk to a three-star general—especially a three-star general he had never met before! It was an even more "nonreg" way for any newly reporting subordinates to talk to any supreme commanders—men not accustomed to being argued with, or to having their careful theories booted around by cocky strangers.

Eisenhower cabled to the War Department that he would like to have, as his Torch airman, Spaatz or Eaker or Frank. He did not want Doolittle.

Jim had talked himself out of a job—a job in which, he knew and others knew, his unusual endowments would be of urgent value.

His wrong-foot take-off with Eisenhower was hardly the sole reason for Doolittle's failure to be accepted: Many factors were at play.

Eisenhower himself was on a spot. A natural target for interservice jealousy because of his rise, under the wings of Krueger and Marshall, in three years from obscure lieutenant colonel to international figure—Eisenhower had a meteoric reputation to protect. Also, Torch, which was the North African invasion, would make or break his chance for the biggest and most coveted assignment of all—supreme command of Operation Overlord, the second front, or western invasion of the continent of Europe. Obviously, Eisenhower needed the best *professional* soldiers he could get, in combat posts. For all he knew, Doolittle, who had been out of the service for 12 years, might be only a flash in the pan.

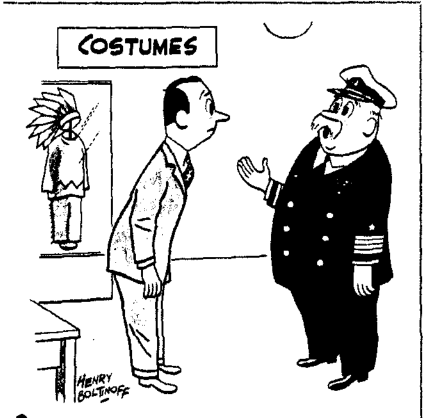
Doolittle, on his side, is not an easy "character" to digest in one gulp. He is undeniably full of the complexities and the mental (and physical!) agilities that rattle conservative people. He is aggressive, debonair, worldly; unworshipful of brass in any calling simply because it *is* brass. He has the self-assurance of Americans who by study and hard work and tough scrapping win sound fame and honest fortune strictly on their own merits. He has a resonant voice, richly and sharply clear. He knows his stuff—and says he knows it. He says what he means —*all* of it—for sweet clarity's sake.

Lastly, deeper and less definable, was the old school-tie element; the clubby feeling of Regulars against mavericks, who resign, come back as big shots, and skip grades—something that Jim felt sharply quite often during the war.

Handicapped by Background

It was against such a complex background that a great air leader had to win his way in our first real Air Force war. And he was able to do it mainly because when Eisenhower's message rejecting him reached the War Department the matter was not automatically dropped.

Great fliers were a dime a dozen in Hap Arnold's portfolio. The rare entries therein were cockpit cowboys who were also aeronautical engineers, shrewd organizers, resourceful leaders; even rarer, those who like Doolittle were, in addition, familiar at firsthand with the world and its peoples from wide foreign travels and dealings.



"I'd like to rent a costume, like the one you're wearing, for tonight!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

Besides, since their outspoken meeting had revealed that Doolittle was something more than a Hotspur of the sky, General Marshall's interest and faith in Jim had come to reinforce Arnold's.

These chiefs of staff understandably put more store in business training than Eisenhower did; for they daily saw the war's whole face. Also, they were in a sounder position to appraise Doolittle's military experience; and to appreciate the extra advantages his broader knowledge would bring to air operations in a primitive zone.

From the War Department, therefore, a cable was dispatched to Eisenhower informing him that he could have anyone he wanted for Torch, of course; but —*"We still recommend Doolittle."*

When Hints Are Commands

The gods don't make trivial suggestions; and since this was confidence that flowed down from the soldiers' Mount Olympus, Eisenhower was guided by it. Jim Doolittle, impertinence and all, was "in."

Little more than a year later Eisenhower was instrumental in having the War Department award Doolittle the Distinguished Service Medal for his work in North Africa and the Mediterranean. When Jim thanked Eisenhower for this, he received a letter from the Supreme Commander, dated September 1, 1943:

"Dear Jimmy. . . . I am not exaggerating . . . when I tell you that in my opinion you have shown, during the past year, the greatest degree of improvement of any of the senior United States officers serving in my command . . . you are every day rendering services of inestimable value to our country. It is for me, I think, to express appreciation to you. . . ."

In another respect, also, the full growth of Eisenhower's confidence in Doolittle—once past that tippy initial hurdle—was demonstrated: It was under Eisenhower that Jim won his next two stars.

Nevertheless, a Supreme Commander with "Georgie" and "Jimmy" in his official bosom was bound to have a lively time. Patton, the man he had accepted at once, perhaps in the end gave him more headaches than Doolittle, the man who sassed him into hesitation. The pangs both caused Eisenhower were usually from the same reason—he seldom could find either when he wanted them. Both were just too darn' busy, out fighting—and "winning the war."

That all came later, in Africa. Campaigns had to be planned and mounted before even the redoubtable "Georgie" could wave to the other fellows not to bother, while he stomped off to clean 'em up, singlehanded.

Operation Torch was put together, during that gloomy London autumn, in Norfolk House, St. James Square; where Doolittle, in common with the Allied staffs, daily labored from 7:00 A.M. until midnight or later. The staging of Torch was a more intricate problem of logistics and timing and politics than D-Day in Normandy.

Scores of naval fighting vessels, hundreds of ships, tens of thousands of men, hundreds of thousands of tons of equipment and supplies must sail from the United Kingdom and the United States for a rendezvous in mid-Atlantic before steaming to their landings.

Readying a Vast Air Attack

Doolittle's job was to meld into his Twelfth Air Force the groups transferred to him from the Eighth Air Force in England and the planes, supplies and personnel that would be delivered in Africa by fly-off from carriers, by ships, and by flight across the South Atlantic ferry route via Ascension Island; to co-ordinate air cover for the ground troops assaulting the shores; to organize a big air lift of personnel; also a parachute operation which, though small, was the first in American history.

Not only was Torch the largest strike ever made by Yanks on a hostile foreign shore; it was the largest true Combined Ops—land, sea, air—ever attempted; and the largest Allied joint operation up to that point in World War II.

Yet Doolittle and his ground and sea colleagues in Norfolk House, under Eisenhower, wrapped up the mammoth package in less than three months!

No secret of World War II, save the atom bomb itself, was better kept than Operation Torch—or none better guarded, to make sure it was so kept!

Doolittle and Patton were quartered in adjoining rooms at Claridge's Hotel. They lived under a security cloak beside which the Iron Curtain would seem like a pane of glass.

The walls, carpets and furniture pulsed with Dictographs. If either, in the most innocent manner, even mentioned the existence of a war, a building called Norfolk House or a geographical place named Africa, it would be repeated to him next morning in the Plans Office, along with a scorching reprimand.

But many things heard from those rooms, and never repeated in the Plans Office, must have puzzled or astonished the vigilant eavesdroppers—mostly girls —and given them moments of hilarity as well. Each night, dragging wearily home from Norfolk House to relax over beer and sandwiches before turning in,

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big "Georgie" with his squeaky voice and little "Jimmy" with his deep one would regale each other with the anecdotes for which each is notorious, and in the rapid-fire Technicolor language for which each is equally noted.

Doolittle has the knack of imitating accents perfectly; and uses it automatically. Since, in one session, his stories are likely to gad through every country he's ever been in, their secret British listeners may have suspected in the beginning that Claridge's was harboring lunatic enemy aliens. After they recovered from "shock," those little Intelligence "Wacs" doubtless learned many new things about the facts of life and the mother tongue as she can be dressed up by experts.

Jim still thinks it's a safe bet that *one* sound always in the walls' ears during those midnight conversations was never figured out by the guardian angels of Torch security. The moment Patton got home he would take out his hunting knife and sharpen it on a whetstone ominously and ceaselessly until he went to bed!

Doolittle, meantime, was building his Torch air family. Colonel (later Brigadier General) Allard had been with him in London since August. Presently General Arnold sent over three of his brightest young men: Colonels Vandenberg, Norstad and Schneider. The latter, taken seriously ill, had to drop out; but the others cut their combat and command wisdom teeth under Doolittle. Vandenberg, Jim's first chief of staff, today is a full general, in Arnold's old shoes as Chief of the Air Staff, while Larry Norstad is a lieutenant general and Deputy Chief of the Air Staff for Operations.

On November 5th, General Eisenhower and his Supreme Command Headquarters were flown to Gibraltar in a formation of Doolittle's B-17s, without incident.

Doolittle, true to his role as a man that something is always happening to, or around, was destined to have a hotter reception at "Gib." His Flying Fortress, developing mechanical trouble, did not leave England until the next day. It had no fighter escort, for the 1,500-mile flight over water, and it swung well out to sea to avoid Nazi interceptors. The waist and underside ball-turret gunners were left behind, to make room for important headquarters personages, including W. H. B. Mack of the British Foreign Office and Harrison F. Matthews of the London American embassy, political and civil affairs advisers to Eisenhower; Thomas Jefferson Davis, the Adjutant General; Brigadier Lyman Lemnitzer, of G-3 (Operations); and Major Joe Phillips, the public relations officer.

Strafed by Nazi Bombers

Off Portugal, the lone B-17 was jumped by four JU-88s, twin-engine bombers. To protect his Fort's ungunned belly, as well as to limit the dives the attackers could make on it before they had to pull out—or get wet—Lieutenant Summer, the pilot, went down so close to the wavetops that Doolittle, watching from the waist, could see the Nazi bullet splashes lacing the water. It was a tight hole for the crew. The loss of that ship and its people would have been a serious blow for Torch, just 24 hours before D-Day.

Though he was senior airman aboard, Doolittle characteristically let the kids handle their own show—until the copilot was badly wounded, whereupon he took over that job for the rest of the flight. When the enemy broke action and high-tailed for the coast, one of the JU's was smoking and weaving "like crazy," as the shorthanded Fort gunners put it, feeling pretty good. And the whole crew felt pretty good when, subsequently, Jim retained them and their ship for his operational flights.

Doolittle had known it would be necessary to make dead sure of fields on the African continent before he could throw his planes in to set up housekeeping. As a *primary base of operations for* the fighter groups from England that Jim had poised on Gibraltar, he selected Tafaroua, near Oran in Algeria, the middle prong of the three-way shore invasion.

He had ordered Colonels Allard and Norstad ahead from England, to sail in with the first beach assault parties at *Oran—and to signal him at Gib the instant* they reached Tafaroua.

The signal came in the early afternoon of D-Day, November 8th.

The first group of alerted Yank fighters—24 in British Spitfires—roared off from Gib immediately, under command of Colonel "Shorty" Hawkins.

Doolittle had planned, then pleaded, to fly the lead Spit into Tafaroua; but Eisenhower sternly vetoed him.

Fate Deals a Death Hand

When that lead Spit did glide in toward a landing at Tafaroua it was jumped from behind by four French pursuits. Flaps down, speed killed, it was a sitting duck; and the first landing ended in a slug-riddled somersault, explosion—death.

Several of the Yanks following the doomed first man in still had enough space and speed to get their flaps up, shove on the gas, and take off without stopping. They raced after the Frenchmen and shot down three.

Doolittle, in his now adopted B-17, came over on the morning of the 9th and was met by his two weary and bedraggled staff officers; but he did not pause for greetings. He ran far enough from the plane so that he could get a sweeping look at the situation on the field.

Tafaroua was still under enemy attack, from land and sky. It was a huge carpet of mud and wreckage. No Yank ground or antiaircraft defenses for it had been established.

The air lift with the 12th's supplies, so carefully planned and timetabled, had not yet appeared.

Allard and Norstad had commandeered men to siphon gasoline from hostile planes caught on the ground—and were using this to keep our first group flying.

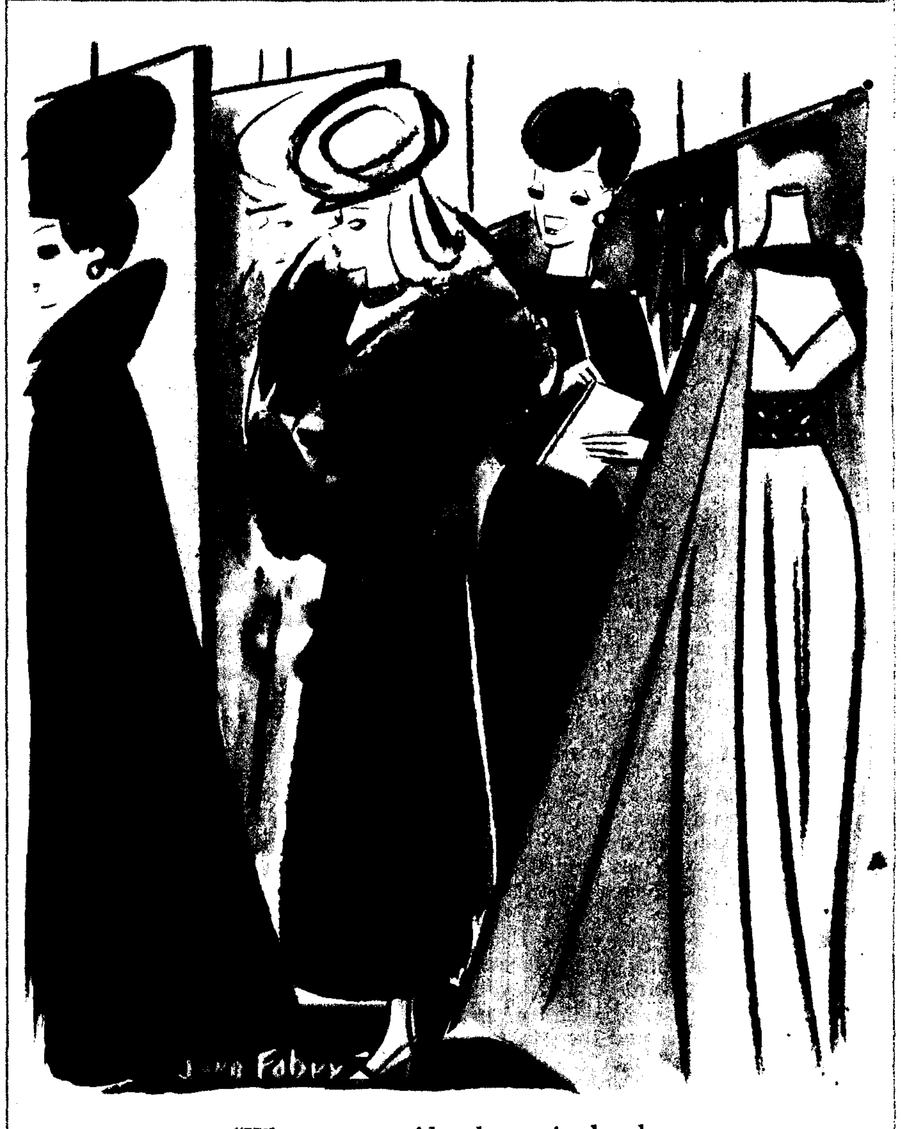
*The men were transferring ammuni*tion from the captured planes, too; and rations—anything and everything that might help a bit. There was litter and confusion and uproar everywhere; smoke, the sounds of scattered rifle and machine-gun fire near by, the pounding of naval guns and heavy artillery off toward Oran.

Bewildered natives and donkeys were scurrying across the landing strips. Alone or in squads, Yank riflemen wandered past. Nobody knew what or where or why the hell.

Northwest Africa was to serve as the kindergarten for large-scale American combat air power; Tafaroua, as one of its classrooms. Things looked mighty inauspicious, for both pupils and "teacher," at these opening sessions in a big, tough school.

Doolittle took it all in, then glanced perkily at Colonel Allard. "Jack," he said, "there's something radically cockeyed here—and I'm going to straighten it out—*fast!*"

In next week's Collier's read how Doolittle, conquering the chaos of a brand-new theater of war, finally built a striking force which snapped the enemy's life line from Italy to North Africa.



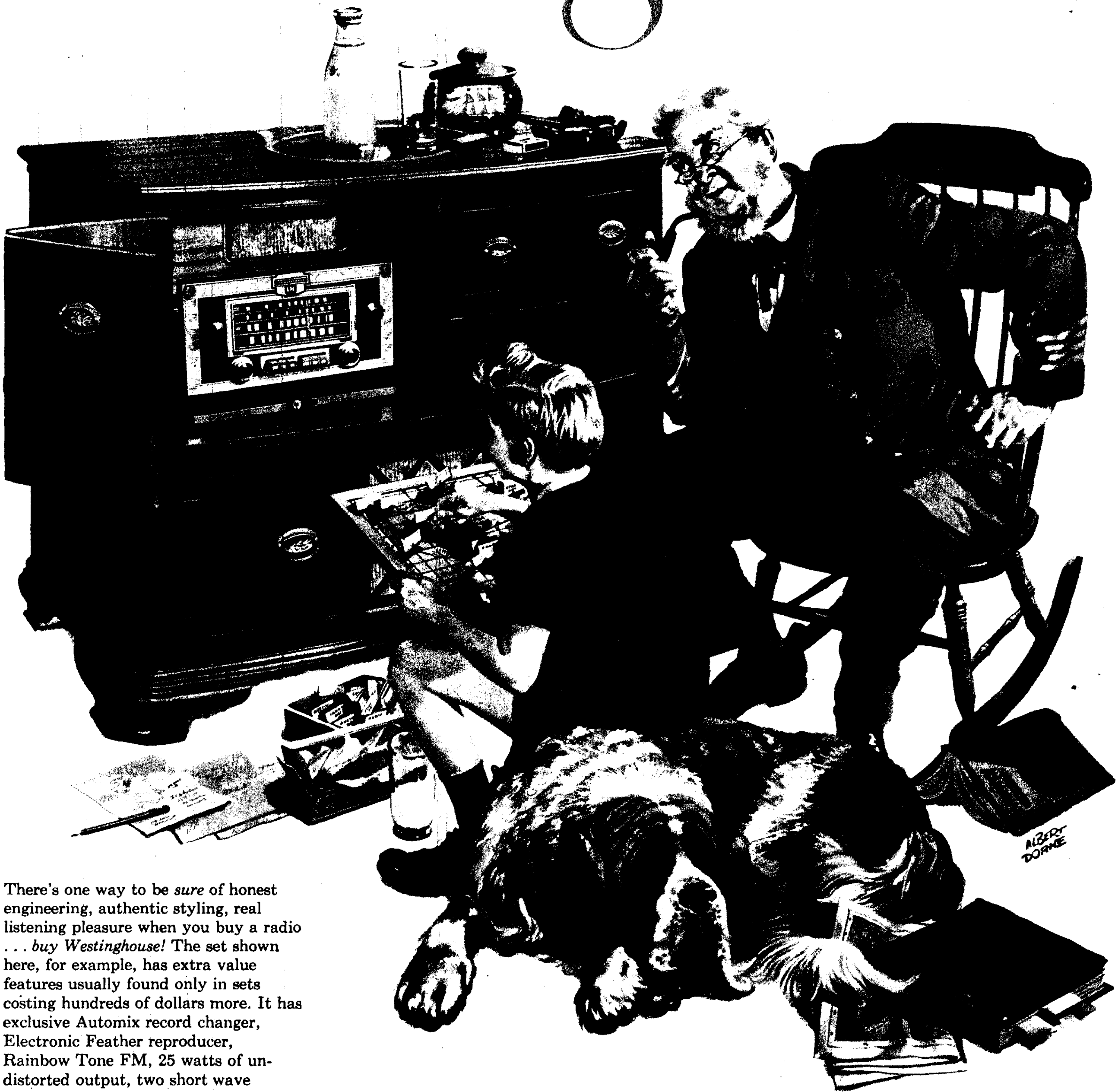
COLLIER'S

"When you consider the tax is already included—the 5 G's isn't too stiff!"

JARO FABRY

You can be __sure__... if it's

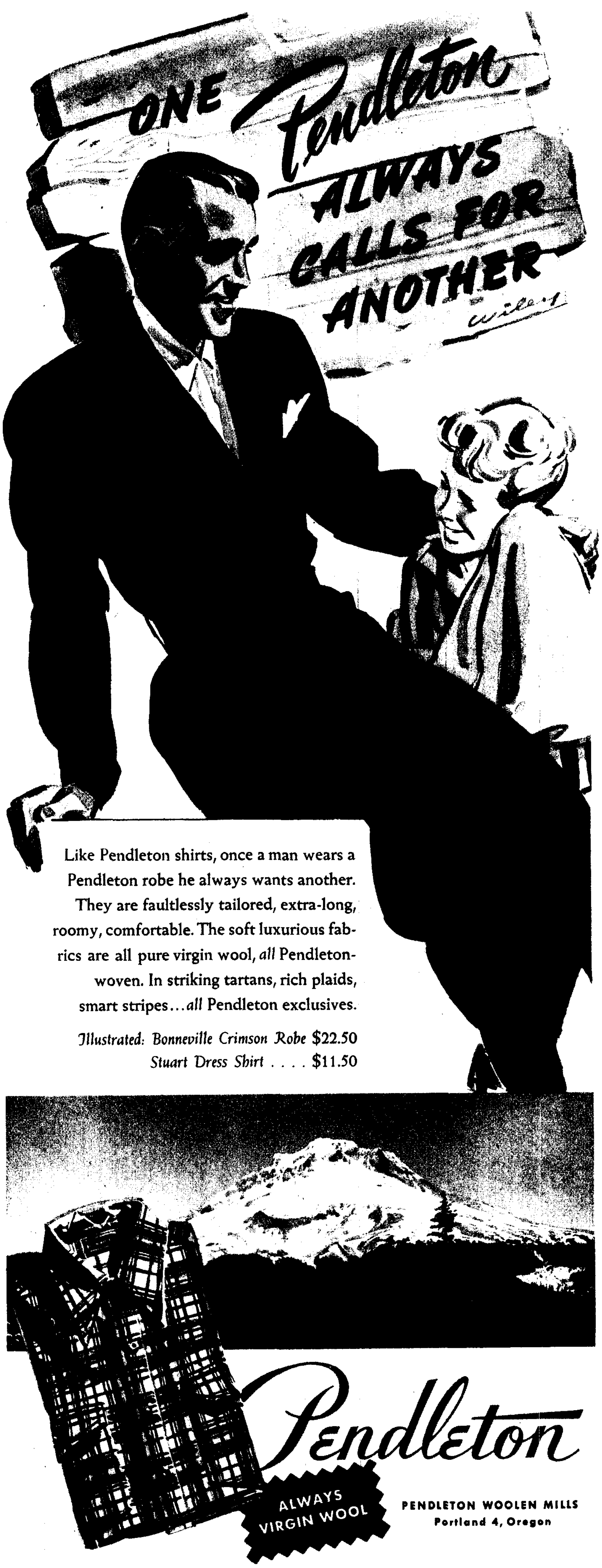
Westinghouse



There's one way to be *sure* of honest engineering, authentic styling, real listening pleasure when you buy a radio . . . *buy Westinghouse!* The set shown here, for example, has extra value features usually found only in sets costing hundreds of dollars more. It has exclusive Automix record changer, Electronic Feather reproducer, Rainbow Tone FM, 25 watts of undistorted output, two short wave bands, plus a magnificent period cabinet of fine mahogany. Home Radio Division, Westinghouse Electric Corp., Sunbury, Pa.

Listen... and you'll buy **Westinghouse**

Listen to Ted Malone every morning Monday through Friday ABC Network


ONE Pendleton ALWAYS CALLS FOR ANOTHER
Pendleton
ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

Like Pendleton shirts, once a man wears a Pendleton robe he always wants another. They are faultlessly tailored, extra-long, roomy, comfortable. The soft luxurious fabrics are all pure virgin wool, *all* Pendleton-woven. In striking tartans, rich plaids, smart stripes...*all* Pendleton exclusives.

Illustrated: Bonneville Crimson Robe $22.50
Stuart Dress Shirt $11.50

PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS
Portland 4, Oregon

FAVORS FROM THE LYONS DEN

Continued from page 45

and were led to seats on the platform. And there, for two hours, they listened to a speech delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury. When the religious meeting ended, Swaffer told Hopkins: "If you write to Lyons, please assure him that I did not fail in my responsibility—that instead of leading his young friend into the darkness of Evil, I guided him to the bright road which leads to Righteousness."

The most common wartime favor asked of all men who had friends in Washington was for help in getting Army commissions or nonexacting jobs with government agencies. To all such requests I invariably replied that I was powerless and would not intercede.

Tough Training for a Scribe

I did have one involvement between a wartime agency and a friend. It came through a request from the Office of Strategic Services to recommend men who could write and who were familiar with the problems of Europe. I recommended a young Hungarian-born Hollywood writer. He was a corporal billeted in a fraternity house at an Eastern university, where his assignment was to write scripts for the weekly broadcasts of Glenn Miller's Army orchestra. But a few days later he found himself at a secret training ground, crawling through mud under machine-gun fire, and being taught how to dispose of a parachute and how to blow up a bridge, among other things.

The puzzled corporal suggested to his superior officer that his experience in writing scripts for Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner hardly equipped him for leaping from glider planes and dynamiting bridges. The officer checked the corporal's file and discovered that a mistake had been made: He was in the wrong spy camp.

The unit with which he was supposed to work being on its way overseas, he spent the rest of the war years in a Southern camp delivering indoctrination lectures on Americanism to recalcitrant recruits.

The requests for favors have never lacked variety. They've involved locating a book on How to Play Gin Rummy for Mrs. Maxim Litvinov, whose husband wanted a copy to take back with him to the Soviet Union so that he could introduce the game there; obtaining Cole Porter's discarded wheel chair for a column reader who couldn't afford one for her crippled daughter; and reaching Jack Kapp, head of Decca Records, at a Beverly Hills swimming pool, to have him repair the chimney of his Manhattan town house because its eerie whistling brought sleepless nights to friends of mine who lived next door.

Many and Varied Services

They have included enlisting the free legal aid of Morris L. Ernst for an elderly night-club hat checker whose landlord was about to institute dispossess proceedings; expediting the award of a foreign decoration to a deserving American industrialist; recovering, by a column-announcement of its loss, an unfinished manuscript by Pietro Di Donato, author of Christ in Concrete, who had forgotten it on a Long Island Railroad train; and supplying Salvador Dali, on the eve of his departure for Europe, with letters from steamship and airway lines assuring him of reservation priorities home in the event of an international crisis.

The requests that came during the war were the most challenging: Ben Goetz, head of the M-G-M Studios in England, pleaded for golf balls, no matter how old or battered. Forty-eight hours after I left Mr. Goetz in London, the balls—secured through Tom Curran, the Republican leader of New York, who had a friend managing a Nassau Street sport shop—were delivered by Alfred Hitchcock, the transatlantic commuter, to Mr. Goetz in London.

Two of the wartime requests were for songs for the armed forces. I relayed to Oscar Hammerstein II a note from the U.S. Marine Corps asking for a recruiting song to be used in the Marines' aviation enlistment drive. Mr. Hammerstein's response was immediate, and he won the esteem of all the Corps by contributing an additional stanza to their Halls of Montezuma song, stressing the Marines' invasion and conquest of the skies.

The Army Ground Forces sent Warrant Officer E. J. Kahn, Jr., to New York to find a new song for the Infantry. I introduced Kahn to Private First Class Frank Loesser, whose score of memorable hits include Jingle, Jangle, Jingle, Small Fry, Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition, and I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby. When Kahn returned to his Washington quarters it was with Private Loesser's Ballad of Rodger Young. After the song was launched in a nation-wide campaign, Loesser gave me the original manuscript of Rodger Young.

A few months later he had to ask for the return of the manuscript, because the President wanted it for the White House archives. By way of consolation to me for its loss, before the White House presentation ceremonies Loesser doodled my name and telephone number on the document to be preserved.

Joe DiMaggio Is Invited

Twice I volunteered favors which backfired. The first was when the Mexican government sent an emissary to New York to invite a group of distinguished citizens to attend the inaugural of President Alemán in Mexico City. This was at a time when the Pasquel brothers were offering enticing bonuses to big-league ballplayers to jump to the Mexican League. This also was at a time when the sports pages were speculating on whether the New York Yankees would pay Joe DiMaggio the high salary he had been receiving, despite his slump the previous season. In the belief that a trip to Mexico City, within earshot of the blandishments of the Pasquels, would strengthen DiMaggio's salary demands from his employers, I suggested to the Mexican emissary that the ballplayer's name be added to his guest list.

I was puzzled by DiMaggio's apathy toward this strategy. In due time the New York Yankees announced that Joe had signed the new contract six months earlier, but was under solemn pledge not to mention it.

The second of these episodes came when Dorothy S. Thackrey, co-publisher and co-editor of the New York Post Home News, took her younger daughter on a sight-seeing tour of Washington. I offered to arrange for the two to see the White House.

At the hour they were to appear Mr. Truman was waiting. He waited and waited, and then the F.B.I. was sent on a search for the missing Mrs. Thackrey and her daughter.

G-men found them, and also found the reason for their failure to be in the Executive Office on time: I had arranged everything except the notification to Mrs. Thackrey that she and her daughter had an appointment to meet the President.

There was a request from Judge Samuel Rosenman, after President Roosevelt left Washington for his Teheran meeting with Stalin. The President's trip gave Judge Rosenman, the White House counsel, a brief spell for rare relaxation. I made the theater reservations he wanted and showed him the night life of New York, so that when the President returned and greeted him with, "Well, Sam, I finally met Joe," the distinguished jurist was able to report, "That's nothing, Mr. President. *I* met Frank Sinatra."

My friendship with John Steinbeck was the result of a favor. After the publication of The Grapes of Wrath, which brought upon Steinbeck the official displeasure of the State of Oklahoma, Mrs. Steinbeck and their infant son were grounded at the Oklahoma City airport. She telephoned her plight to a New York friend, who in turn telephoned several of his acquaintances who might know a hotel manager in Oklahoma City. The call came at 1:00 A.M. I mentioned it to Sherman Billingsley, the Stork Club proprietor and native of Enid, Oklahoma. Billingsley made the necessary calls, and obtained lodging for Mrs. Steinbeck and the baby.

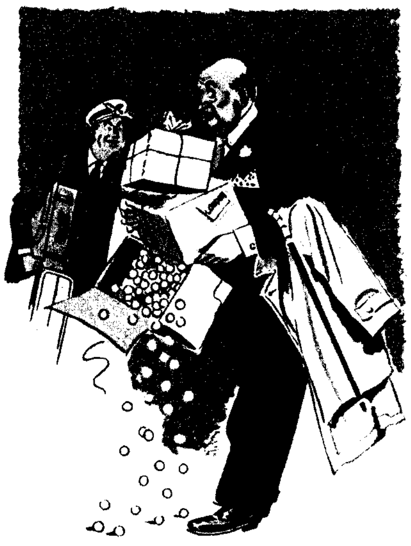
The next night came a second distress call.

The Steinbecks were grounded at the airport in Dallas, Texas. I managed to reach Stan Marcus, of the Neiman-Marcus store in Dallas, Texas. Mr. Marcus not only secured a hotel suite but also had his store specialists prepare the baby's formula in quantities sufficient to last for the remainder of their trip to California.

The peak in the Favor department of my business was reached on a June day which was made memorable by my getting the International Ladies Garment Workers Union as a client for Wendell Willkie (it was his first labor client); finding a new silk tie, after midnight, for Ernest Hemingway, who had just arrived from the battle front and needed only the tie to emerge from his hotel room in full civilian regalia; supplying letters of introduction to friends in Chungking, for a Chinese consul who was returning to his capital and who said that all of his prewar friends there had been killed in action; and arranging for a shipment of food fit for a President, from Grossinger's to Hyde Park, where the President, who didn't have enough meat-ration coupons, wanted to hold a picnic.

For a long stretch of years Orson Welles was one of my steadiest favor customers. His requests usually came about 3:00 A.M.—when the imminence of a new day, after a nighttime of trying to solve his problem alone, would drive him in desperation to a telephone.

He once called to find someone who could write a two-minute bit to be read on his morning radio show, sponsored by an aircraft company. "I need it quickly, and it must be good," he pleaded. "I need someone like William Saroyan." I reached Saroyan, who promised to meet us in an hour. "Okay. In an hour then," Welles told him. "We'll meet and talk it over." But he underestimated Mr. Saroyan, who promised, "In an hour, but not to talk it over. In an hour I'll have the script finished and in your hands."



One of Mr. Lyons' friends in London wanted some golf balls. So he got Alfred Hitchcock, who was sailing from New York, to deliver them

We waited, and exactly one hour later Welles sighed: "I guess Saroyan isn't Saroyan today." Four minutes later Saroyan arrived, with a two-minute radio script entitled An Essay on Speed, Written for Orson Welles and $300. He apologized for the four-minute delay, and explained it by exhibiting a second manuscript—a song he had written during the same hour.

Welles' final 3:00 A.M. call came after he had flown from Hollywood to New York, announced to the press that he made the trip to take an active part in the 1944 political campaign, and then discovered that no member of the Democratic staff would see him to accept his services. "I hear that you know Paul Porter," said Welles. "I've got to see him. He's the man." I was supping with Porter when Welles phoned.

Mr. Porter (the Democrats' publicity director at the time) recognized Mr. Welles' campaign possibilities. He assigned him to a series of five-minute broadcasts; to speechmaking at Madison Square Garden, Boston and Chicago; to the Glamor Division of the President's campaign train; and to delivering the reply-to-Mr.-Dewey-speech at the New York Herald Tribune Forum, in the windup spot heretofore reserved for the President of the United States.

He campaigned so ardently that he became ill of overwork and was ordered to bed by his doctor. I was in the room when his fever rose to 104°. The table beside his bed was piled high with letters. One was from Franklin D. Roosevelt, expressing hope for his speedy recovery. Another was from Rita Hayworth, suggesting that his prolonged absence from their home was hardly conducive to a harmonious wedded life, and reminding him that even the candidates were spending more time with their wives.

"You and your favors! You've cost me my wife," said Welles, accusingly. "You and your favors! From now on, don't do me any more favors. No more. The last favor I ask of you is Don't Do Me Any More Favors."

Once, only once, I asked a favor for myself. It was purely a personal, sentimental matter. A wartime border guard in Brownsville, Texas, picked up an old passport which my wife and I had been advised to carry as identification during a trip to Mexico.

The guard explained that the passport would be sent to the State Department in Washington, and that it would be returned to us at the end of the war—if by that time it was not lost.

I wrote to Adolf A. Berle, Jr., then Assistant Secretary of State. I reminded Mr. Berle that I'd known him for many years; that before he entered the government service he practiced law in a Wall Street office adjacent to the one in which I was serving my clerkship; that he often borrowed lawbooks which I carried to his office; that as a columnist I'd written many stories about him; and, finally, that the favor I was asking—the return of an obsolete passport, which bore the visa stamps of countries devoured by Hitler and no longer in existence—was an insignificant one.

This was the only time I ever asked a favor for myself. The passport arrived by return mail.

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One of a distinguished series painted by Ray Johnson. In 1898, thousands of gold-hungry men rushed to the Northwest. The "Mounties" kept order during these exciting days.

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The Human Female

By COREY FORD

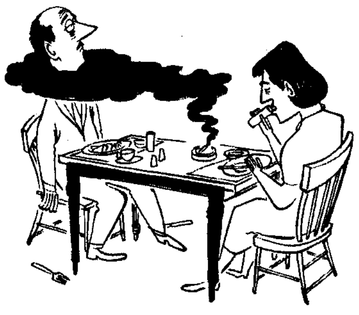
Our tireless worker confirms our worst suspicion—that there isn't enough room in the world for women

DRAWINGS BY VIRGIL PARTCH

EVER since the inauguration of our Survey on the Social Behavior of the Human Female, letters have been pouring into Collier's office at the rate of several hundred a day. None of these letters had anything to do with the survey, which only goes to show how much interest our investigation has aroused.

Perhaps the greatest problem faced by our staff, in preparing its report on female behavior habits, has been in deciding which habits *were* female. For example, while some characteristics are predominantly male (such as striking a match on the seat of the pants) and others are typical of the opposite sex (such as opening charge accounts), it was found that certain patterns of behavior are true of human males and females together (such as holding hands). One investigator concluded that so far as he was concerned there wasn't enough difference between the sexes to matter, and personally he was going to take up stamp collecting.

In order to clear up all this confusion, our survey editor invited to a small convention and personally interviewed a number of married males, or husbands, and asked them to cite specific instances when the behavior of their wives was definitely opposed to their own behavior.



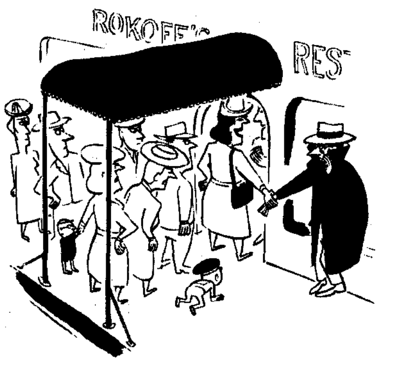
They never grind out cigarettes

Most of them agreed that it was after two drinks.

The interviews were then shown to their wives, who promptly showed them to their lawyers, and the results were tabulated according to a cross-country system, owing to the fact that our editor was traveling across country as fast as possible, under an assumed name. Some of the answers follow:

Mr. L. F. Dribble, Winoochi, Iowa. (Occupation: linoleum layer. Position: on his hands and knees.) "One thing that's typical of women, they never grind out a cigarette. They just tap it a couple of times and drop it in an ash tray and leave it there smoking all through dinner."

Mr. Elmo Nostril, East Orange, New Jersey: "Another thing about them is when they get a letter." (Note: The average husband always refers to his wife as "they.") "If I get a letter I open it, but they'll hold the envelope in their hand, and turn it over and over, and study the handwriting, and say 'Now, I wonder who that's from,' until I like to go crazy."

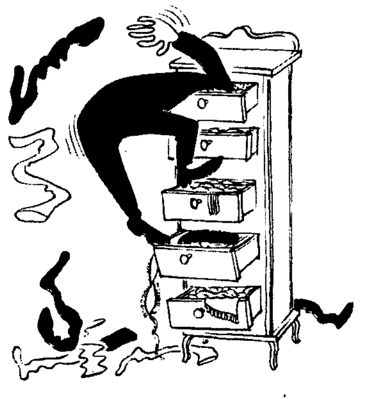


This drives Mr. Snath crazy

Mr. Mc L. Snath, Santa Monica, California: "What drives *me* crazy is when they come out of a restaurant, they always stop in the doorway and stand there ten minutes saying goodby."

Mr. F. S. Frissell, Altoona, Pennsylvania: "I'll tell you something else about them: they never start a trip anywheres without having to go back in the house to see if they remembered to turn off the electric iron."

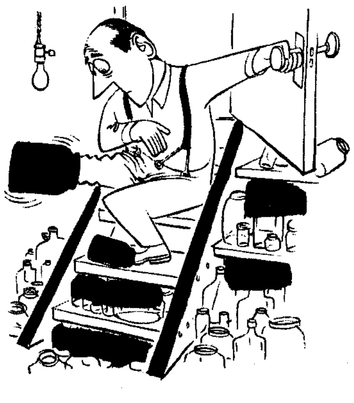
A Mr. Swivel or Snivel, who refused to reveal his address: "Or another thing I noticed, they never have anyplace to put things. No matter how many bureaus and cedar chests and hampers my wife has got, her stuff always winds up in my dresser. All I got left is the top drawer, and that's already full of her stockings. What can you do?"



Every drawer is jammed

Mr. E. B. Bessemer, Birmingham, Alabama: "I'll tell you what I did. I got sick and tired of having my closet full of my wife's clothes, so I hired a flock of carpenters, and I had closets built from one end of our house to the other. I put closets all around the bedroom from floor to ceiling, I tore out the back stairs and ran closets clear up to the attic, I even divided the closets we had and built smaller closets inside them. The work was finished on Thursday night.

"By Friday, my wife had filled all the closets on the first floor. By Saturday she was wandering around the second floor with her arms full of bundles. On Sunday morning when I went to get my golf clubs, I found my closet full of hatboxes and shoes and evening gowns. And when I started tossing them out on the floor, my wife burst into tears and said she'd go right home to her mother, except that her mother's closets were all full, too."



Our cellar is full of empty jars

"That's because women never throw anything away," stated Mr. J. Harold Freek of East Aurora, Illinois. "They just put it somewhere so they'll know where it is if they ever need it. Like my wife, she saves jars. All kinds of jars—peanut butter and mayonnaise and cold cream. Our cellar is so full of empty jars stacked on top of other jars that I can't start the furnace without knocking them over, and by the time I pick them all up, the furnace is out again. I'd put my foot down, except there isn't any place left to put my foot down."

"My wife keeps theater programs," said a Mr. Asbury of Canada Lake, New York, eagerly. "Every time we go to the theater, she brings home the program and keeps it. I bet she's got programs of every show since Quaker Girl. She never looks at them again, but she says it seems a shame to get rid of them."

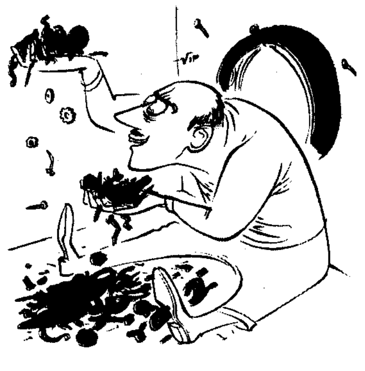
"Mine saves boxes," Mr. Nostril of East Orange, New Jersey, added. "Whenever she gets a box, she puts it inside another box, and she puts that box inside another box, and she puts them up in the attic with all the rest of the boxes. The other day I asked her what she wanted with all those boxes, and she said suppose she needed a box sometime and she didn't have it. And when I told her that if she needed a box she could always get one, she pointed out that if she already had a box, then she wouldn't need it."

"My wife saves everything," Mr. Bessemer sighed, "except money. She's got a left-hand driving glove because you never can tell when you'll find the right glove, and a bunch of old keys because you never can tell when they'll fit something, and some medicine bottles with all the stuff dried inside because you never can tell when you'll need the prescription again. She's even got some carrots in our icebox since last August."

"That's the main difference between men and women, I guess," said Mr. Snath. "Men never save things unless of course it's something useful, like nails. Personally I always save nails, because you never know when you're going to want a nail."

"Or screws," Mr. Nostril agreed, "or nuts and bolts, or rubber washers, or odds and ends of copper wire, or the works out of an old clock I took apart, or a pair of hinges off something that I put away so I'll know where they are if I ever need them."

"Or maybe a couple of old hats in case I go fishing," nodded Mr. Freek, "or some old shirts I could always use for cleaning rags, or an old pair of pants that are worn out in the seat. My wife keeps after me to throw them away but it seems a shame to get rid of them."



They might come in handy

"That's right," said Mr. Dribble. "They might come in handy sometime."

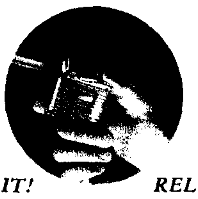
"Sure," said Mr. Swivel or Snivel. "You never can tell."

Do not open until Christmas

sh-h-h-h

. . . of course it's a RONSON!

"But he's not to find out until Christmas morning! He'll be so happy—and so excited—when he sees it's the wonderful new Ronson Penciliter . . . just what he's been hinting at for weeks. (To tell the truth, a Ronson's exactly what I'm hoping for, myself!)"

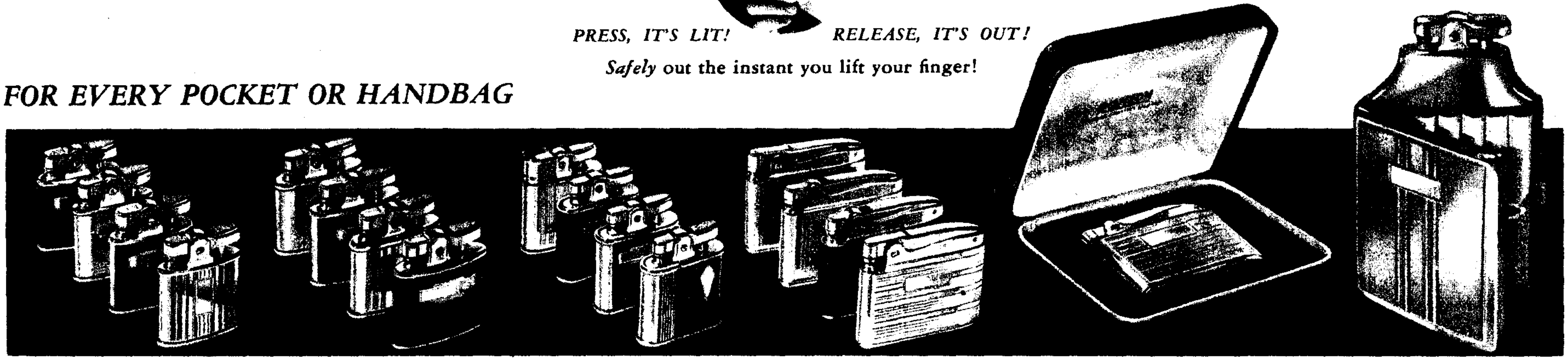


"Now don't give away the secret! She'll be so delighted when she finds it's a beautiful Ronson. (And what Ronson *isn't* beautiful?) Mechanically perfect, too, you know . . . with that easy, one-finger, one-motion action. (Confidentially, a Ronson's just what I'd like myself!)"

PRESS, IT'S LIT! *RELEASE, IT'S OUT!*

***Safely* out the instant you lift your finger!**

FOR EVERY POCKET OR HANDBAG



"PRINCESS"—dainty ladies' lighter. Finished in satin-chromium, chrom. engine-turned, tortoise enamel, or genuine pigskin or lizard—*$6.00 to *$7.50.

"STANDARD"—trim, dressy lighter. Finished in satin-chromium, chrom. engine-turned, tortoise enamel, or genuine pigskin or lizard—*$6.00 to *$7.50.

"WHIRLWIND"—with disappearing windshield. In chromium plate, engine-turned—$8.25. In tortoise enamel (or genuine lizard) and chrom. plate—$9.00.

"ADONIS"—the streamlined lighter. In chromium finish, engine-turned—$10.00. In tortoise enamel (or genuine lizard) and chromium plate—$12.50.

"ADONIS"—the ultimate in lighters for men and women . . . slim-as-a-fine-watch. In sterling silver—$25.00 (plus tax). In 14 karat gold—$200 (plus tax).

"MASTERCASE"—convenient all-in-one combination of smart cigarette case and Ronson lighter. In chromium plate, engine-turned—$12.50.

**Price depending upon finish.*

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FOR CIGARETTES, CIGARS OR PIPES. *Every* Ronson is styled to fine jewelry standards and precision-built for enduring service. See the models shown here and other handsome Ronsons at your favorite dealer. Be sure it's really a Ronson—not just an imitation.

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means WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

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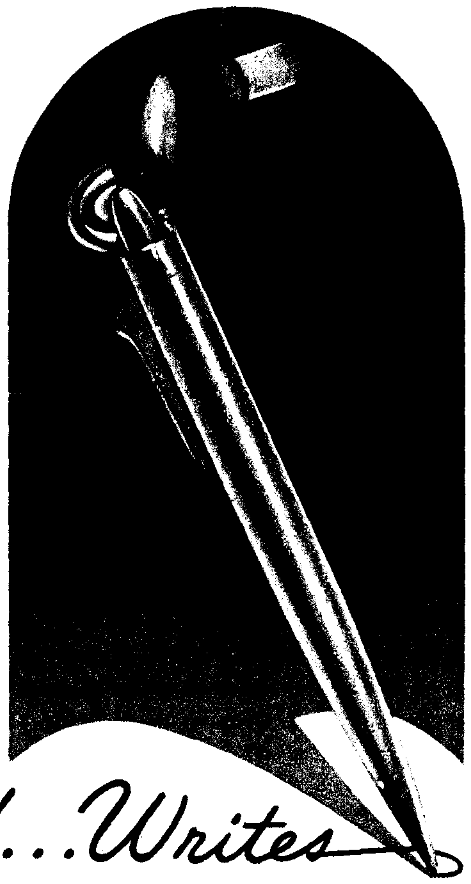
FUN . . . EXCITEMENT . . . Tune in to Ronson's "20 Questions" Saturday nights (Pacific Coast, Sunday nights), Mutual Network.

RONSON now on TELEVISION in many principal cities.



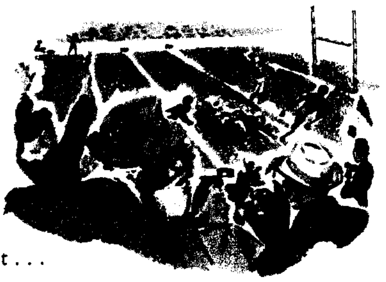
Lights! . . . Writes

1. **"GEORGIAN"**—the latest Ronson table lighter, in heavy silver plate—$12.50 (plus tax).
2. **"CROWN SET"**—comprising "Crown" table lighter (see 3. below) with matching cigarette urn and tray—all heavily plated in gleaming silver. The complete set—$32.50 (plus tax).
3. **"CROWN"**—that famous Ronson table lighter, in rich, heavy silver plate—$11.00 (plus tax).
4. **"QUEEN ANNE"**—exquisitely styled table lighter, heavily silver-plated—$11.00 (plus tax).
5. **"MAYFAIRS"**—silver-plated table lighters of classic beauty—$16.50 the pair (plus tax).
6. **"DECANTER"**—gracefully styled table lighter, heavily plated in silver—$14.50 (plus tax).

NEW RONSON PENCILITER Your two most constantly used personal appointments now trimly, beautifully streamlined into one! At the lighting end is the World's Greatest Lighter—with the world-famous Ronson safety-action. At the other end is the finest, best balanced pencil you ever put to paper. This double-duty masterpiece—gold filled for beauty and enduring perfection of performance—is a *doubly* welcome gift! Comes in a handsome gift box.

1/20 14K GOLD FILLED . . . . $15.00 (*plus tax*)

"A big cheer for Revere!"



"It happened in the last three minutes of play!
Crawford intercepted a pass on his own 10-yard line
and ran 90 yards for the winning touchdown.
It was the most spectacular play
of the entire season . . . the crowd went wild . . .
and I caught it all with my Revere!"

Whether it's an exciting sports event . . .
a vacation trip . . . or a happy occasion at home, you can capture
its big moments "for keeps" when you own a Revere—preserve them in sharp,
clear, action-packed movies that you and your family will treasure for years to come.

With a Revere, taking movies is *easy*—easier, in fact, than ordinary snapshots.
And practically as inexpensive, too. What you see you get—in thrilling color.

There's a Revere camera to fit every need. Whichever model you choose,
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get an equally fine Revere projector.
So see your Revere dealer now, and start
your movie record *today* of all the events
you want to remember tomorrow!

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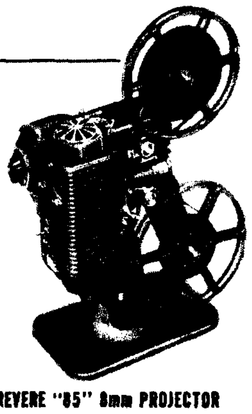
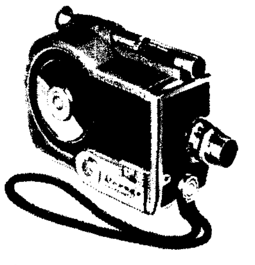
Revere
EIGHTS and SIXTEENS

Time won't wait . . . own a Revere now!



REVERE "85" 8mm PROJECTOR
Extremely easy to thread and operate. Automatic re-wind (no belts) . . . 500-watt illumination . . . 300-foot reel . . . Fast 1-inch F1.6 coated lens. **$120.00**



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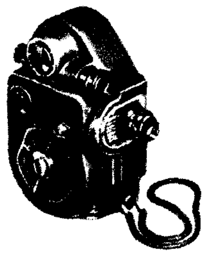

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THE IMPUDENT RIFLE

Continued from page 28

you do not fight against waiting."

"That is not true," she said quietly. "I fight, but I cannot fight in the direct way of a man." The gaiety came back into her voice: "Come meet the Cherokee girls. Aren't they attractive?"

They were, thought Royall, as he moved from one to another with Beth. There were six of them, escorted by young officers.

Beth left him, and he found Governor Sprague and paid his respects. Sprague was expansive, for this was his hour of triumph.

"I've been meaning to tell you, my boy," he said, "that Mr. Ollers seems willing to forgive and forget that rashness of yours."

Royall searched around the room, realizing for the first time that Ollers was not present. "Where is he?"

"He'll be along later. Had some affairs to clean up," Sprague explained. "We're leaving you in a week, you know. There's a great deal to be done. A very great deal."

"Yes, sir."

Royall moved on, finding the strong punch and helping himself and standing by the fireplace. He thought he had shaken the restless tension of this morning. But it was still there.

He watched Sean cross to Doctor Clausen at the far end of the room. His gaze moved away from them, as they talked idly, and lighted on Beth, following her as she went about her duties to her guests.

THE reserve was wholly gone from her. She was merry and warmly alive and altogether desirable, and Royall saw that the eyes of many men followed her as his eyes were doing. Yet Sean was content to remain away from her side.

Irritation sharpened in Royall as he swung his attention away from her, and it was then that he met Harriet's gaze. She was talking to Governor Sprague, but she murmured some word and left him, moving toward the door. There she sent one more glance at Royall before she stepped out.

He found her just a step beyond the door, in the darkness of the big brush arbor. She rose as he came to her and started to move deeper into the darkness of the arbor where hewn logs were arranged in a pattern of seats.

"Let's walk," he said. . . .

In the council house Doctor Clausen watched Harriet and Royall go out and, after a brief interval, saw Major Traut excuse himself from Beth and move to the door with quick stride.

"Go try the punch, my friend," said the surgeon to Sean, and left him and sauntered out.

Beyond the door he stepped with spry haste beneath the protective darkness of the arbor, remaining there until he was sure Traut was not in the passageway. Grunting softly, he clambered over the rows of log seats until he reached a point that gave him a view of the road. There he remained, watching the motionless outline of Traut in the road.

Up the road from the direction of the stockade came another, heavier figure, and Frank Ollers' voice called, "That you, Ed?"

The two figures met and exchanged words that the surgeon could not hear. Presently they moved in his direction.

"I tell you I'm through with it," Traut was saying. "I sent the reports in and that's as far as I can go."

"I'm not asking you to do anything," said Ollers. "I'm asking you to do nothing at all. Let this place continue to fall apart. It's not your fault they built it with green cottonwood."

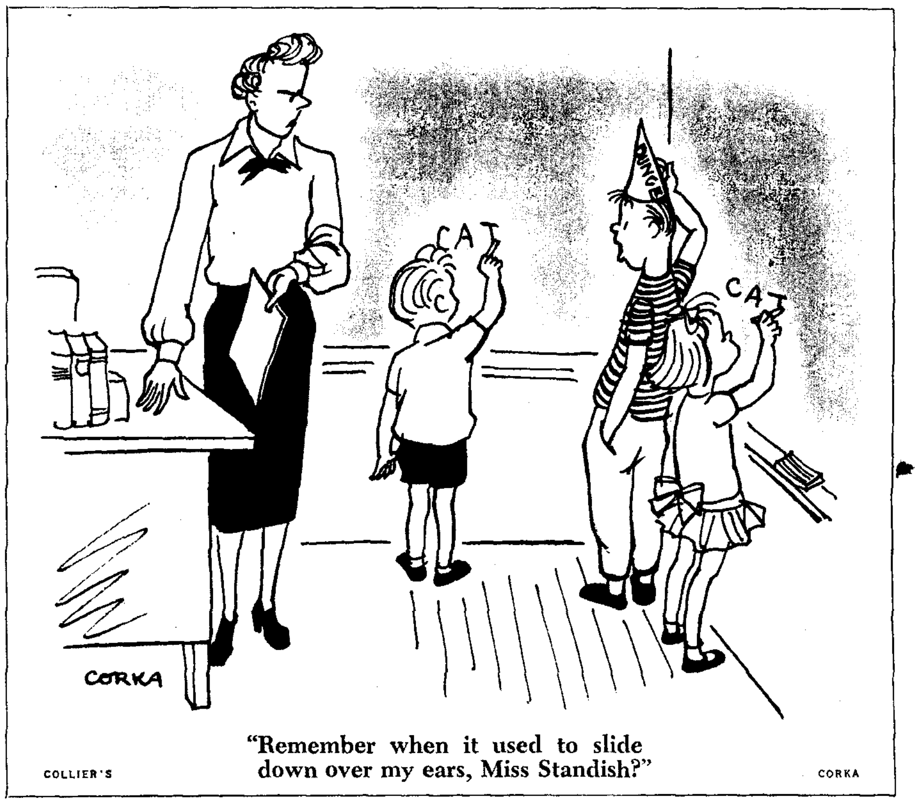
"It will be my fault if the Inspector General finds it in disrepair."

"Listen to me, Ed," said Ollers patiently. "The Inspector General is coming because I've asked that he be sent. He'll report what he finds, and that will back up the two reports you've sent in. Do as I say and you'll be moving this garrison to Fort Johnson before spring."

"I have a duty and an oath," said Traut. A faintly higher tone overlay the stubbornness in his voice. "I haven't done anything that I couldn't defend to my superiors, and I don't intend to."

"Of course, Major," said Ollers indifferently. "You keep your authority and your conscience." His voice deepened and struck at Traut like a sledge. "You keep your bargain with me, too, or you'll lose everything. D'you hear? Everything!"

The silence that followed was long and filled with storm. It was broken by Traut, speaking in reverie out of a thick, choked throat, "She doesn't care about Royall. She does these things to hurt me. She loves to hurt me."



"Remember when it used to slide down over my ears, Miss Standish?"

COLLIER'S CORKA

"Of course, Ed. She's a woman, isn't she? They all try to hurt you. Just keep your head, man!"

"Yes. Keep my head. She laughs at me when I don't. All right, Frank."

"Good man. One more thing. Royall goes with the Spragues this winter."

When they were gone, Doctor Clausen rocked his way to his feet and sat down upon the log. He remained there for several minutes, occasionally slapping his knee with his open palm and nodding his head vigorously. Then he rose and returned to the council house and made his way to the punch, drinking deeply and contentedly.

ROYALL paced beside Harriet toward the sutlery. He had never known what to anticipate from this girl; he did not know now. It was a respect in which she was very like her father.

He said, "You're using me to stir up Ed Traut. I don't like that."

"You are wrong," she said. "I am not using you. Or trying to make Ed jealous."

They passed the sutlery. He had the half-formed intention of turning left, perhaps circling the stockade. She told him by a gentle pull of her fingers that she wanted to go the other way, and he followed her along the remembered path past the sawmill to the small shelf above the river.

She turned to him, waiting, her face a dim, still blur. He took her into his arms and kissed her, finding her lips pliant and responsive. When he lessened the pressure of his hands against her shoulders and would have raised his head, she murmured a fierce dissent. Her hands on his chest moved impatiently up to his neck and then his head and drew his face to hers again.

He met her ardor, and yet his mind was not engulfed. There crossed it the thought that this was the uncomplicated, natural passion he should have expected from what she had shown him of herself. She turned her head from him suddenly. He dropped his arms at once, letting her step back. She stood a long time in silence; he knew she was angry.

When at length she spoke, however, she showed only puzzlement: "Then if you did not want to kiss me, why did you?"

"I wanted to," he said. The unwelcome memory of Clausen's words was there still pushing at him, and he went on, "A long time ago you told your father that you'd give yourself to the first soldier you saw if he tried to take you back by force—am I that soldier?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Is he trying to use force now?"

"No."

"Then I don't understand."

She came quite close, but did not touch him. "You must go away from here. Now. And I will go with you."

He asked, astonished, "You?"

"We can go north." She spoke rapidly. "It will be easy. The Cherokee will give us horses and food. We can go straight to St. Louis."

He took her arm, guiding her to the shelf and sitting beside her. "Harriet—is this another way of punishing your father?"

She flashed out at him, "Why do you keep talking about my father?"

"He is the reason you want me to go, isn't he?"

"Yes," she admitted. "You don't know him!"

"I know him. At least I'm beginning to. But I don't know you. I thought everything you did had just one reason: To hurt him."

"That will be over with," she said quietly, "if we go away. He won't want me back then."

Comprehension came stunningly to him then. She was not offering herself to him to flee her father, or to hurt her father. She wanted him. She feared for him. She wanted him enough to give up the consuming purpose of her life. Clausen had said that she was more dangerous than her father. She would be dangerous if she were scorned, for her fury would be as elemental as her love. Some instinct warned him that he must not show the compassion that filled him.

"No, Harriet," he said. "I won't run away from your father."

From down-river there came the sound of quick splashing and then the ring of a hoof on rock. A part of Royall's mind identified it as a horseman crossing to this side, and noted that the rider was in a hurry. He continued, lying gently, "Not even for you."

He felt the tautness go out of her, and all at once he knew there was sadness in her too—an aching, desperate sadness.

"I know," she said. "I think I even knew how you would say it. You must be very careful. It may already be too late."

"Too late."

"My father has already won against everybody but me. I don't know what, or how. But he has. It's so plain, and no one sees it. When he acts like he has these last few days, it's because he knows it's too late for anybody to stop him."

It was plain, thought Royall. He had seen it, and not realized that he was seeing it.

"Harriet, you said a long time ago that your father would kill all Indians if he could. Did you mean that?"

"Of course," she said, even a little surprised. "Didn't you know that?"

A LONG hallooing call came across the night. It reached Royall from the direction of the west gate, and it held urgency.

"Come on," he said. He took her arm, turning down the path and walking rapidly. They came into the clearing about the sawmill when the summons was repeated, "Officer of the guard!" Ahead of him a lantern bobbed around the northwest corner of the pickets.

"Here, Sergeant!" he called. The lantern stopped and lifted as he ran up. It

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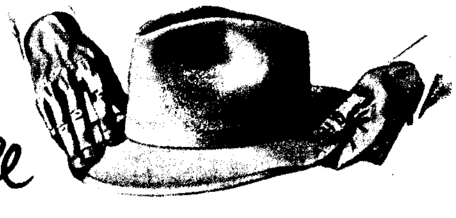

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was held by the sergeant of the guard. "Lieutenant, sir—"

"Who's this man?" rapped Royall. And then he recognized that the capless figure beside the sergeant was a soldier. He was wet to the waist, mud-streaked and exhausted.

"Corporal Barnes of A Company, sir," the soldier said. "Detached as escort to the Comanches."

"Yes?"

"They're dead. Leastwise two of 'em. We was ambushed."

"Come with me." Royall led the way at a half run to the council house.

THEY burst into the party, and Royall heard the violins die as he pushed the corporal across the floor to where Traut stood with Ollers and Sprague.

"The Comanche escort, sir," he said rapidly. "Ambushed, he says. Two of them dead."

In the sudden silence Traut sent a stricken, unbelieving glance at Frank Ollers. It was a darting, involuntary reflex that was done with in the moment of time before Traut's eyes bored into the soldier.

Traut snapped, "Ambushed by whom? Where? How? Speak up, Corporal!"

"I don't know for sure, sir. We was crossin' the Arkansas. The shots come from t'other bank. I never did see 'em."

"Who was killed?"

"The two old ones, sir. And maybe the young one was hit. I don't know."

Royall felt a sharp sense of relief, of gladness almost. He broke in, "Where is he?"

"I don't know that, sir. He swum his horse back to the north bank and that's the last I seen of him."

"Be quiet, Mr. Royall," said Traut curtly. "Now, Corporal, tell it just as it happened."

"We reached the Arkansas a little before sunset, sir. The old chief said he'd sleep on t'other bank. Had his mind set on it, like as if he was runnin' from trouble that was somewheres behint him. The main current come windin' down the far side. We rode into it and wasn't more'n twenty-five yards from the far bank when three shots come. Them two old chiefs was knocked clean off their horses."

"Were any of the shots fired at you?"

"I wasn't hit and I didn't hear no hum of a close 'un, sir. I cut my horse downstream and there was that young Comanche swimmin' his'n ahead of me. He got out of the current and back across the river. They was one more shot took at 'im." The soldier's tone became admiring. "He never did turn loose of that pack horse with the plunder on it, neither."

Royall reminded the corporal, "You said you didn't know for sure who did it."

The corporal dug into a pocket. "Well, sir, when I couldn't find the young Comanche I figured I'd better try to have a look at them ambushers. I crossed downstream and come up on the spot. They was gone, like I guessed, but I found this caught on some brambles." He handed Royall a wad of dirty but brightly colored cloth.

"Let's see that!" shouted Traut. He snatched it from Royall's hand. It was a turban cloth. The kind of turban worn by some Cherokees and all Creeks. And the ambush was in Creek country.

There was eager hope in the face that Ed Traut turned to Ollers. It could have been a Creek hunting party. But as he gazed into those amused black eyes he knew it was not, and the hope began to die little by little. And with it died much more.

He called tonelessly, "Lieutenant Dahl."

"Yes, sir." Dahl pushed through to him.

"Form a detachment from A Company. Take this corporal with you, and a Delaware for tracking. Search that whole region and question every Creek you can find. Take this turban too. You had better leave tonight."

"Yes, sir." Dahl swung away.

To Royall, watching as Beth's party fell silently apart, there came an astonishing conclusion: Four people in this room knew what really had happened, yet not one was going to speak out.

Frank Ollers knew, for he had brought it to pass. Traut knew. Harriet knew even before the blow fell because she alone comprehended the full capacity of her father for evil.

And Royall, remembering the haste with which Scanlon and the other two rode away this afternoon so that they might circle south and then southwest, knew.

And perhaps there was a fifth who knew, or at least had made a shrewd guess. For as Royall crossed to stand beside Beth, Doctor Clausen intercepted him. The surgeon held a glass of punch in his hand and he was a little unsteady on his feet.

"Congratulations, my friend," he said softly. "Frank Ollers has ordered you to the Choctaw country."

ROYALL returned to the Choctaw depot from the south, dismounting short of the single log building they had had time to finish completely. He was wet from the drizzle earlier this morning and tired from two days of riding, and the cold wind bit deeply.

A soldier came running to take his horse. Royall waved the man back, for he saw Hogue hunched over the open fire where the detachment labored to finish more corn cribs.

"Hogue!" he called.

Hogue slouched over, took the reins without a word and led the animal away.

Sergeant Taylor came around the row of cribs. He saw the question in Royall's face and shook his head. "Peaceful as a church meetin'," he said.

"Who's on patrol?"

"Capper."

"Has Hogue patrolled?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"He'd just ride over the hill and hole up outa this wind."

"Send him tomorrow. Don't anticipate malingering, even from Hogue."

"Yes, sir." Sergeant Taylor spat southward, watching reflectively as the wind caught the spittle and lifted and sprayed it. "Them Comanches, sir, they're sunshine Indians like I said. If they're ridin' now, it's with this wind to their backs."

Royall nodded, feeling no rancor at the sergeant's persistence on this subject. There was still so much to be done before Frank Ollers arrived with the first big trainload of immigrants. A matter of days now. Taylor sorely needed the single man who patrolled westward each day.

This was the first time Royall had ever gone squarely against the sergeant's judgment. Common sense was on Taylor's side. Other tribes said the Comanches always went deep into Mexican territory in winter. Even Ollers must not expect his ambush to bear fruit before spring. But every time Royall tried to convince himself there was no danger he saw the young Comanche standing there on the rifle range at Gibson in all of his beautiful, natural insolence.

At such times there came to Royall again the strange illusion that the young savage was himself, metamorphosed back into a primitive state. He could not explain that to Sergeant Taylor. He could only point out that this Choctaw country lay nearest to the last known Comanche camp.

The sergeant knew that; he knew also that the few hundred Choctaw who had emigrated voluntarily, and who were trying now to start farms in the little valleys around this depot, were an inviting target.

"We'll keep patrolling, Sergeant," said Royall.

"Scanlon and them other two rode out this mornin'. Said they was goin' to meet Ollers and come back with him."

Royall nodded. Taylor's words had a special meaning that only the two of them understood. There was only one apparent reason why Ollers had left the three here. But they had been given no opportunity for another ambush. The sergeant could stop prowling the camp at night now. He would get more sleep.

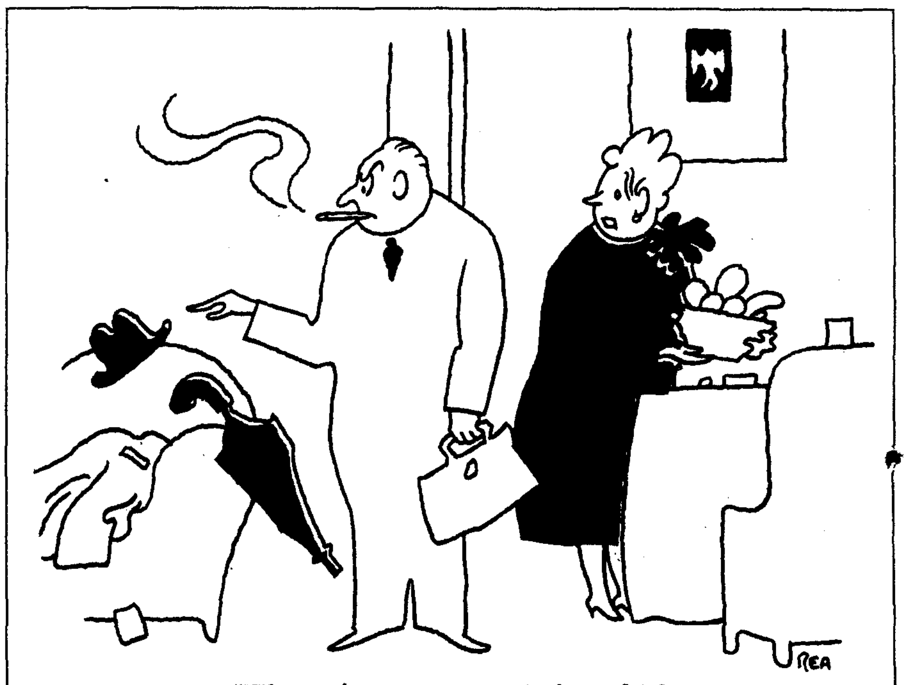
As Royall tramped toward the log building, he saw a middle-aged Choctaw emerge from it. The Choctaw mounted his horse, shivered beneath his thin cotton coat, and bowed his shoulders as he rode off.

Royall entered, calling cheerfully, "Ho, the forager returns."

Across the gloom of the room Governor Sprague stood with his back to the fireplace. "Glad you're back, Philip," he said. Sean turned from his bench and its litter of papers to speak a greeting.

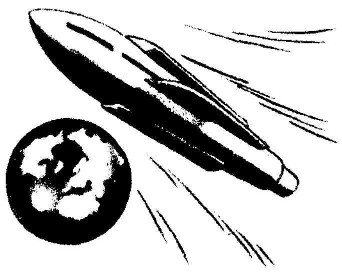
At the sound of his voice, Beth appeared through the curtain at the right. Crossing to him she said, "You're wet, Phil. Father, build up the fire."

"Hello, Beth," said Royall. He looked



"Why can't you ever stop in for a drink some place and come home in a good humor, the way other husbands do?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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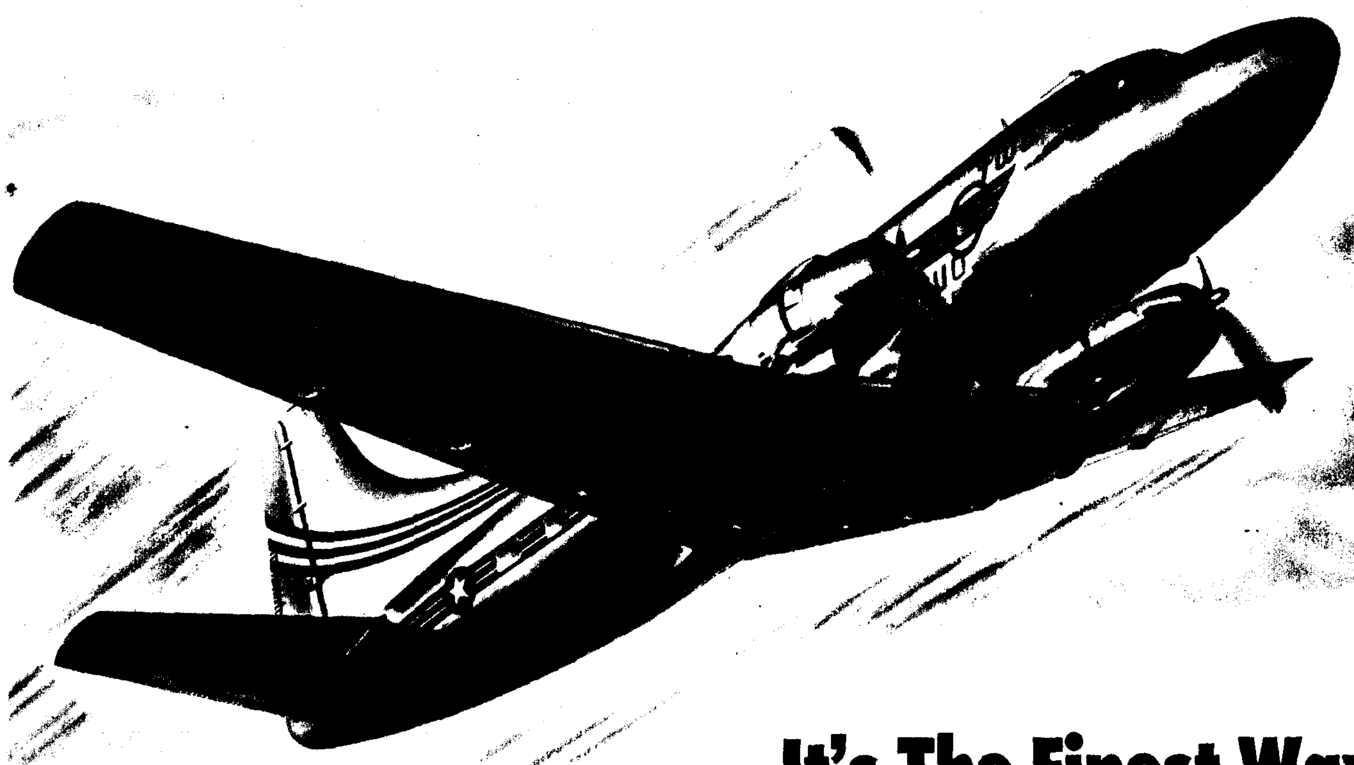

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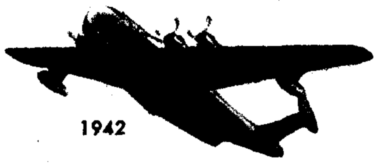

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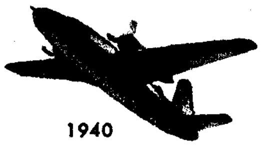

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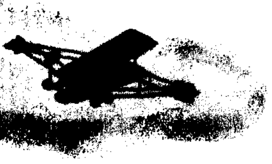

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down at her, soberly watching her reserved friendliness. The laughing, provocative girl he had known so briefly that night of her party had vanished.

Sean asked, "What did you find this time?"

"Salt," said Royall, moving to the fire. He smiled at himself a little grimly for being proud that he had found it.

"Where?" asked Sean.

"In Texas. A wagonload of it. I'm sending after it tomorrow."

"I forbid it," Sprague said. "We must buy from our own people in Arkansas. The Administration will not tolerate my spending public money among foreigners."

BETH looked at her father. Royall saw dismay in the look, and resignation, and a daughter's patient love. For her sake he tried to soften his reply. But he failed. The words came out harshly, "The nearest Arkansas salt is fifty miles. The Texas haul is twenty. I'll buy supplies now wherever I can get them quickest. The wagon goes tomorrow."

"Let me remind you, young man, that you are here to assist me and have no authority of your own."

"And let me remind you, sir, that Ollers' contract called for delivery at this depot of rifles, salt, corn and blankets before the immigration began. The contractor has failed, and the Army has a responsibility to keep these people alive."

Sprague sighed, his blustering wrath dying away. Ollers had indeed sent an advance train of supplies. They were stacked now behind this building, on log platforms under canvas. Plows and hoes, axes and kettles, powder and lead and bullet molds. No blankets. No corn for *ta-fu-la,* the filling staple of the Choctaw diet. No salt. No rifles for the powder and lead. These things, Ollers had explained blandly, were lost when the boat bearing them to Little Rock had snagged her bottom.

Sean rose, pushed his papers together and stretched. He had an official capacity now. He was secretary to the commissioner to the Choctaw West. It meant that he was a scribe, enrolling the Choctaw as they arrived and keeping the endless records required by statute.

He crossed to Beth, placing his arm about her shoulders, and they smiled at each other. "Our lieutenant is worth his salt, Beth," he said lightly. "Don't you think you should make him some coffee?"

"This minute," she replied.

"No coffee," said Royall. His tone was curt, almost rude. He turned and strode abruptly out, detesting himself and not understanding himself at all.

A dozen steps from the door Sean caught up and fell into step beside him. "Anger is the most wasteful of human emotions, Phil," Sean said quietly.

"I know." Royall stopped. "I'm sorry."

From behind Royall came a faint, drawn-out call. He whirled to see a rider break into the clearing from the southwest at a gallop. It was little Capper.

Sergeant Taylor ran to Royall's side, others following, as Capper pounded up.

"Comanches!" yelled Capper. "Hunderds of 'em!" He sawed at his blown horse.

"Dismount, Capper," Taylor said calmly, "and present yourself like a soldier."

The quiet words had their intended effect. Capper hopped down and saluted respectfully. "They're out there, sir. I seen 'em. Maybe not hunderds but a hunderd anyway. Ridin' and burnin'. And every red rascal of 'em leadin' an extry pony."

"Where, Capper?"

"Five-six miles near due west. I seen a big smoke and clumb a ridge. It was a cabin one of them Choctaw families was puttin' up. Comanches was yellin' and hoppin' and draggin' dead Choctaw behint their ponies."

"Which way did they ride?"

"I dunno, sir. I snuck out of there. But comin' in I seen another big smoke to the south of me and they wasn't time for the same bunch to of got that far. They's two bunches of 'em."

Royall threw a quick question at Taylor, "Sergeant, will the two bands join up before night?"

"I'd say so, sir. You cain't tell."

"If we met them out there, would they try to go around us and raid back here?"

Taylor scratched the tip of his nose without haste. "That's the meat of the nut, sir. Nobody knows much about a Comanche's style. But you're the only one that figured they was comin'. I'd take your judgment over mine."

Royall debated swiftly. It was indeed the meat of the nut. Help from Gibson, more than a hundred miles to the north, was out of the question. If he fortified the depot and remained here, the Comanches could kill and burn at leisure all around him. If he took the detachment westward the Comanches might circle him and reach the exposed depot. But in that event he would be between them and the safety of their plains. Would the young Comanche maneuver so boldly? He might, for Royall himself might.

"I'm going after them, Sergeant. You'll stay here. I'll give you one man and two horses. Bring in all the Choctaw

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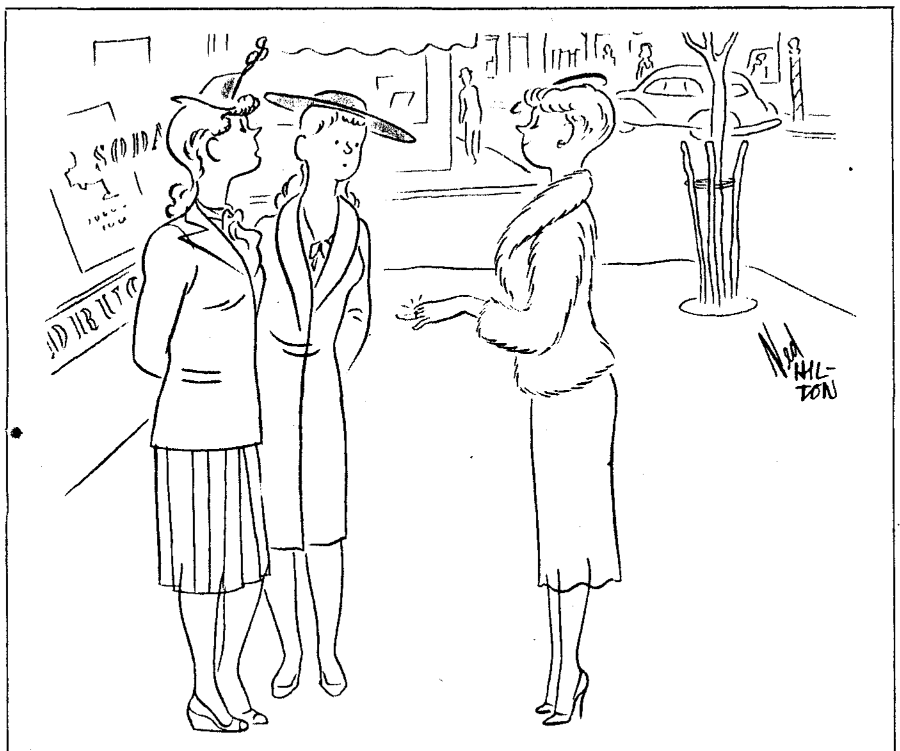


COLLIER'S "Who's the lucky man, besides your father?" NED HILTON

families you can. Keep the Spragues inside.". . .

Two hours west of the depot he halted the detachment, judging he had traveled no more than four miles in a straight line. Directly above him lay a shallow defile. These hills were higher, less rolling and more heavily covered than those of the pinery country.

Waiting until he caught Capper's signal, he dismounted and scrambled up the hill to his left front. The smoke columns came into view again before he reached the top. He could see four, all bending south before the wind. The Comanches were advancing slowly, sweeping back and forth through the tillable valleys and burning as they came.

"It's down there right enough, sir," said Capper.

The soldier pointed to a dugout cabin centered in the narrow valley beyond them. It was set desolately just above and this side of a small stream. Leafless trees and thick undergrowth banded the stream. Thirty minutes ago the detachment had passed a Choctaw family fleeing eastward.

This was the new home the family had abandoned after reading the meaning of the smoke. Now it was the place Royall hoped to fight.

"Come on, Capper."

ABANDONING all caution, Royall shouted the detachment forward into the defile. Then he scrambled down the side of the cut in great running leaps; Capper, trying to keep up on his short legs, yelped as he stumbled and rolled. They met the others in the defile and raced across the open ground to the cabin.

"Hogue!" Royall commanded. "Pile up wood for a fire. But don't set it till I give the word. The rest of you cut underbrush back from the cabin and throw it in the brook. The two men with the axes stay with me."

He dived down the dark hole of the cabin door, assailed by an effluvium of greases and bodies and uncured wood, and groping ahead with his hands. The Choctaw had dug a square hole some five feet deep, laid green logs for his upper walls and thrown on a sod roof. Royall stumbled over something with a metallic ring and went to his knees. He picked it up, cursing. Emerging to the light he found he was holding a heavy brass kettle, and he remembered the hopeless face of the Choctaw wife. This was a treasure she had brought all the way from Mississippi.

"Knock the wall logs outward and kick in the roof," he ordered the axmen. "I want an open pit."

He strode to the brook, slid down the bank and settled the kettle in shallow water. Perhaps, if the Choctaw family ever returned, she would find it. As he climbed the bank he scanned the circle of hills pressing in from the west. Nothing moved there.

IT WAS the work of minutes only to knock the notched logs out. The roof caved in. Now he had a pit, and the makings of a breastwork. There was more to be done. But he couldn't risk the possibility that the Comanches would miss this valley. They had to find him soon.

"Set your fire, Hogue," he called. He lifted his voice higher, "All hands on the logs."

He stacked the logs on all four sides of the pit, a good two lengths back from its edge. Three logs to a stack. Two on the ground, the third on top of them. Two stacks to a side. Now he had his quadrangle.

"Capper! Hogue! Take horses and ride out into the fields. You'll cross the brook, Hogue. Both of you walk your horses up and down. But don't get too close to the hills. Stay under cover of our rifles. And don't look toward us. Watch the hills!"

Royall scanned the circle of quiet hills again, searching eastward too. Sergeant Taylor would have the depot secured by now. Secured but not defended, for that was not possible. How long dared Royall stay here if the Comanches did not find him?

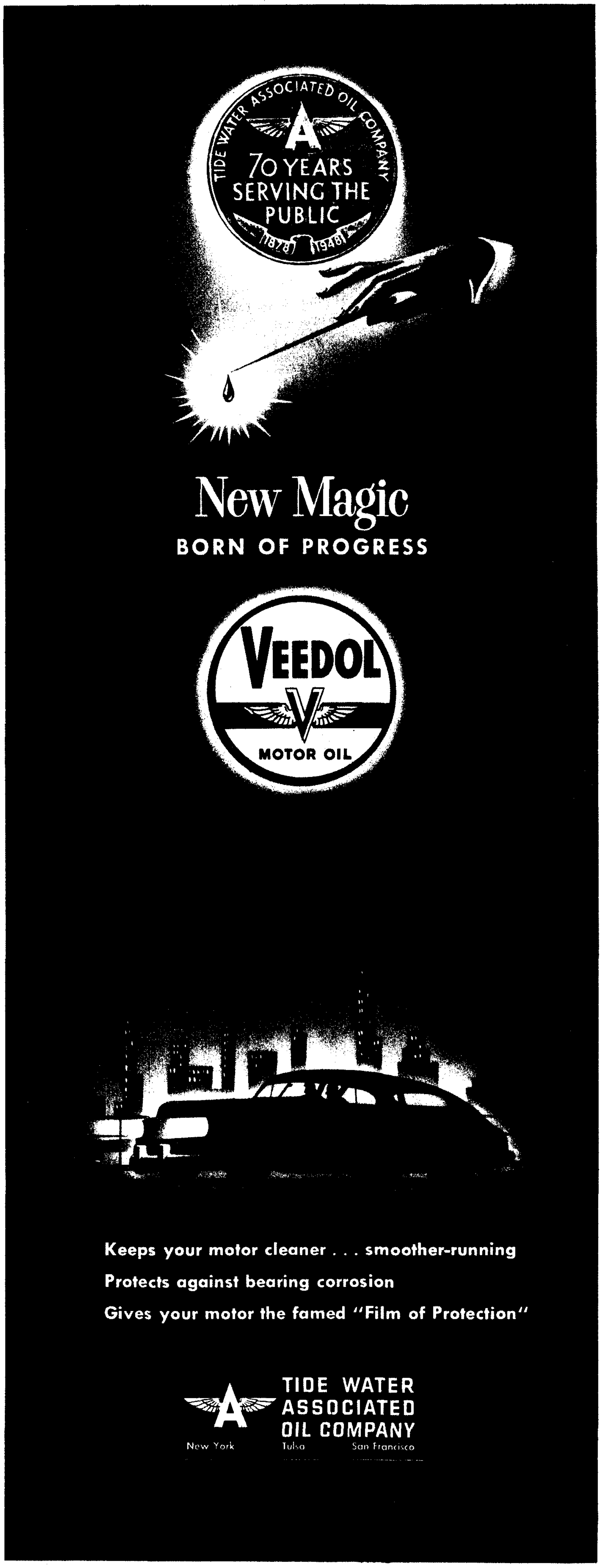
"Tie the horses under the trees," he ordered. "We'll wait along the brook."

They settled down to wait.

Watching Hogue ride back and forth, Royall began to feel the cold again. The uncomfortable stirring of the men told him they felt it too. The earth was damp, the wind whined through the trees, and the racing clouds were a frigid slate.

The minutes passed interminably. The short winter day held three, perhaps four more hours of daylight. Did he dare to stay the night here? He must decide soon. He rolled to his elbow to check for the twentieth time on Capper. Capper was getting a little far out. Not too far yet.

Falling back to his stomach, he looked for Hogue where he had last seen him. Hogue was not there. He was riding at a trot straight west, toward the trees and the slope of the nearest hill. He had seen



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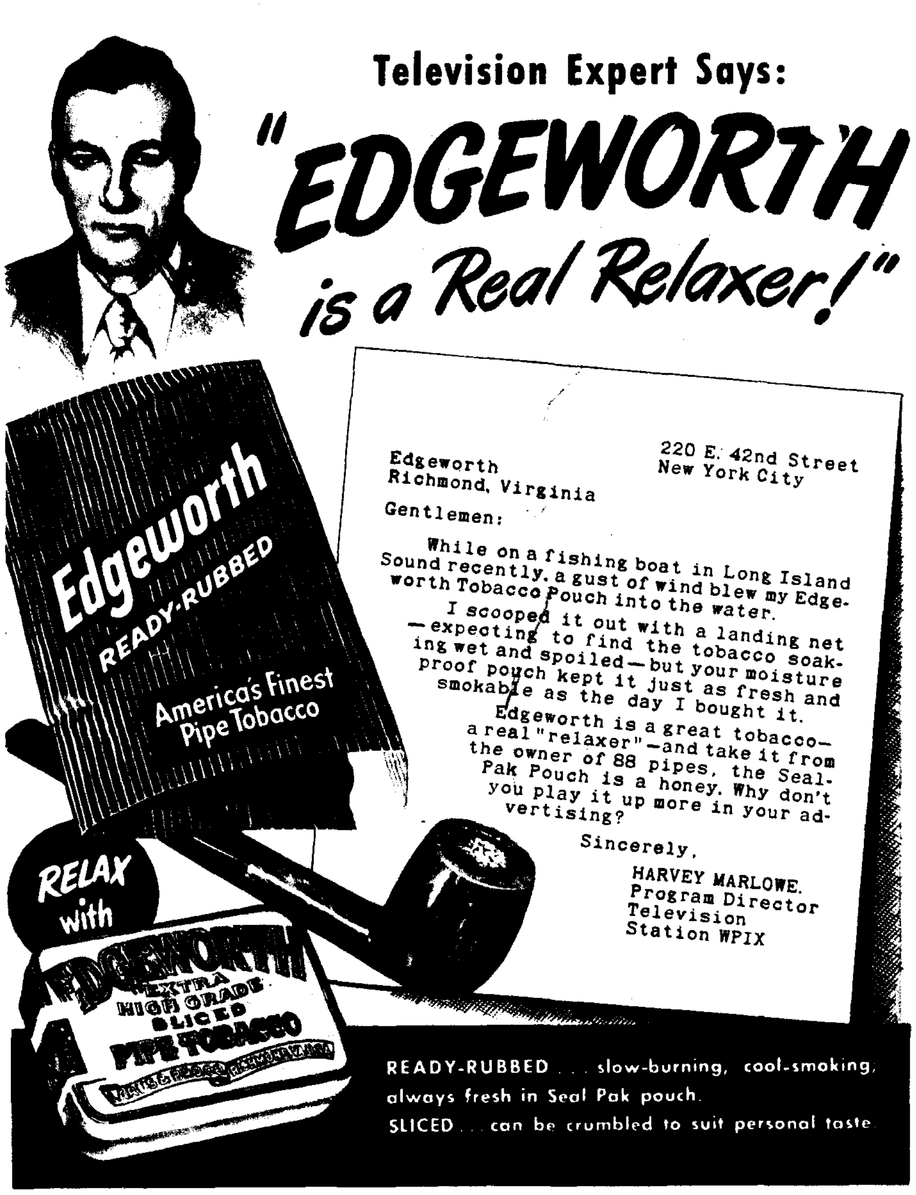
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something, suspected something. But no. He turned his horse back toward them, making a small flourish of it. He was tired of decoying. He wanted to come in, and knew disobedience would bring him in.

Until the first yells came, Hogue did not see the Comanche horsemen break out of the trees little more than a hundred yards to his south. Nor did Royall, nor any other soldier. One instant there was the uneven and empty line of trees. In the next the Comanche warriors poured out of it, racing for Hogue.

Hogue leaped his horse for the brook.

"Hold your fire!" yelled Royall. "Every man to this side!"

The soldier beside Royall cried out, "There, sir! To the north!"

ANOTHER line of Comanches was spilling out of the trees above Hogue. They were farther away, and running their ponies at an angle to trap Hogue if he turned northward in his flight.

"Watch out for Hogue," called Royall. "Don't shoot if he's in your line of fire." He dropped to his knee, steadying his rifle on the third warrior in the irregular line. He saw a yellow-streaked face and a drawn bow above a wild-flowing mane. "Fire!"

He saw his warrior lift from the pony and sail down. The leading horse went down. And another. A third reared and pivoted, maddened by a wound. A second warrior slumped to the side of his horse, clutching at the mane, then twisted under as the driving hind hoofs caught him.

The Comanche column came on for a space of yards, veered away and raced westward toward the trees. The northward Comanche line turned to join it. Royall, reloading with calm rapidity, looked on in astonishment. Then he understood. The Comanches had intended only to cut out Hogue. They had been looking on from the hills all this time, patiently waiting for Hogue to grow careless.

A Comanche broke suddenly out of the northward line and plunged his horse toward them.

"Hogue's down, sir!"

It was so. Hogue was down with his horse, and Royall had not seen him go down. Hogue lay sprawled just ahead of the horse. Neither moved. It was Hogue and his hair for whom the warrior raced.

Royall whanged the ball home as he ran. He would never reach Hogue in time. The pony was going to beat him. He fell to his knee again and jerked up the rifle. The pony was riderless! Then he saw the warrior's heel just behind the pony's withers, and remembered that he was fighting the best horsemen he had ever known.

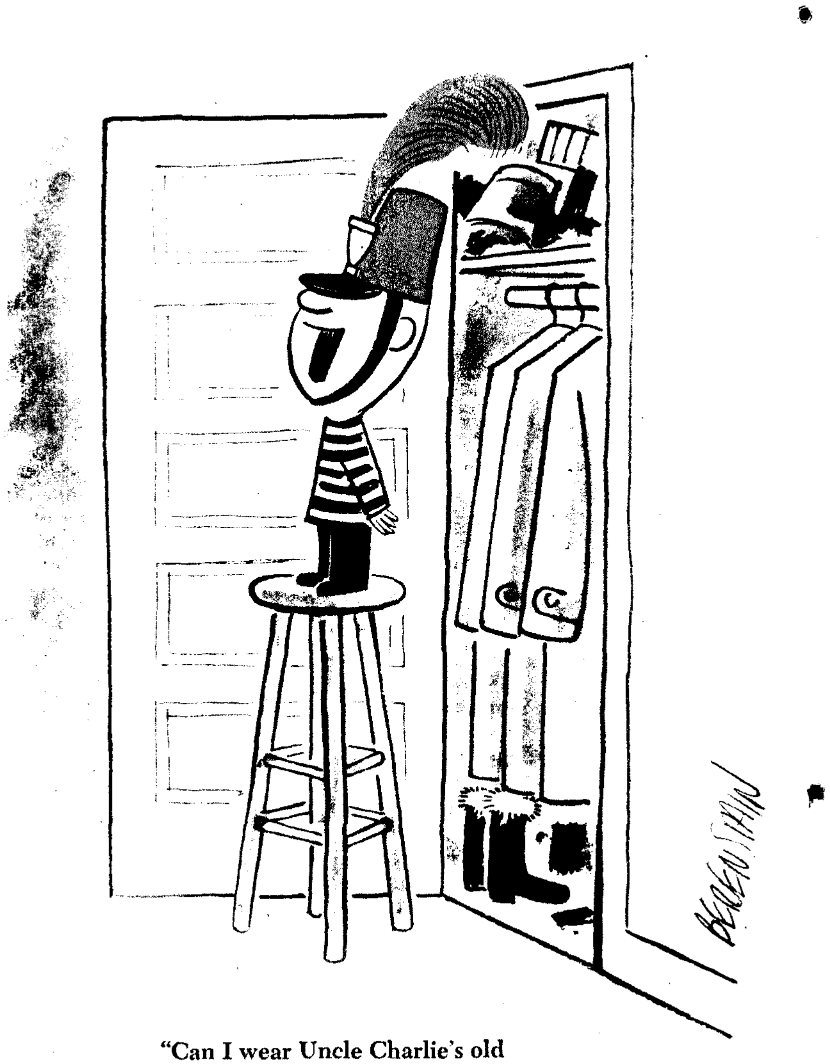
The pony went down at the roar of his rifle. The Comanche rolled and came to his feet running, his bow still in his hand. Behind Royall another rifle boomed. That would be little Capper, whose rifle was still loaded because he didn't get back in time for the volley. The Comanche spun to earth.

Hogue's eyes were open. He sighed and sat up as Royall reached him. The horse was dead. Blood poured from a hole in its neck. A bullet wound. Some excited soldier had fired blindly. It was a fact to remember.

Royall got his hands under Hogue's armpits. Hogue shook him off and stood. The hard fall had stunned him, no more. He found his rifle and staggered toward the others, who were firing their second shot as fast as they finished reloading. Their target was a Comanche whose horse had been killed and who was trying to reach the trees at a limping run. He was the only enemy in sight. And he was well beyond rifle range.

"Stop shooting!" Royall ordered. He ran to them, waving his arms. "Back to the logs!"

They were laughing and shouting to one another as he drove them into his quadrangle. It was the excitement of the fight, the pure joy of seeing an enemy run. Royall did not share it. For he had



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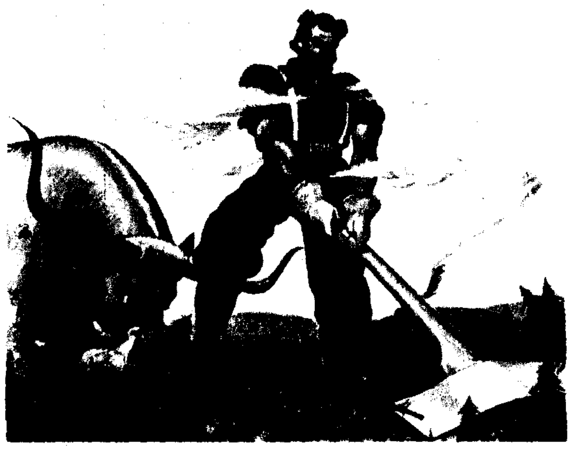
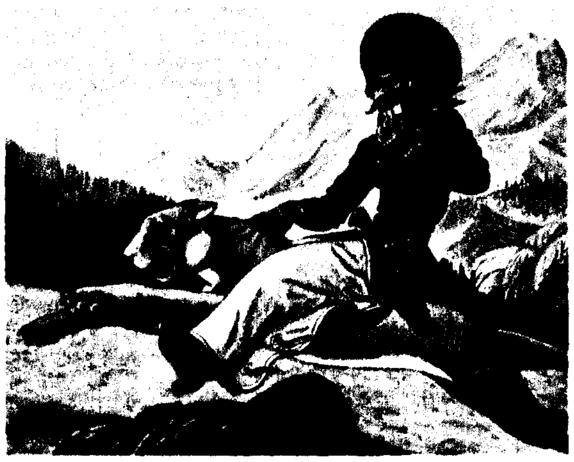
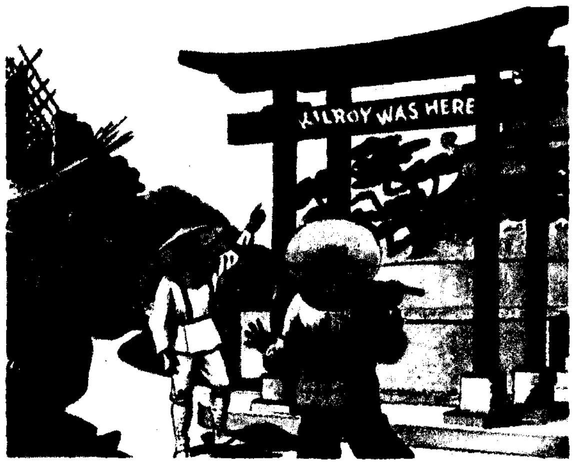


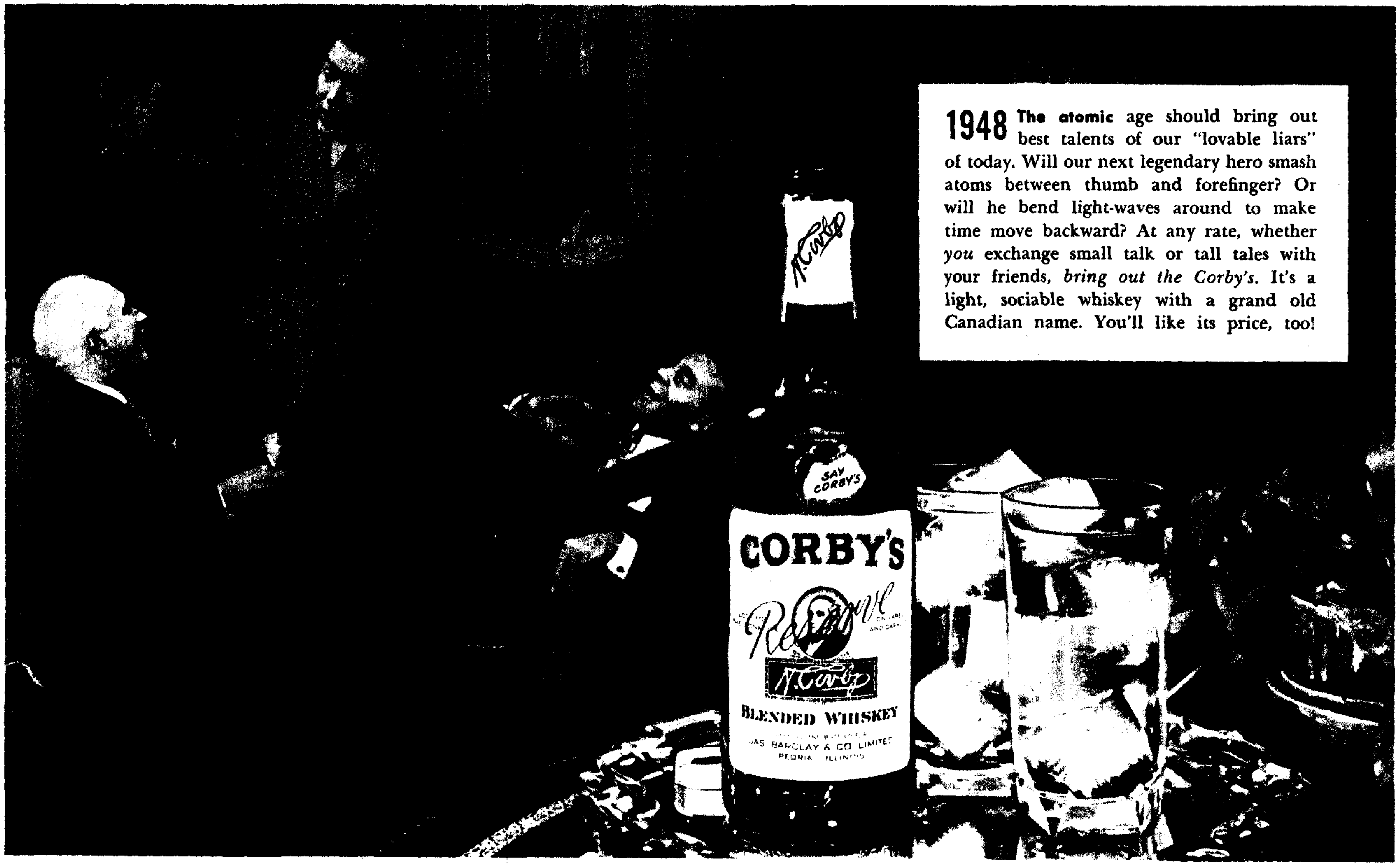
1858 **Americans** are great at tall tales of super heroes. Legends of Paul Bunyan, mighty lumberjack, flowered in 1858, when the name Corby's came to Canada. Paul's blue ox, Babe, was so big that a bald eagle wore out 17 wings flying from horn to horn.



1880 **Cowboys** spun yarns about Pecos Bill when the name Corby's was 22 years old in Canada. Bill rode cyclones and mountain lions without saddle or spurs, while rolling a cigarette with one hand. A true gentleman, he never shot a tourist out of season . . . at least, not with all three guns!



1944 **G.I.'s spread** the fame of Kilroy, the little man who was always there—first. Whatever beach-head they stormed, they always found notices chalked up ahead of them, that "Kilroy was here." The name Corby's had then enjoyed 86 years of fame in Canada.



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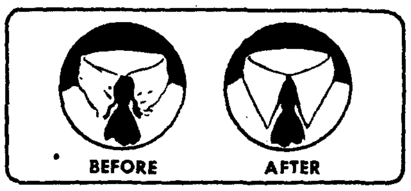

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learned something just in time, and the knowledge chilled him as the growing cold could not.

In that long part of a minute after the volley fire the detachment had been helpless. Not a man among them, not even Royall, could have reloaded before those fleet ponies reached them, had the Comanches chosen to come on. And in that interval every Comanche warrior could have shot at least one arrow and plunged down upon them with another drawn in his bow.

THIS was what Sergeant Taylor had meant. No, Taylor was talking about bowmen he knew, Indians who fought afoot. These mounted warriors advanced swifter than any cavalry. That changed Taylor's equation even more. That made the bow the superior weapon in the crisis of the charge. And somewhere out there was the young Comanche, who knew how long it took to load a rifle.

"D'you see my ball spin that sassy 'un, sir?" exulted Capper. "Spun like a churn handle, he did."

"I saw," said Royall. "It was a good shot. And it was almost the last of your life."

The men grew quiet, silenced as much by his tone as his words. He waited until the last man had finished reloading, thinking that survival depended entirely now upon his ability to make them comprehend and obey.

"This is a new kind of fighting," he said slowly. "You're not trained for it. Nor am I. We're alive because they never intended to rush us. Hogue tempted them, and they tried to cut him out. That was all. If they had come on after that volley, Capper is the only man who could have fired before they reached us. Maybe I would have got one with my pistol. After that—"

Royall smiled bleakly. "We've got to forget infantry tactics. I think this is the only detachment out of Gibson that can do it." His voice lashed at them suddenly, "No more volley fire. Forget fire by ranks. From now on we shoot by rotation." He punched a finger twice, picking the two soldiers who had learned to load the fastest there on that crude range at the pineries. "You and you and Capper and I shoot first. We fire at my command, 'First rifles, fire!' But we aim and don't volley."

His stabbing finger divided the rest of the detachment. "You will shoot at the commands 'Second rifles, fire!' and 'Third rifles, fire!' I'll take the flat of my sword to the man who fires ahead of his group. We'll live through this only if part of our rifles are always loaded. We can do it. Above all, forget blind volleying. One of you killed Hogue's horse. Find a target. Aim your piece!"

"I'll be damned!" one of the soldiers said. "Looky yonder, sir."

Royall followed the soldier's finger pointing eastward. A single Comanche rode out of the defile through which Royall had brought the detachment. A warrior on a white pony.

It was the young Comanche. He came down the slope out of the trees, slowly caracoling until he was just out of rifle range. There he lifted and whirled his pony, brought him down and faced the detachment, pony and rider motionless.

"It's a trick, sir. They're makin' off with their dead ones."

"Let them," Royall said.

He jumped atop his log barricade, facing the young Comanche and lifting his rifle high above his head.

No answering gesture came. For long minutes they gazed at each other. Again the pony's small and delicate forefeet lifted and pawed the air. Wild horse and savage rider disappeared through the defile. Almost at once, however, several more Comanches came through the gap.

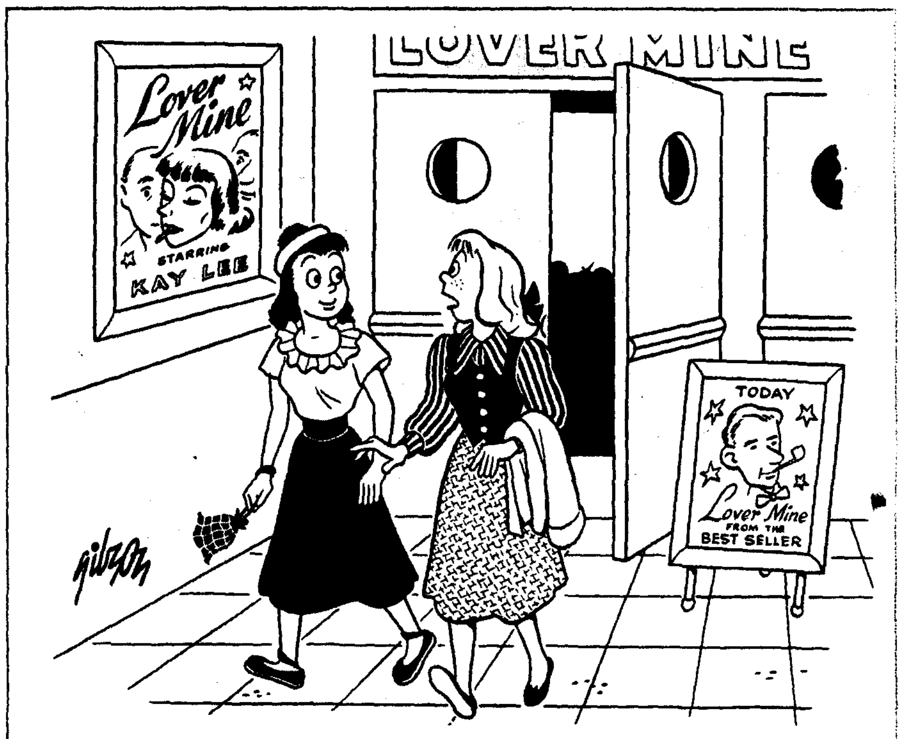
"Build up the fire," commanded Royall. "Keep your hands warm and loose. When you get some coals, bake your bread. Bake an extra ration."

The men turned warily to the tasks, understanding that they must keep busy. They believed in his judgment. They trusted him. All except Hogue. He caught Hogue darting puzzled glances at him. He had saved Hogue's life a while ago. But he knew by now that nothing ever changed Hogue.

BUT this was no time to think of Hogue. If his surmise was correct, the Comanches were waiting until their full warrior strength arrived. Capper had said there were at least two bands, and the smoke columns supported him. There had been no more than thirty warriors in that swoop after Hogue.

The enemy lay between him and the depot now. He had expected that, after discovering the depth of the brook's banks. It did not matter if he could keep both bands here fighting him. That was why he had made sure that the young Comanche recognized him. But if one band kept him pinned here while the other swept on—

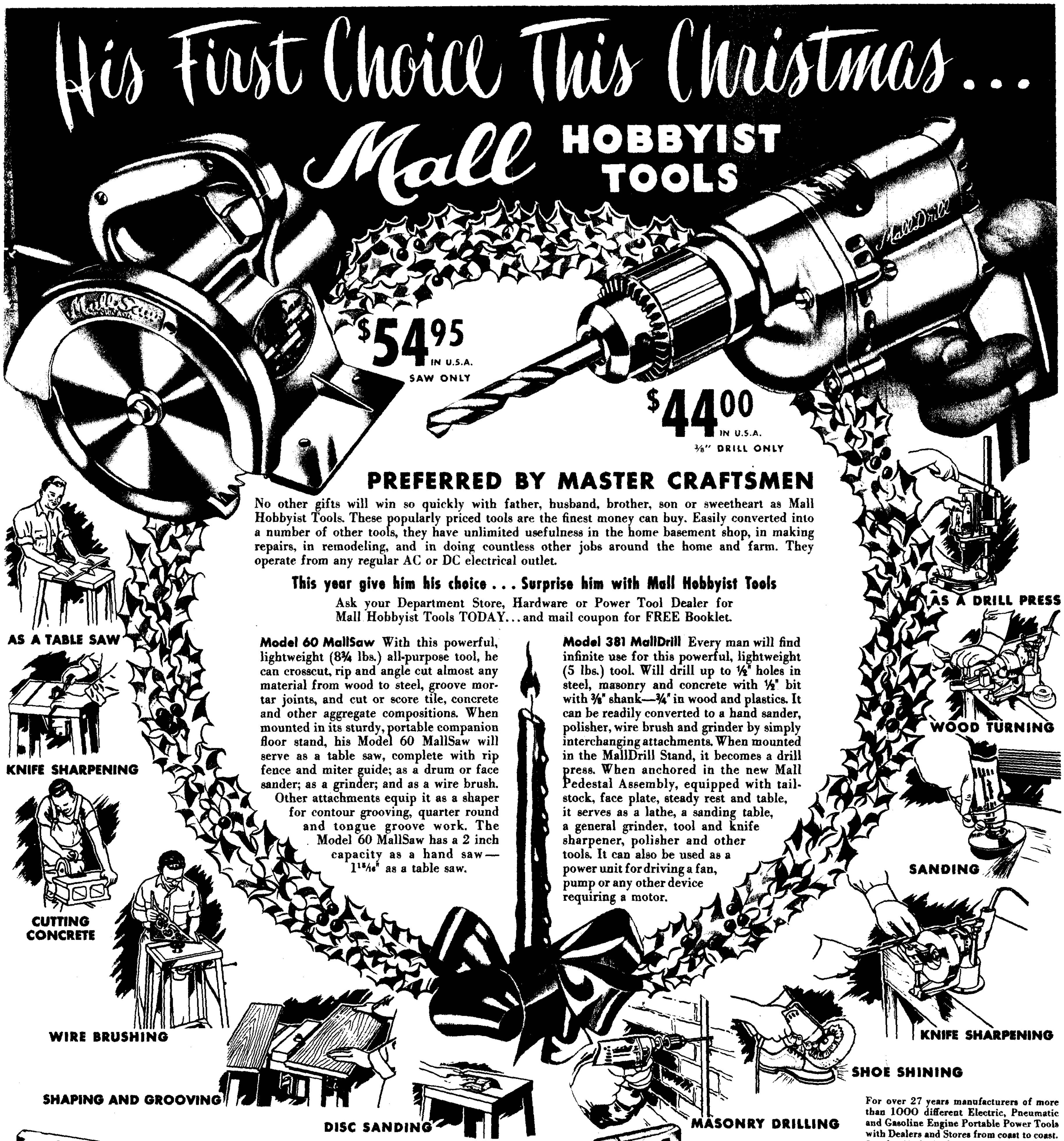
Hogue came and slumped down a yard from Royall. Watching the enemy, he wiped ashes from a shapeless blob of



COLLIER'S

"No, I won't read the book. The author always spoils the story"

JAMES GIBSON



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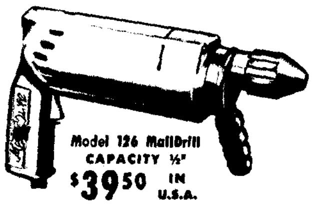

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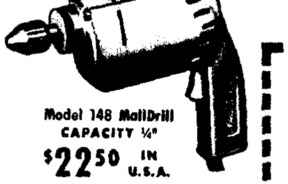

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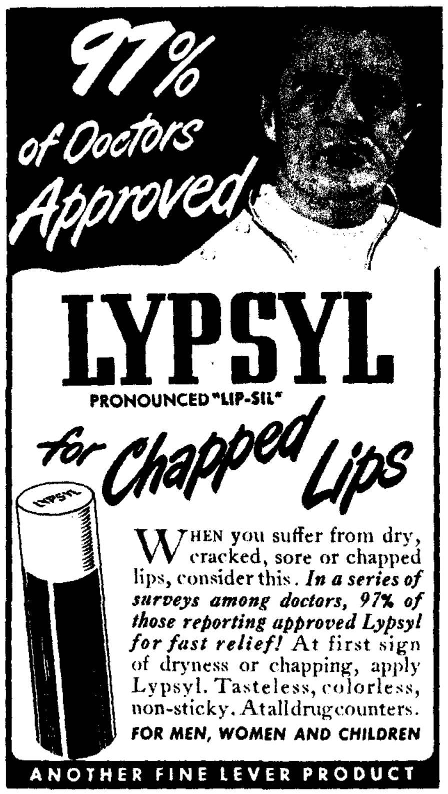
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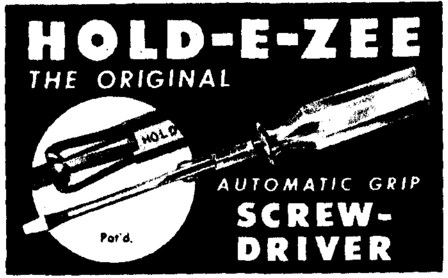
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the unleavened bread and began wolfing it down.

"Hogue," said Royall.

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me some of that bread, will you?"

Hogue went to the fire, took a chunk of the bread from its stick slanting over the coals, and returned. He handed it to Royall and sat down in his former place without a word.

"Hogue, who was the girl Kate?"

Hogue stiffened. He turned his head a little, speaking stonily over his shoulder, "I don't know no girl named Kate."

"You talked about her once. That morning on the Arkansas. A girl named Kate and a soldier you called a pretty boy. Was he an officer, Hogue?"

HOGUE'S big shoulder and head hunched down. He bit into the bread. Royall could see only the slant of his jaw, the bulge of food and the powerful face muscles that ridged each time Hogue's jaws came together.

"Was he, Hogue?"

Hogue pivoted on his buttocks. He said thickly, "Why'd you come out after me a while ago?"

"Why? To save your neck after you disobeyed orders."

"I would 'a' made it in by myself."

"Yes. You probably would have."

"Why'd you come out then?"

"All right, Hogue. I shouldn't have done it. I would have been well rid of you if you hadn't made it in. But I needed your rifle. Does that satisfy you?"

Hogue stared bleakly at a point above Royall's head. "I don't know no Kate," he repeated. "I was drunk that day." He bunched his shoulders and showed his back to Royall again.

The men settled quietly into places along the barricade, some still eating. It was plain that the Comanches were working up to a rush. The pantomime was more frenzied, and chants as well as yells floated to the quadrangle. Royall moved among the men, spacing them to give every flailing elbow enough room when they began working their rammers.

Capper grinned up at him. "She's gonna make snow before mornin', sir."

"You could be right, Capper."

"Ahhh," said a voice.

Three Comanches raced in single file straight at them. And the rest of the enemy poured through the defile at a dead run.

"Steady!" Royall said.

The main body began to fan a little, forced to it by the very numbers of them. The three came straight on. Almost two hundred yards. A little far for any but the most expert rifle. But he would never get a second shot if he waited longer.

"First rifles—fire!"

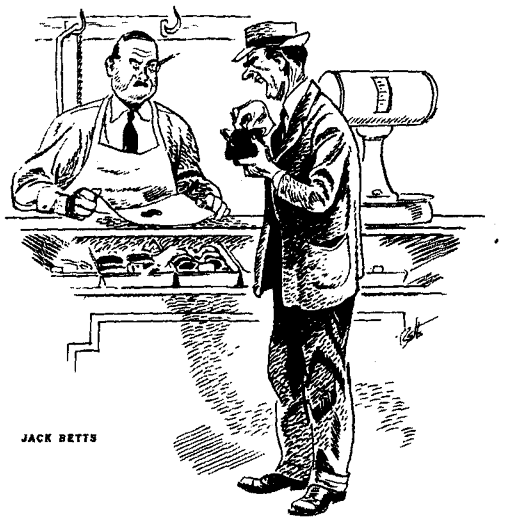
With the swiftness of desperate need he snatched and bit off another cartridge. The nearest pony down. And one savage, his own target, on the ground. It was the middle savage of the three who still came on. The main body was at a hundred yards, and the thuds along the barricade were arrows.

"Second rifles—fire!"

He started the ball down, swung up his rammer and thrust it into the muzzle. Two more ponies down. And the leading warrior and perhaps another. He couldn't be sure. The main body flared around the kicking, screaming animals and closed again. Fifty yards.

"Third rifles—fire!"

He seated the ball with one powerful blow, jammed the rammer against the barrel and cocked and brought the rifle down, hearing a cry of agony somewhere at his close right. A larger, frantic tangle of death out there, and again the main body flared. But not to close again. The flare widened, became two curves, two columns of riders swinging to north and south as they fired their bows. They were running away again. No. Not all.


JACK BETTS

The Plight of McKnight

Pity the plight of McNaughton McKnight
Howling that beef is a nickel a bite:
Butchers have nicked him;
Inflation has licked him;
Racket on racket has made him its victim.

Fie on the forces attempting to trim
No one (but no one, but no one) but him!

—AL GRAHAM

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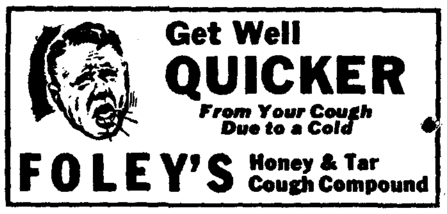
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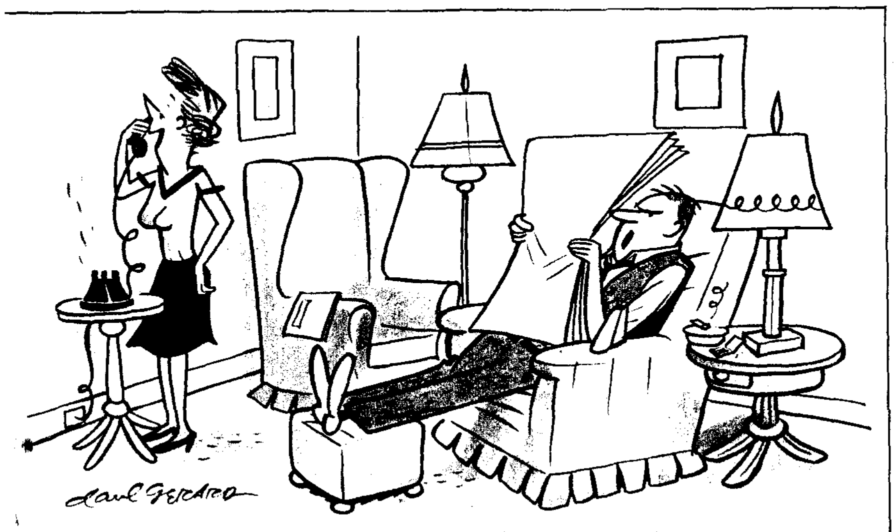

"We'd love to come, Millie! George was just saying that we hadn't seen you folks for ages!"

"Ye gods! Can't stay home a minute! Have to kill an evening with Millie and Fred. Why don't they drop dead!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

A hard core of warriors did not turn. Twenty-five yards. Fifteen. Royall's rifle found a white horse. He raised the sight to the rider. In the instant before he fired he saw it was not the young Comanche. Too late to seek him out now.

"First rifles—fire!"

One other shot came with his. One man reloaded in time. The third shot came behind. They couldn't miss at that distance, and they didn't. But the fourth shot—where was the fourth shot?

Royall flung himself up, not quite reaching his feet before the first Comanche pony cleared the barricade. The lance was not aimed at him. He heard a yell of triumph, and a stronger scream of rage and pain.

He lurched aside as another pony started over. A white pony. But the rider did not leap the logs. He pulled his mount straight into the air, and that was their position when Royall looked up into the face of the young Comanche. It was not the same face. Insolent and intelligent, yes. But twisted with hate and the lust of killing and streaked with blue and yellow earth paints.

The young Comanche was still tautening the arch of his bow when Royall's pistol ball found his heart. . . .

"Second rifles—fire!"

The shots came raggedly above the uproar. He threw his pistol at another painted face and jerked at his sword. The pony reared. He saw the pony's scarred belly and the tiny and deadly forefeet, and tried to leap. There was no time. A hoof struck his shoulder. He went down, feeling the battering pain of it and seeing the feathers of the lance sweep up above him.

BUT the lance never descended. From the other side of the pony a rifle butt, swung like a club, thudded into the bare belly of the Comanche and swept him backward off the horse. Royall heard Hogue's hoarse bellow of triumph and saw Hogue leap upon the warrior and swing the rifle again.

Royall rolled as the riderless pony reared again in terror. He saw the animal leap out of the barricade. Very slowly then he became aware that there were no more ponies within the quadrangle. He still heard yells and cries of pain and somewhere the shriek of a dying horse. But there were no ponies within the barricade.

He worked his way to his feet and stared long at the line of savages riding out there, again beyond range. They had turned. They couldn't stand rifle fire that licked at them again and again. A savage loved life, like anybody else.

He said automatically, "Check your loading," seeing as he spoke that three soldiers were down.

Little Capper was one. He lay on his back with an arrow in his throat, and the blood had ceased to spurt from his severed carotid. Capper's was the fourth shot that never came. For Capper was dead.

The second man held torn flesh together with bloody fists and cursed strongly. His wound was the work of a lance, a long and jagged gash that extended through fat and muscle and caromed off the bone high on the left thigh.

THE third man sat staring at the feather vanes of an arrow suspended before his eyes. The flint of its head was buried somewhere in his right shoulder. His face still mirrored astonishment. He tugged tentatively at the shaft, and his color drained away and his hands dropped. Wordlessly Royall felt for the protrusion of the arrowhead in the back of the shoulder. There was none, but the soldier cried out.

"Leave it alone," he said. "Leave it alone."

Without speaking, Royall straddled the soldier's legs. He grasped the arrow quickly and pulled with the lever of his full weight. The shaft came out. The flint did not. The soldier moaned and beat his fist blindly against Royall's knee. After a little while he stopped. He lay back and closed his eyes. Almost at once he opened them again.

"Can I keep the arrer, sir?" he asked.

Royall gazed eastward, feeling a stronger throb of pain in his shoulder. The enemy was retiring through the defile. But a few remained, and the few began again the incessant gesticulations.

He summoned help and lowered the wounded men into the pit, wrapping them in blankets and stacking their rifles in reach. At least they would be out of the knifing wind if it should rise again.

"I'll give you a fire till dark," he said.

Behind their logs the men waited quietly, talking little and then briefly. They had the sober knowledge that they must do better against the next rush. They were three rifles less.

Royall held every rifle at the rampart until the last light went out of the day. It dropped so rapidly at the end he was not sure when the last Comanche disappeared through the defile.

"Kill the fires," he said. "Stake the horses between us and the brook. Then pair off and sleep in turns."

He started to add that they were safe until dawn, and thought better of it. That was another piece of Sergeant Taylor's endless lore.

Taylor said Indians were unsure in night fighting; they preferred a dawn attack. But this long day had taught him that the rules were no good against these nomadic warriors.

(To be concluded next week)

How Helen Hughes Cured Monday Blues

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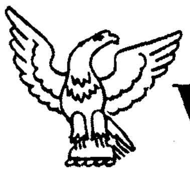

WE CAN LIVE AS BRAVELY AS THEY DIED

AS WE PONDERED words and considerations that might be appropriate this Armistice Day the remarks made by General Omar Bradley this past Memorial Day came insistently to mind.

General Bradley, now Chief of Staff, went to Longmeadow, Massachusetts, to attend the funeral service of Corporal Edward G. Wilkin, a rifleman of the 45th Infantry Division. Corporal Wilkin was killed on April 18, 1945, east of the Siegfried Line he had helped to break. One month earlier he had been cited for the Congressional Medal of Honor.

What General Bradley said under the inspiration of the sacrifice of one American boy seems to us to be both a noble tribute to all who have served their country and also a moving summons to us who remain. With General Bradley's permission we quote his words on this page.

"Here on the long green meadows of this tranquil New England town, we have come to do honor—not alone to one brave soldier—but to the generations of earnest young men who left their homes to defend them at Concord, Antietam, San Juan, the Argonne—and in the snows of the Ardennes.

"For as long as free men have lived, worked, worshipped, and reared their families under these elms, so long have their sons been summoned to arms against those who would covet or destroy them. In generation after generation they have been forced to quit these quiet homes in this peaceful valley to fight—and sometimes to die—in conflicts visited upon them by issues remote from their everyday lives.

"From the chancelleries of London, Paris, Berlin—Rome, Tokyo, and Moscow, those bitter struggles that have scarred the progress of all mankind eventually spanned the seas to invade the snug parlours and warm kitchens of these colonial homes. And as these world struggles have wasted the youth and resources of nations, they have also left behind them sorrowing women and empty chairs in the houses on this green.

"It is easy for us who are living to honor the sacrifices of those who are dead. For it helps us to assuage the guilt we should feel in their presence. Wars can be prevented just as surely as they are provoked and therefore we who fail to prevent them must share in guilt for the dead.

"I have not come here today to consecrate war and its evils for the sacrifices war has produced. For every man in whom war has inspired sacrifice, courage, and love, there are many more whom it has degraded with brutality, callousness, and greed.

"Rather we are gathered here to take comfort and strength from those of our dead who have already given this nation so much. We have come to learn—if we can—how men might live as charitably together in peace as they died for each other in war.

"We have come to ask why it is that our young men must spend their bodies against the Siegfried Line—why it is men cannot live as bravely as they die.

"In our hatred and renunciation of war, we must not forget that the roots of conflict flourish in the faults and failures of those who seek peace just as surely as they take shape from the diseases and designs of aggressors.

"While the American people have within themselves the moral strength, the power, and wisdom to marshal their forces against aggression in whatever form it affects—we cannot feign innocence through indifference or neglect of struggles that bring on wars.

"We have suffered enough in two world wars to know that non-involvement in peace means certain involvement in war.

"Either we shall employ our strength, power, and conscience boldly and righteously in defense of human dignity and freedom or we shall waste those reserves for peace and default to the forces that breed new wars.

"This lad we buried today is partly the victim of your folly. He is the victim of your folly and the folly of all peace-loving peoples who turned their backs on the ills of the world. For at the very time those aggressors at whose hands he met his death conspired against the peace of the world, we blinded ourselves to their threats and by our shameful inaction countenanced their starting attack.

"Secure in distant and peaceful towns like these, clinging to comforts, refusing risks, seeking safety in refuge and refuge in words, we recanted power and conscience to side with those who sought peace at any price. Too late we discovered the price was too high; and to keep our freedom we paid in the bodies of our young sons.

"If the United States ever again stoops to expedients to avoid the difficult decisions that come with leadership, the heavy burdens that come with defense we shall once more run the dangers of all halfway measures and waste our strength and conscience as a weathervane rather than a force.

"If we cringe from the necessity of meeting issues boldly with principle, resolution and strength, then we shall simply hurdle along from crisis to crisis, improvising with expedients, seeking inoffensive solutions, drugging the nation with an illusion of security which under those conditions cannot exist. If we are to scamper from crisis to crisis, fixing principles and policies to the change of each day, we shall place ourselves supinely and helplessly at the mercy of any aggressor who might play on our public opinion and decimate our forces at will.

"To live bravely by convictions from which the free peoples of this world can take heart, the American people must put their faith in stable long range policies—political, economic, and military—programs that will not be heated and cooled with the brightening and waning of tension.

"The United States has matured to world leadership; it is time we steered by the stars, not by the lights of each passing ship.

"On this Memorial Day, as we take leave of this brave soldier—Corporal Edward Wilkin, Army of the United States, Medal of Honor—we pay homage as he would have us do, to all his fallen comrades—to the strong, the weak; the leaders, the led; the brave, the fearful; to all who perished where only God could witness their charity to their fellow men.

"Proudly—but reverently, sadly—we honor them. We pray they will ever rest in peace."

Those words, readers, will long be remembered and we hope translated into American governmental policy so that as far as in us lies we may do what can be done to make unnecessary such sacrifices. . . W. L. C.

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